THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

35 CENTS MARCH 1963 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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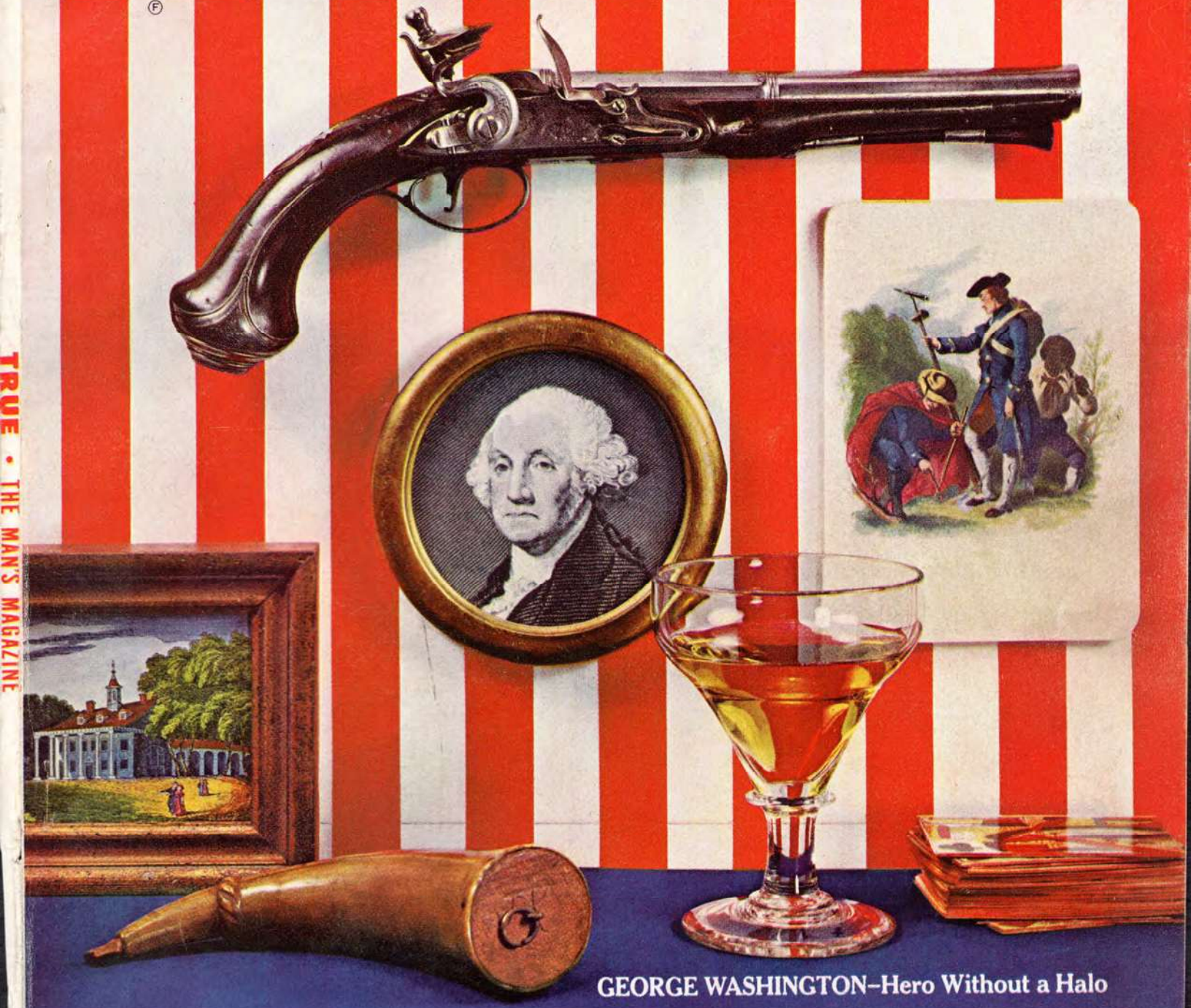

GEORGE WASHINGTON–Hero Without a Halo

RED RAPE–THE FINAL AGONY OF BERLIN

HOW THE CHARITY RACKETS PIC[illegible] YOUR POCKETS

WHILE AMERICA SLEPT–THE WEEK BE[illegible]

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7 Crown on-the-rocks. The most popular solo any whiskey ever did.

The Explorer Cocktail. 1 part pineapple-grapefruit juice, 1 part 7 Crown. Shake with ice, strain.

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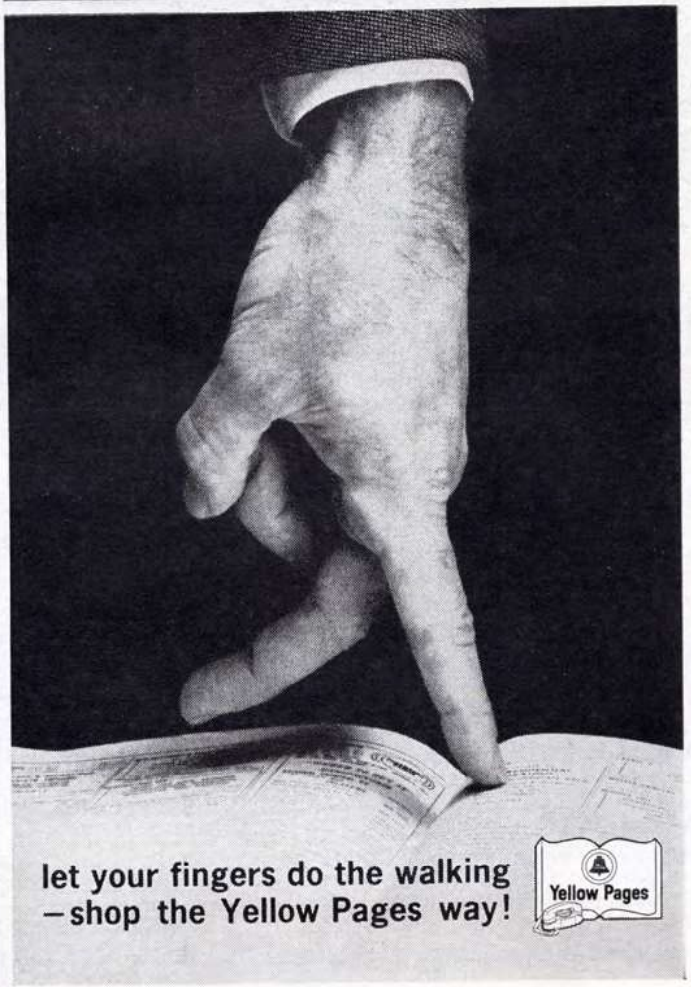
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Fighting Facts

Over the years much publicity has been given the photo which you reproduced: Jack Johnson being counted out while apparently shielding his eyes from the bright Havana sunlight. (*The Rowdy Reign of the Black Avenger*—Jan.) This picture has been featured many times in the discussion as to whether Johnson took a dive or actually suffered a K.O. from Willard's punching.

I did not see the fight, but clearly recall

the publicity at the time. In support of the contention that Jack was not "out," while lying on the mat, it is always said that he was clear-headed enough to shield his eyes from the sun. In refuting this above claim, I have never known of anyone to point out that Jack's eyes are not in the shadow of his arms: at least the right eye is in the sunlight and the glove of the left hand is above his left eye. If he had been trying to shield his eyes the right arm should have been closer to his face. His arms undoubtedly were brought to a defensive position automatically from many years of battling in the ring, the sunlight notwithstanding.

—Don M. Mitchell
Taft, Ore.

This photograph is old stuff. The natural physical reaction of a man being flattened is to raise his arms and knees first. There are photos, published countless times, of Joe Louis "shielding" his eyes from the ring lights in his K.O. by Schmeling. Also of Billy Conn "shielding" his eyes in one of his K.O.'s by Joe Louis.

—George McDaniel, M.D.
Huntsville, Ala.

I enjoyed Al Stump's interesting story on Jack Johnson, but if the general facts of the article are as incorrect as the historical references it must be pure fiction. Author Stump states, "Tom Carey finally convinced him (Johnson) to cross over the border and face the music" . . . "that bluenose Wilson is dead and Harding's President." He then states that Jack surrendered to the sheriff at San Diego on July 20, 1920. Warren S. Harding was not President until March 4, 1921. Woodrow Wilson didn't die until Feb. 3, 1924. Right?

—Farrill S. Sharrock
Plainfield, Ohio

You should turn to boxing, Farrill. You've just kayoed one of our editors.

It seems strange that if he was going to throw the fight, he would wait until the 26th round in that extreme heat.

—Richard Kirwan
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Article on Jack Johnson made your January issue one of the best ever!

—Richard W. Trepanier
Littleton, Colo.

Late Charges

I've just finished reading Max Gunther's article (*Never Trust A Woman With A Charge Account*—Dec.) and I've never disagreed with an article more. I think the whole thing was overly exaggerated and it makes us women look pretty awful. It's the men who spend money as though it were going out of style.

—M. Allen
No. Highlands, Calif.

Why not do a sequel on the spending habit of men: what the local tavern takes in, baseball, football, basketball pools, lotteries, and horse race betting, and get off the housewife's back? Between collecting for public funds, doing PTA work, Girl Scouts, Den Mothers, and feeding and clothing her family, she has enough to contend with without listening to her husband bigotedly reading excerpts from imbecilic writings.

—Ann Sherman
North Haven, Conn.

Truer words were never written.

—Mrs. Lanor Rapp
Grants Pass, Ore.

The whole rotten system is the fault of the merchants and parasites behind the lending firms and credit systems. It could all be stopped by canceling every debt everyone owes and begin all over again on a pay-as-you-go basis.

—M. Sanders
Russell, Kans.

For that you'll have to wait until we have a woman President.

Bravo for Bras

I am so upset over your comments on the "sleepy harness" bit (*It's A Man's World*—Jan.) that I can hardly get the words out. Obviously you have taken a one-sided view of the situation. This, of course, is the typical male approach. I concede that this "Bed Caddy" kit is simply ridiculous, but for your information the sleeping brassiere is recommended by many doctors. You men revel in cat-calling and whistling at any voluptuous doll, but you are the first to belly-ache at some methods we use to preserve this great American attraction. Make up your mind—if you want a Mansfield or Bardot, you have to give a little. You guys get paunchy and soft, which seems to be okay, but let us gals drop from the Venus category, and do you yell. Think it over; after all, it's for you we're doing it. Just for kicks, I'm an addict of "the sleeping bra" and I'm expecting twins in March. I rest my case. . . .

—Mrs. M. M. M.
Washington, D. C.

A "sleeping bra" and "twins"—is there a connection?

My wife has been wearing one of those silly things for months now, and I can't see any difference. As a matter of fact, I can't see anything any more.

—George Emoran
Bridgeport, Conn.

Wandering Wolves

Your story on human wolves (*The Strange Story Of Human Wolves*—Jan.) was very interesting, but I was surprised that you didn't conclude it with the "Ed Gein Case." Gein operated around Plainfield, Wisconsin, until he was caught in 1957. He preyed on the living by day and the dead by night, and took their bodies home for disposition. All

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but the last one vanished. It was truly a horrible affair, well documented by the newspapers, although some of the stories were too foul for publication. Gein still lives in a state institution.

—R. H. Wolff
Franklin, Wisc.

Must you publish such horrors? I am truly shocked and disappointed in TRUE.

—Mary Ellen Miller
New York, N. Y.

DOUBLE-DUTY DOCTOR

Girls with knock knees or bow legs should be prohibited from wearing such things as the Ya-Ya skirt (*It's A Man's World*—Nov.) in the best interests of the American male who is sensitive to the more appealing elements of topographical anatomy. Knock knees are commonly caused by a pathological entity of the feet known as "Compensated Metatarsus Rectus." Bow legs by "Uncompensated Talipes Varus." Medical permits should be required for the wearing of the Ya-Ya skirt. I volunteer my biased professional services to make such examinations as are necessary and solemnly vow to issue permits only to those who have straight feet and legs.

—William V. Joyce, D.S.C.
Fullerton, Calif.

Ever since reading about the Ya-Ya skirts in your magazine I've tried to buy one but can't seem to locate a store that carries them. I'm told I have beautiful legs. What should I do?

—Betty Chasman
San Francisco, Calif.

Stop looking. Just listen.

MUD-BOUND ELK

Your *Mystery of the Mud-Bound Elk* (Nov.) leaves a feeling of disgust toward fellow man. Having traveled over the worst type of Alaskan bog and muck, I believe there is no excuse to allow an animal to suffer for no other reason than that gentleman Ed Park could capitalize with his camera.

—Ray Bulger
Anchorage, Alaska

You fellows missed a good shot in your Mud-Bound Elk story. A .45 shot to the head of photographer Ed Park.

—Mary Ellen Fulton
San Francisco, Calif.

"The Mud-Bound Elk" seems to be a subject that brings every weeping-winnie extant into vocal action (*Truely Yours*—Jan.). Had it been a child next door who got ground under an auto they no doubt would have exuded the usual, "Too bad, just one of those things." Outdoorsmen who have been farther afield than the backyard grill learn to respect bogs and their environs, along with White Water and quicksand. After studying the photographs of the area the elk was in, I'll lay even money that he couldn't have been removed by a housemover. The ground was too soft and soggy. Another factor that the critics overlooked is whether the photographer had a license to shoot the animal. Shooting an elk without a license in Wyoming or elsewhere—whether crippled or handicapped—can get you a healthy fine. May I suggest that the uninformed get off the author's back?

—Bill Allen
Hutchinson, Kans.

FLAPPING HIS WINGS

Frank Harvey may know his flex wings (*The Wonderful Wing That Does Everything*—Jan.), but he doesn't know a "Dutch Roll" from a Parkerhouse roll. He writes: "At 800 feet . . . right turn . . . without warning, the big jet's nose sagged and the plane began a 'Dutch Roll'—out-of-control reaction brought on by insufficient flying speed. The transport was going over on its back, on its way to a final death plunge." Hypothetical situation or not, writing like this only adds to the unwarranted apprehension by the air-traveling public. Emergencies similar to this just don't happen "without warning." Rarely are they uncontrollable. It is inconceivable that a jetliner under the circumstances described could get into trouble due to "insufficient flying speed" without one or more engine failures and completely incompetent pilots. Further, the situation supposedly encountered was not "Dutch Roll." "Dutch Roll" is a normal characteristic of large, swept-wing aircraft. It is most evident during high altitude flight at low indicated airspeeds and readily responds to proper control. It is a rolling, yawing, dynamic motion produced by sideslip or yaw of the swept wing. The resultant oscillations last 4 to 7 seconds and are controlled by properly timed rudder or aileron application, or a combination of both.

—Duane E. Best
Fairview, Mass.

ANCHOR MAN

In regard to the question in *Man to Man Answers*—Jan., I would like to make a small correction. There were only five Marines who raised the flag. The sixth man was a naval corpsman. This fact was firmly implanted in my brain by a Marine D.I. at Parris Island, who, as punishment, ordered me to count the number of Marines on the statue depicting the raising of the flag at the main parade field. Six times I counted six Marines and six times I lapped the field at high port. The parade field is extremely large and this occurred in the middle of July. At the completion of the sixth lap, the D.I. "gently" informed me, Man to Man, of the TRUE facts.

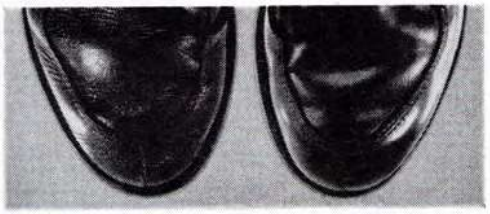
—Paul D. Rowe
Upper Darby, Pa.

The rate pharmacist mate, which was subsequently changed to hospital corpsman, is

[*Continued on page 8*]

Rugged Individualists: a bold new approach to contemporary men's footwear.

We added brawn here, dash there, and came up with three subtle variations on classic themes: Top—Black and saddle brown; Middle—Handsome, soft-brown blucher; Bottom—Hidden gore black slip-on. Better shoe stores everywhere.



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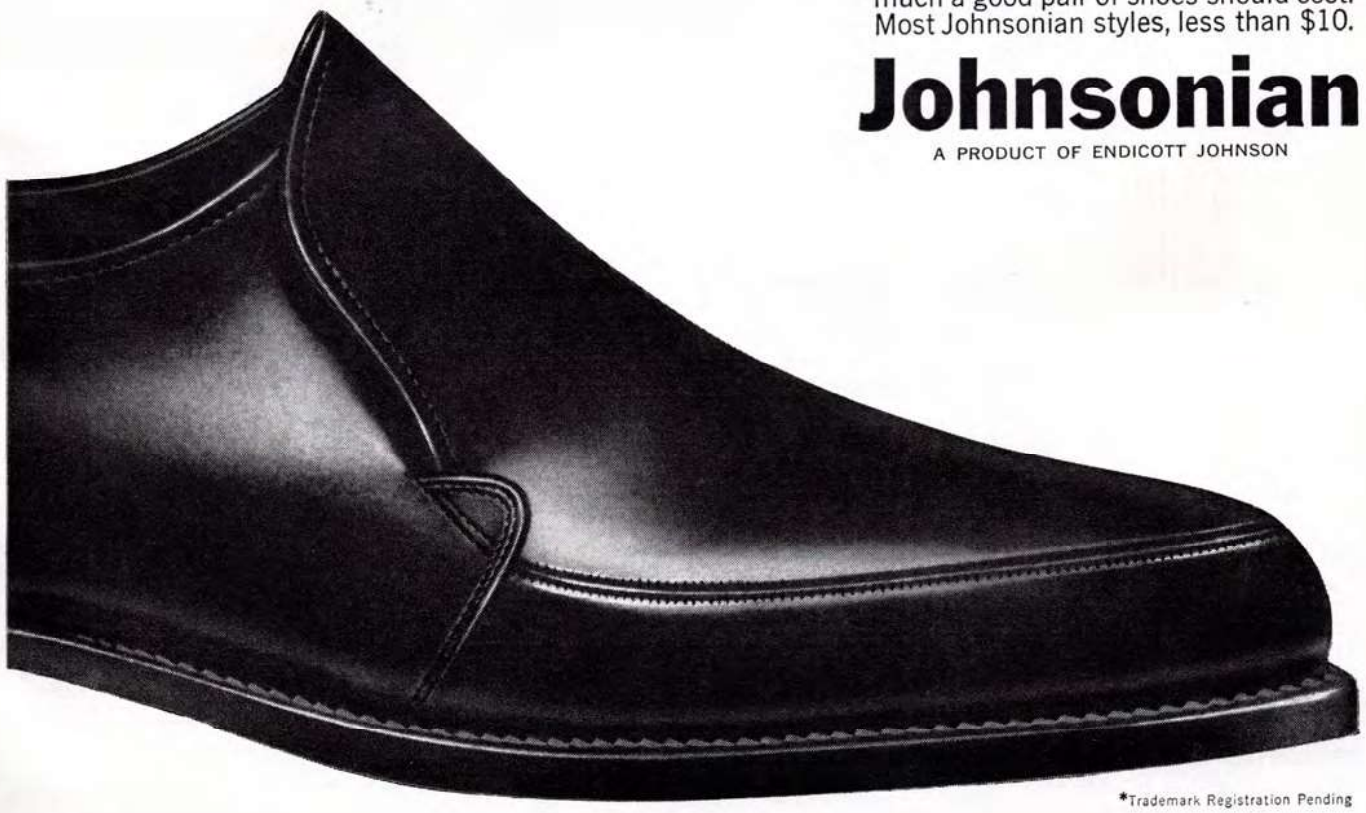

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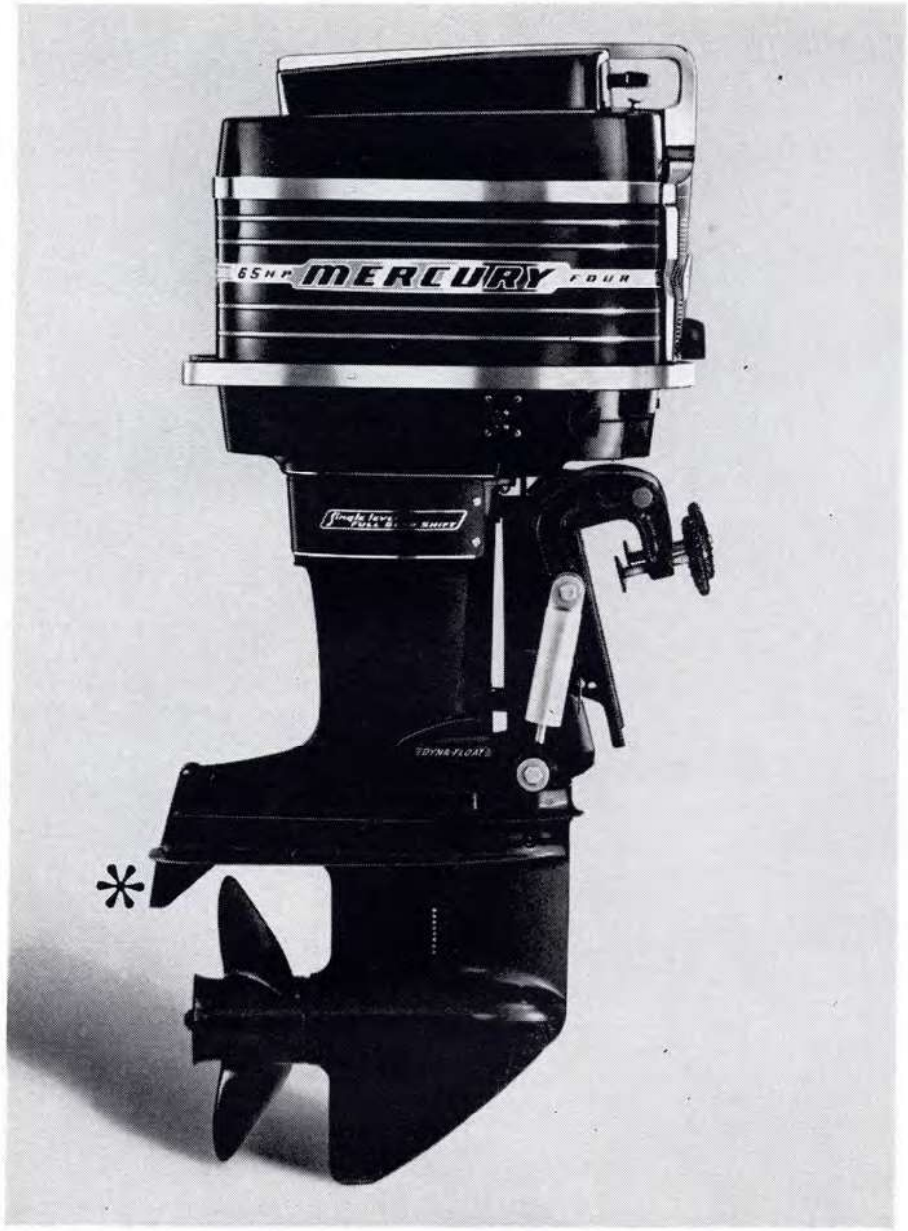

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange —stranger than fiction. **Byron**

MARCH ◆ 1963

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MARCH 1963

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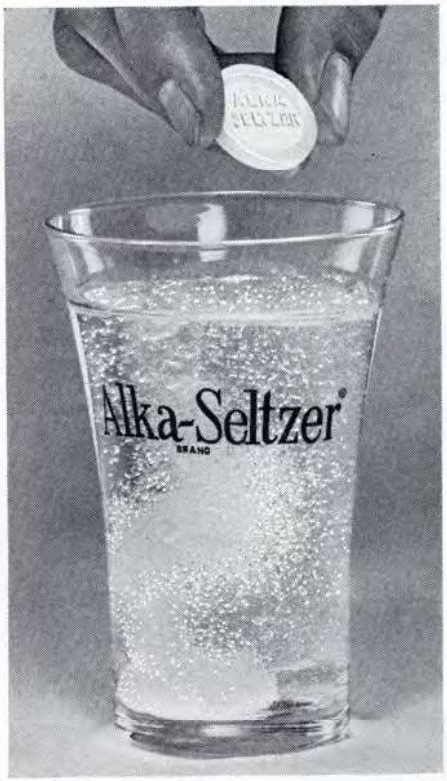

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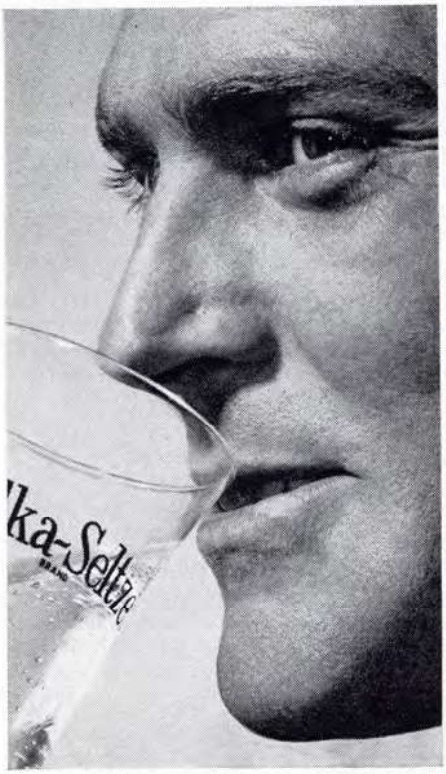

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[*Continued from page* 4]

a Navy rate. While the Marine Corps must rely on the Navy for Hospital Corps personnel, they, the personnel, are still members of the greatest Navy in the World despite the fact that they wear the Marine Corps uniform.

—David A. Beil
Philadelphia, Pa.

Rolling Photo

Regarding your answer to the question on how far a ship can roll (*Man to Man Answers*—**Dec.**), this may end up wrenching the long **arm** of coincidence right out of its socket. But it looks more than possible that I might have taken the picture with which you have illustrated the question. I took it in December, 1917, off the Irish coast, looking aft from the port wing of the bridge of the 1,000-ton destroyer *U.S.S. Nicholson*, #52, on which I was at that time a deckhand. Some years ago my album of war photographs was stolen along with the negatives. Among the photos were four shots of the German U-58, which we and the *Fanning* had captured that same November, plus many other action shots I'd like to have passed on to my grandchildren to prove what grandpappy did in the war to make the world safe for Democracy. To answer your question, the *Nicholson* was at sea Dec. 10, 1917 during what, up to that time, was the worst hurricane on record in Irish waters. The wind, before it broke the wind-gauge, registered 160 knots an hour, and the engine room clinometer registered a roll of 78 degrees starboard and 83 degrees port. To prove this, please note in the picture that the whaleboat was plucked bodily from the davits by solid water, and lost, leaving only a few inches of the bow and stern hanging loose in the falls. In calm weather this boat was 30 feet above the surface of the water. The old, 1,000-tonners were great ships, incomparably more seaworthy than the British. Only a U.S.N. 1,000-tonner could have stayed alive in that blow. It was a doozy.

—Weston Hill
Westport, Conn.

Soapbox Derby

I wish to write in behalf of all the women you insult monthly in your magazine. I enjoy True very much, but you are carrying this women massacre a little too far. Let's have at least one story about the good women of the world, the ones who clean house, take care of the kids, cook the meals, feed the dog, shop and plan meals for 365 days a year, make the drapes, paint the house, shine shoes, cut the grass, wash clothes, pour cement, iron clothes, mop and wax floors, shingle roofs, dust, wash dishes, mend socks, make clothes, balance car wheels, change oil

and mufflers, pay the bills, worry when the kids are sick, be mother, doctor, nurse, housekeeper, bookkeeper, chauffeur, handyman, diplomat, and at the end of the day, on top of all, wife, lover, and beautiful.

—Mrs. D. L. G.
Fayetteville, N. C.

If she could also scale fish and take shorthand, we might consider it.

Fish Talk

One-Man War On Big Fish (Jan.) was a thriller and was undoubtedly read with great interest by thousands of the 30 million fishermen of this country. Give us some more articles of the same for it is great to know how experts get that way and are able to rack up records to prove it.

—Tom Poor
Grand Lake Association, Inc.
Grove, Okla.

"It's been fun."

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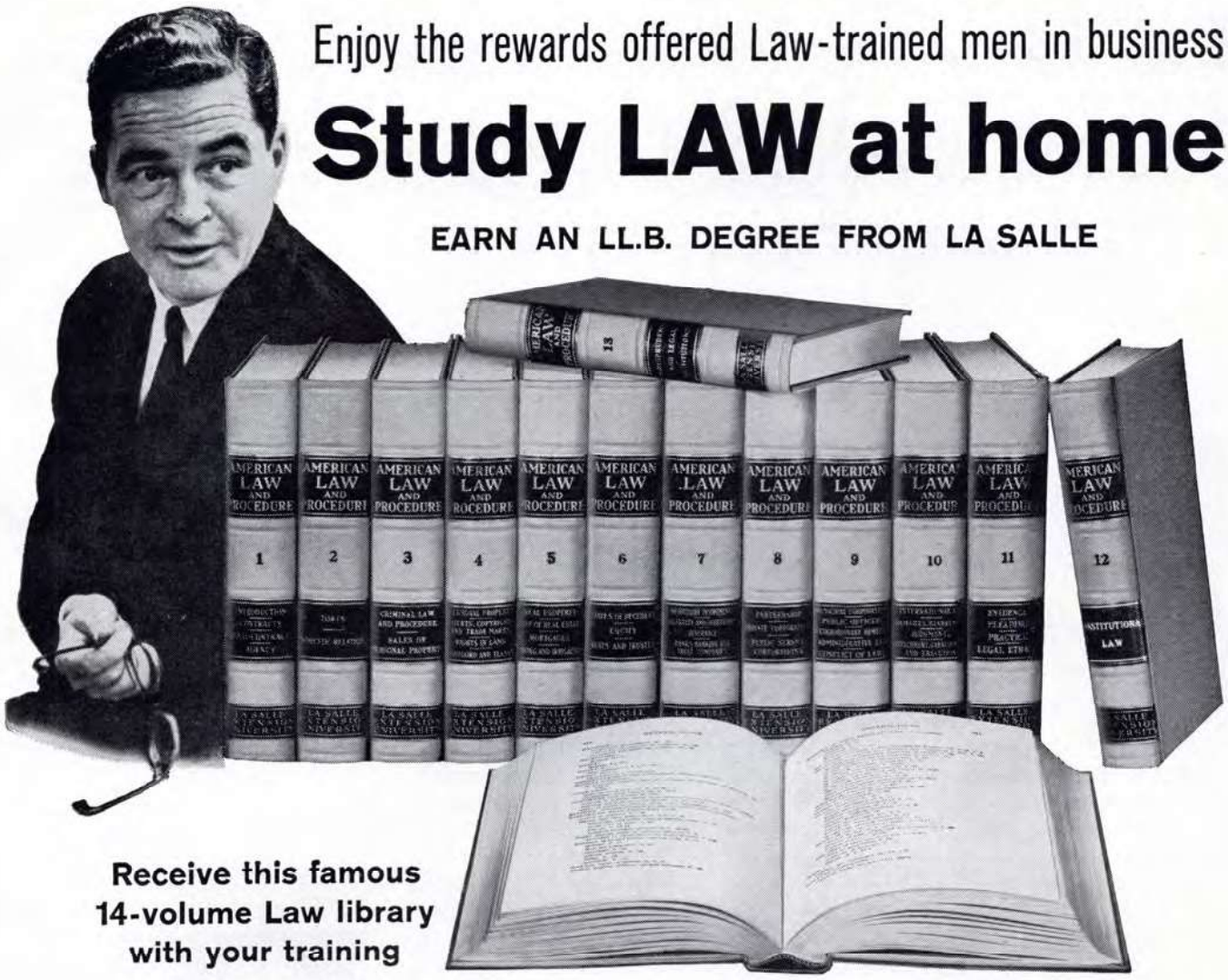

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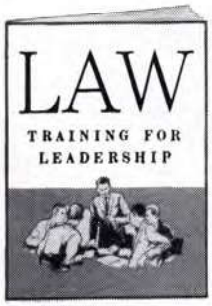

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

WHAT GIRLS ARE MADE OF

We've always suspected that the nursery line about girls being made of "sugar and spice and everything nice" was concocted by some skittery spinster who was in unresisted flight from the male. But we didn't know what girls are really made of until we found out from Dr. Charlotte M. Young of Cornell University. They are made, gentlemen, of fat. Tallow. Suet. Saturated and polyunsaturated fat. At least a lot more of it than young men of comparable age. Dr. Young weighed, pinched, and analyzed 94 young women students, average age 20.4 years, average weight, 130 pounds. Their body composition was 28.6 percent fat on the average. This is a two and a half times greater percentage of fat than in the sinewy makeup of men of comparable age and status. The 20-year-old girls were fatter than middle-aged men and about equal in fatness to 70-year-old men. It's obvious which sex keeps in better shape. Where are girls fattest? Well, Dr. Young says that the most reliable skinfold indicators are "on the lower trunk, particularly toward the pelvic region."

HOW TO LIVE FOREVER

Our friend, the Cantankerous Man, is the last fellow in the world we would expect to swear off something for his own good. So we were totally unprepared when he bared his teeth, thrust an old envelope with some scribbling on it into our hands, and invited us to read it, which we did:

I hereby resolve to:

1. Stop eating porpoise blubber. It causes heart attacks.
2. Stop looking at two-headed calves. It causes schizophrenia.
3. Stop inhaling gunpowder. It causes lung cancer.
4. Stop drinking shellac. It causes peptic ulcers.
5. Stop chewing mango roots. They cause impotence.

"Do you really believe," we asked, "that these pleasurable habits of mankind actually cause what you say they do?"

"I do. They just haven't been looked into, that's all. Any researcher can find a statistical correlation at the drop of a grant. Did you know that African Bantus practically never have heart attacks? They never eat porpoise blubber. Cause and effect. Give up porpoise blubber, and wipe out heart attacks. That will naturally increase the death rate from cancer. But you can prevent that by giving up gunpowder."

"Do you chew many mango roots?"

"Never. My symptoms must come from something else. I don't do any of those things I listed. That's why they're easy to give up. Why give up something I enjoy when I know that I'll be stricken some day by conglobulation of the epididymis? Doctors never heard of this disease and don't know how to prevent it. I believe I can prevent it by swearing off things I don't like. This gives me many pleasurable uses for my spare time."

"Such as?"

"Such as enjoying living."

We advised him to stop it at once. A man with such a sinister philosophy is out of place in our worrisome society.

DRIEST MARTINI?

A lot of our scientists are working on lasers, missiles, and solid-state physics, but fortunately a few of them have tackled the problem of "how dry can a dry Martini get?" and have come up with a Martini as dry as the Congressional Record. Persevering against formidable obstacles, and the dreadful necessity of continuous sampling of product quality, they have compounded a vermouth-flavored mist that is simply sprayed from an aerosol can into a cocktail glass before filling it with gin. The stuff costs about one cent per whiff and promoters claim that a three-Martini-a-day man can save $40 a year. We know some fellows who could build up a staggering savings account if it weren't for the cost of gin.

HE WHO DOESN'T GET SLAPPED

We learned a little more about women the other evening when we had dinner with Joe Sunnen, a gentleman straight out of Horatio Alger who has carried work-and-win, strive-and-succeed into areas undreamt of in Horatio's philosophy. Joe is a tall, white-haired, grandfatherly man who is in fact grandfather of eight children and father of four. He fled school after the seventh grade, worked in garages, invented a modern hypodermic needle, valve lifters, and honing devices widely used in the automobile industry, and built Sunnen Products Co. of St. Louis into an $8 million a year business.

We had been told that he gives $3,000 a week to charity, so we spilled

soup on our shirt, shot our cuffs to show the frayed edges, and adopted a hangdog look to kindle his eleemosynary instincts, but to no avail. Joe, son of a coal miner who never earned $500 a year in his life, remembers the heartbreak of trying to feed a family when the kitchen was bare, and he has concentrated his considerable inventive genius upon the problem of the world population explosion. With doctors and chemists he has developed a family-planning product, called Emko, that looks like an aerosol shaving cream and in fact is pretty much a shaving cream formula carrying a spermicide. Although Emko is a commercial product, Joe has given away half a million free samples. He is forever cornering strange women, at mink-coat gatherings or waiting on tables, and plunging headlong into a conversation about birth control. This struck us as a gambit likely to elicit whacks from in-

(Continued on page 12)

MAN SIZE!
MENNEN
SPEED STICK®
deodorant
FOR MEN
MENNEN SPEED STICK®
stops perspiration odor so effectively it actually keeps skin odor-resistant!
Speed Stick—the deodorant for Men! Really helps stop odor! One clean dry stroke lasts all day—so man-size it protects almost 3 times the area of a narrow roll-on track. No messy drip, no tackiness. Never cracks or crumbles, won't stain or irritate. Fast! Neat! Businesslike! Get the wide-oval deodorant for men... Mennen Speed Stick.
All it takes is one clean stroke daily!

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 10)

dignant females, but Joe shook his head pityingly.

"A lot of men have that idea," he said. "A man assumes that a woman is too delicate or something to talk about birth control. Well, she isn't. I never pussyfoot or beat about the bush. I say to a woman right off, 'I'm interested in the field of birth control.' Some may feel a little embarrassed at first but they generally overcome that in a few minutes and we have a serious talk."

The name Emko is meaningless, except in Japanese, in which it means "happy girl."

FEMALE POLITICOS

"There are women who go into politics as a means of achieving status, easing their neuroses, getting a government job or simply escaping their husbands and children.

"Once in the political swing, women with these motivations quickly turn into sharklike creatures who spend most of their time in fierce infighting to see who gets a post on the party's state committee, the nomination for assemblywoman, or a ceremonial job where they can be seen near the right hand of some governor or commissioner."—Joseph P. Lyford, information chief of the Fund for the Republic.

SAVE OUR BOYS

Dr. Ethel J. Alpenfels, who is a professor of education at New York University, is upset because college women are shown in a thousand subtle ways "that they are less capable, less intelligent, and less important than men." But it is not possible permanently to conceal such facts of life, and we doubt that the average girl is much concerned as long as co-education serves its primal purpose of exposure to matrimonial opportunity. The women's dean of one college, who asked a freshman girl why she was quitting school after a mere two weeks of campus life, was told: "I came here to be went with and I ain't been yet."

Another of Dr. Alpenfels' laments is, to our mind, a hopeful sign of progress. She reports that for the first time in 100 years, "more men than women are on the teaching staffs of our high schools," and that numbers of men teachers in grade schools have been increasing steadily.

Nothing better could happen to grade school boys than to have a lot of men teachers around, to remind them that there is a man's world that women know very little of. An incredible example of femalevolence, actually circulated in District of Columbia schools, was a booklet advising **boys** to make a periodic visit to a manicurist "and notice that she applies a colorless coat of polish," and to "inquire about various foundation garments for men." Rather more common is the practice, permitted in some schools, of teaching housekeeping skills, even diaper-changing, to young boys, so that when they marry they may be tractable lackeys in a household where mother knows best.

Dr. Joel H. Hildebrand, chemist and educator from the University of California, once received a letter from a foreign-born woman who complained that her son's school principal felt that "cooking and sewing for boys are essential to make good Americans."

Dr. Hildebrand snorted, "These administrators must be under the impression that the cold war is to be settled by an international boys' sewing bee."

In some areas, school children are actually taught to "rate" their parents. There is no constitutional requirement that an irate father must put up with this, but there is a moral imperative for him to blow his top and lay down the law to any arrogant "educator" who permits it.

SMOKES FOR WOMEN

Ordinarily we're dead set against women muscling into he-man's work, but when a girl is as pretty as Mrs. Sally Bisen of Millis, Massachusetts, and so sensitive to the occupational proprieties that she smokes cigars in convocations of fellow truck-drivers, we salute her as one in a million. Sally took up truck-driving to help her husband, who is in the oil business, and we think he is a lucky guy to be able to discuss business problems around the fireside with a helpmate who puffs reflectively on a cigar or pipe. Sally is a Wellesley graduate and a Phi Beta Kappa, and we expect that her thoughts on epistemology, determinism, Gresham's law, and the Common Market will elevate the general tone of Massachusetts teamsters' meetings.

BEERCAKES

We've been told about a recipe for superior griddle cakes that may enrage the dairy industry if we let out the secret, but we'll take a chance. Use an ordinary pancake mix. Where the recipe calls for milk, use beer instead. You may have to keep the light, fluffy beercakes from floating out of the pan.

BASH THEIR BLUE NOSES

If evil-minded book-burners have their way, authors will be jailed for merely thinking of writing a book. An unpublished manuscript of an uncompleted novel by John Schultz was recently seized by Customs officials on grounds that it was obscene. A Customs officer posing as censor of unpublished material, which could as well be a private letter, is caught in an obscene posture which unfortunately is approved by a tribe of anthropoid vigilantes that can discover incest in the salutation "Dear Mom" in a letter written by a man to his mother.

The book-burning Bluenose, who swings by his tail while he reads with his lips in slavering search of sin, has in various parts of the country demanded the banning of Tarzan books (until it turned out that Tarzan and Jane really were married); Mark Twain (Huck Finn and Jim went off on a raft and swore something awful); Plato (he discussed communal living); Faulkner, Pearl Buck, Hemingway, and all too many others. The usual pitch is that these books can pervert 12-year-old minds. The 12-year-old mind in a boy or girl is not to be sneered at; it is indeed pretty wonderful. It is the 5-year-old mind in adults that is to be pitied and feared.

We have yet to meet a person who admits that his or her morals were impaired by reading a book. But we have encountered many who believe that certain works are extremely dangerous to people of inferior moral armament, which is to say, to everybody except themselves.

—THE EDITORS

What does it take to feel like a man?

It takes action to feel like a man. Takes pride and courage. But in today's modern world *it also takes training. Technical* training. Ask any mechanic. Ask any missile man.

In today's modern Army all units are fast-moving. Flexible. Men and machines are closely interlocked. And since the machines are complex, men have to be extra skilled to handle them. The Army *makes* men like this—technically skilled, competent, confident.

The training you get can give you a good future. Almost unlimited. You can be expert in areas like engineering, missiles, electronics, motor mechanics—or any of 150 other fields!

And of course, if you are qualified, you can receive extensive training in other fields like Combat Arms—Infantry, Armor or Artillery. You will be proud to be a member of any one of them. Find out how to feel like a man in today's fast-changing world. See your local Army recruiter today.

HOW TO WIN THE SON OF CITATION

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE

CONTEST RULES: 1. In not over 16 letters nor more than three words, print a name for the Kentucky Club prize colt. Count punctuation or space between words as letters. Use plain paper or entry blanks. Print your name and address.
2. Send as many entries as you like to—

Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest
P.O. Box 5K, Mount Vernon 10, N.Y.

Each entry must be accompanied by complete cellophane zip-off top from outer wrapper of any of Kentucky Club's 9 Master Blends of pipe tobacco: Aromatic Kentucky Club Mixture, Brush Creek, Crosby Square, Donniford, New Greenbrier, Kentucky Club White Burley, London Dock, Peper's Pouch Mixture, Whitehall. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight April 8, 1963. No entries returned. All become property of Kentucky Club Division of Mail Pouch Tobacco Co.
3. Prizes will be awarded as listed. Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of appropriateness (specific reference to the characteristics and lineage of the horse), freshness (interest, creativeness, "sparkle"), and sincerity (believability). Judges' decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.
4. Everyone in United States and possessions or Canada may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club's Tobaccos, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.
5. Winner of prize Thoroughbred will be notified in ample time to attend the Derby. Other winners will be notified approximately eight weeks after close of contest. The Son of Citation will be presented at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week.

If because of accident or other reasons it is necessary in the judgment of the Company to withdraw the colt described above, cash equivalent to the purchase price of the colt will be awarded. List of winning persons available to those requesting same and enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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YOUR NAME (PLEASE PRINT) .....

STREET .....

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IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

by Jimmy Breslin

THE WELL-SPLICED HEAVYWEIGHT

Guilliermo Echaverria was a heavyweight who came to New York from Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1919. Echaverria was not too sure what he was going to do in New York. He left all this in the hands of his discoverer, Al Mayer. Which was, as it turned out, a pretty good pair of hands. For Mayer, with one full night's work, made the 23-year-old Echaverria enough money to retire on for quite a spell.

This is not to say Mayer taught Guilliermo how to fight. Nobody could do that. But Echaverria looked like a great fighter. He had a tremendous build, and when not pressed he would get in the middle of the ring and strike a pose that made you think no heavyweight alive would dare go near him. When pressed, however, he had a tendency to run. Fast.

Al Mayer had a simple plan. He would bring Echaverria to New York and pair him with an appropriate stiff. He would have a film made of the fight and ship it to Argentina. This would play on the traditional Latin love of the United States. A movie of Echaverria beating hell out of an American would make a national hero out of the guy. Not only would the movie make money, but it would set up a tremendous gate attraction—Echaverria boxing in Buenos Aires against any American fighter able to make the trip down without dying.

For Echaverria's New York fight Mayer dug up one Eddie Burke whose chest expansion seemed to indicate consumption. The bout was put on in the Fairmont AC and Al had two camera crews working it, one at ringside and one back in the stands for long-range shots.

In the first round, Burke, thinking he was in with a South American champion, stayed away. Echaverria became confident to the point where he began to chase Burke and throw some punches. Which was a mistake. Burke now had a slight taste of the South American's ability. And between rounds, his mouth watered. Burke came out for the second behind a good left hook. Echaverria fled. While Mayer's two camera crews ground away, Echaverria spent the next nine rounds getting hit on the chin every time he stopped running. Burke won easily.

Mayer now had his back against the wall. But he was thinking. Bank presidents lose jobs when Mayer does this. By the time he arrived at the film developing studio it was 3 in the morning and both his long-range and ringside film had been developed. So were Mayer's plans.

Working with the coolness of a great artist, and pitching in heavily on the splicing machine himself, Mayer by mid-morning had a 10-round film of the Echaverria-Burke fight put together. It showed Guilliermo outpointing Burke in the first round. It showed it in close range, in long range, in blow-ups, and, finally, it showed it in 35 seconds of reverse, in which both fighters were left-handed. It showed nothing else. Only the round markers Mayer inserted made the film look like an excerpt from a complete fight.

The film caused a sensation in Buenos Aires. When a match between Echaverria and American George Sloan was scheduled for that November in Argentina, the show sold out in a week. Echaverria and Mayer got $20,000 for the fight, a staggering amount at the time. Echaverria also got one hell of a beating.

There were, of course, no cameras to record it. Mayer couldn't even watch it himself. He just looked at the floor and thought of all the money they were making. Echaverria didn't seem too disturbed, either. Because of the good payday involved, he knew he was never going to get into a ring again. Which he didn't.

Win this son of Citation

he can win for you!

Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest

PAINTED BY R.S. REEVES

JUST NAME HIM AND HE'S YOURS

The most promising colt ever offered in a Derby Day Contest! His sire made racing history—Citation was the stakes winner of $1,085,760.

CITATION	BULL LEA / HYDROPLANE II
FAST JANE	FASTNET / DJAINA

Just think of the thrill of owning this great thoroughbred whose sire is a big stakes champion! Citation was the first horse to top the million dollar mark!

YOU don't have to do a thing but name him! Kentucky Club will feed and care for him—and pay his board and training to July 1, 1963. Then you can race him—or sell him—we hope you make a fortune either way!

Got a name? Just limit it to 16 letters, and not more than 3 words.

PRIZES GALORE!

Winner will also receive 2 tickets to the Kentucky Derby plus hotel room for 4 days and $1,000 for fun and expenses!

2nd and 3rd prizes: Fully-equipped **14′ Glasspar 1963 Tacoma 100 boat,** with a classic-styled, dependable **Johnson electric-starting Super Sea-Horse** 40 h.p. outboard motor.

4th prize: $500 cash.

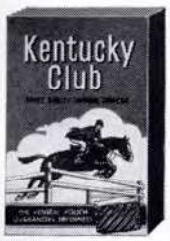
Additional prizes: 50 "Eveready" Captain stainless steel weatherproof lanterns with red beacon flasher, Alkaline battery and sealed-beam headlamp. Plus over 500 wonderful prizes.

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST

Submit as many names as you'd like. With each entry send the complete cellophane zip-off top from the outer wrapper of any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of tobacco. See the contest rules on the next page—and either mail in the coupon or use plain paper. Start thinking *now*. You may be a winner! Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight April 8, 1963.

See opposite page for full information

Kentucky Club Tobaccos . . . . . a blend for every taste.

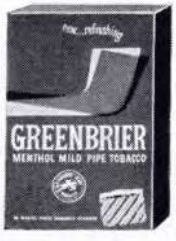


The finest Kentucky White Burley—cube cut for coolness.

Superbly mild and aromatic, never burns hot.

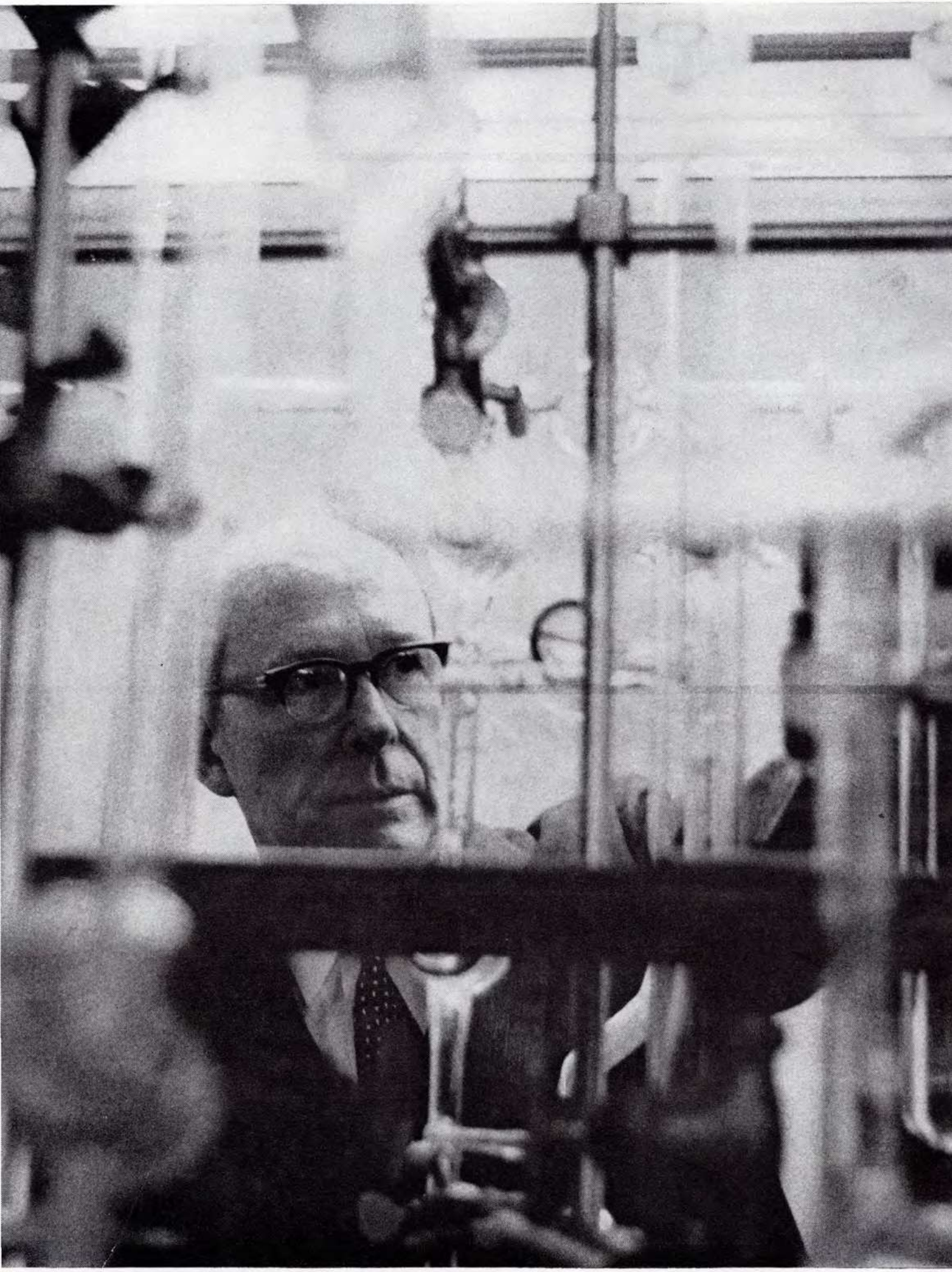
Smells so good because it tastes so good.

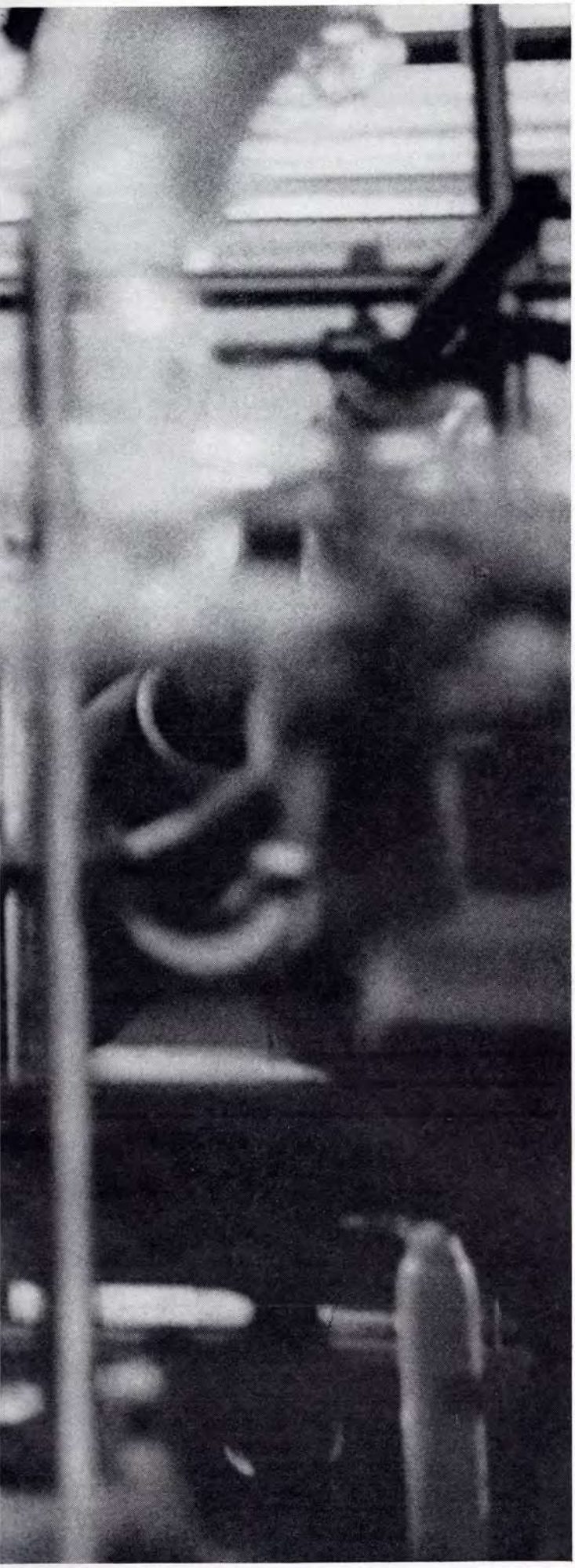
Uniquely full bodied and rich tasting, yet pleasingly mild.



New! . . . menthol cool and mild with real tobacco taste.

A cool-burning, English type tobacco, distinctively aromatic.





TRUE'S WHO/WILLARD F. LIBBY

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

■ When red-headed Willard Libby was born at Grand Valley, Colorado, that tiny rural hamlet near the Continental Divide was not yet a generation removed from the American Frontier. That was in 1908. Five years later, his family moved even farther west, to woody northern California. He's been a frontiersman ever since, but his vistas have changed from mountains and forests to the endless universe of the atom. Today, at 54, Doctor Libby not only lives on the frontier of modern science, he helps make it.

Well-built for his pioneer role—he stands a broad 200-pound, 6-foot-3—Libby has spent most of his life battling the wilderness of "Why?" Around him there have always been tall problems to ax. With his own two large freckled hands he has fashioned Geiger counters and hunted down wild radioactive chemicals. He has plenty of energy, physical strength and stamina. He needs them. He works both day and night. He often starts at 3:30 a.m. and doesn't hit the bed again until 10 or 11 at night.

In his laboratory one day, he looked up long enough to tell me, "I keep as busy as possible to get as much done as possible. You know, we're the fortunate ones, we research men. We feel sorry for everyone else. They have a dull time. We're the only ones who aren't bored. We're the ones who can't sleep at night because we want to go to work."

Sometimes gruff, often impatient, and always the individual, Libby had this to say (somewhat arrogantly) about the Americans, far from any frontier, who come home from a boring day at work to plop in front of their TV sets for the evening:

"Do you think those people are happy? I don't believe they are. Don't you think they'd be happier if they were out on a frontier discovering a new countryside, staking out a homestead, building their own log cabins, living a primitive frontier life? Yes sir, now *we're* the modern frontiersmen. The egg-head has it. The egg-head is the lucky guy."

Many people who hear that Willard Libby is a research chemist expect to find a mild and meek laboratory worker. I know I did. Instead, I found a whirlwind that everybody calls "Doctor" but steps aside for.

You just have to. First, he is a remarkable scientist. He won the Nobel Prize in 1960 for discovering a sure, radioactive, way to date mummies and other things thousands of years old. He

HE KICKED OPEN THE DOOR TO TOMORROW

In the lab, he won the Nobel Prize. In Washington, he was No. 1 scientist on the Atomic Energy Commission. Now, back on the campus, he continues to pioneer on the nuclear frontier

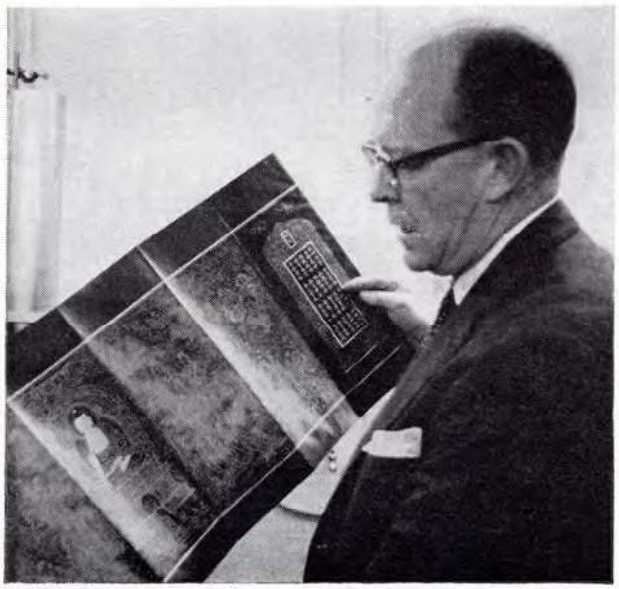
BY THEODORE BERLAND

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROBERT HALMI

HE KICKED OPEN THE DOOR TO TOMORROW

Libby discounts fallout danger but thinks this $5 radiation counter is a handy gadget every family should have.

Libby's "carbon clock" unlocked the secrets of the past. What about the future? "I could make a million dollars in isotopes," he says



Using Carbon 14 dating method, Libby was unhappy to learn that this Chinese book is a mere 800 years old.

worked on the atomic bomb project, was the first man to measure atomic bomb fallout, and was first to show how a radioactive form of water could be used to analyze rain and to date wine.

He is also a national figure. For five years he was one of the five men on the full-time board of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission in Washington. As the only scientist on that board, he advised President Eisenhower and virtually controlled billions of dollars' worth of funds spent for atomic research.

Libby, in other words, is one of the most powerful scientists in the country. And he acts it. I heard him sum himself up well as he was talking to one of his classes at the University of California at Los Angeles: "One thing I want to be sure I am getting across to you—we play for keeps."

Libby is professor of chemistry at U.C.L.A. He is also director of its Institute of Geophysics which, among other things, coordinates the university's outer space research projects. While he considers his directorship an "administrative chore," he embraces his professorship as one of the best things in his life. Being a professor means doing his own research. It also means he is a teacher, and education is something he strongly believes in (most pioneers do).

His love of teaching, of passing on the observations of his life at the atomic frontier, sparks the evangelist in him. He often accepts invitations to speak publicly so that he can proselytize. He once told an assembly of parents of high school students:

"Education is everything. Not only for the youngsters, but for the oldster. The world has many problems. The solution is education. Notice, I use the singular. Education. I could take a piece of fissionable uranium-235 and hold it in this hand. It would look to you like any piece of dirty metal. You wouldn't know it was radioactive unless you knew what to look for. Then I could take another piece in my other hand. If I brought them both together—like this—we would no longer be here. We would have an atomic explosion. That's the truth. You have to learn it! We must get into our schools more courses about atomic energy. We must get into our adult lives more information about atomic energy."

Those educationally closest to Libby are his graduate students, who work under him for their doctor of philosophy degrees. Through the years, he has had about 20 Ph.D. students, many of whom have gone on to distinction. Nine are professors.

"Graduate students with me have an experience they never forget. It's like the Marines," he told me. "You have to hold an undergrad's hand. But a graduate has to learn to stand on his own feet. That's why I'm rough on them. It's a sharp change, but it's actually what any graduate of college comes up against when he leaves school and goes into business or law or whatever. A scientist has to be a man. Most people are not, in the sense that they are leaning on others.

"The main thing I teach my students is how to work. Having learned that, they can do chemistry or anything else. We also teach them chemistry."

What's more, he said, youngsters can only learn what science is all about by pouring things into flasks.

"If you read a textbook or if you take the average course on science, you get the wrong idea that

that science is dull and science is uninteresting and you miss the point. So it's difficult to explain to a student what science is about. Practically the only way to do it is to take him into the research laboratory and let him see science being done and let him experience it being done," he said.

Willard Frank Libby's own formal education started in a two-room school near Sebastapol, California, in the beautiful hilly country north of San Francisco. As tackle on the football team he earned the nickname "Wild Bill." After school he was a whiz on his father's apple ranch. He wasn't afraid of work, he was strong, and he was fast, particularly at nailing slats of wood together to form apple boxes. This was how he earned expenses during college. He was paid one cent a box (constructed of 6 pieces of lumber and 28 nails), and he claims he made as much as $100 a week. Then he went to work in a packing house, nailing tops onto filled boxes of apples. "I was the fastest box-maker in Sonoma County," he recalls.

He had little choice about what he would do after high school. His father, who had left grammar school in the third grade, simply said, "You're going to college!" In 1927 he entered the University of California at Berkeley as a student in mining engineering and, characteristically, took on a heavy load of courses. In his junior year he switched to chemistry. It was an eventful time to do so, since a new branch of science called "physical chemistry" was being created. Here the chemist was concerned not only with the chemical reactions of atoms, but also with the nuclear reactions within atoms.

As a student, Libby built the United States' first Geiger-Muller tube for detecting radioactivity. Then he invented new, more sensitive, versions of the tube to find unknown feeble radioactivity in elements never thought of as radioactive.

After he received his Ph.D. degree in 1933, he was appointed instructor and soon had students of his own. Two of them used that new machine, the cyclotron, to make radioactive carbon-14 for the first time.

In 1940 Libby met and married Leonor Lucinda (Lorlie) Hickey, a seventh generation Californian and feet-on-the-ground physical education teacher, who, like him, is red-haired and freckled. The next year they left for a year's work at Princeton. On the day after Pearl Harbor, his work there stopped; he crossed the Hudson to work at Columbia University on the atomic bomb. He helped develop the process used to this day at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, to purify uranium for atomic bombs and nuclear reactors.

When the war was over in 1945—thanks, in part, to the atomic bomb—Libby joined the migration of atomic scientists to the University of Chicago, where a nuclear research institute was being assembled intellectually around Enrico Fermi, and physically across the street from the football stands in which Fermi made the world's first atomic pile.

Libby remembers well the day he had his greatest idea, radio-carbon dating, although he can't remember the date. It came to him as he was sitting at his desk at Chicago after the war, planning a program of research for the coming years, thinking about new projects on the scientific frontier.

Now, Willard Libby is a man whose mind is constantly peppered with ideas. ("I should have one percent of the ideas he gets," says an associate.) And pursuing these ideas to create something new, to find what makes nature tick, he believes, is his reason for being. "I get very irritable when I get an idea and there are too many interruptions during the day to work on it," he explained. And that's why he often appears to be fussy.

And so, in 1946, an idea in his mind began to grow, and perhaps he was fussier than usual. His train of thought:

Cosmic rays that smash in from outer space convert nitrogen in the air to radiocarbon, or carbon-14. Now, through the process of photosynthesis, plants make their food from carbon dioxide and water under the power of sunlight. All plant life becomes faintly radioactive, since some of that carbon dioxide contains carbon-14. And since plants are food for most animals, every animal on earth becomes faintly radioactive, too.

In 1947, Libby and Ernest C. Anderson, a graduate student (now at Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory), had no device sensitive enough to detect such faint radiation in living things. But there was a complex and expensive device that could separate varieties of carbon. It was at the Houdry Process Corp. at Marcus Hook, Pa. It had been built by Dr. Aristide von Grosse, a friend of Libby's from their Columbia days. He was using the gadget for other work, but told Libby he'd try concentrating some carbon-14 for him.

Libby had estimated that a gram of pure radiocarbon would show between 15 and 16 atomic disintegrations per minute. In the carbon-14 concentrated in Pennsylvania, he found 15.3 disintegrations per minute.

The next question was: Is this radioactivity of life increasing, decreasing, or stable?

To describe how long something stays radioactive, nuclear scientists use the "half-life." It's a statistic. Half-life says, in effect, that in so many hours, days, years, centuries, or millennia, half of the atoms in a given amount of substance will have lost their radioactivity. In the next cycle of the same time, half of what's left will disintegrate. And so on. This means that if a substance has a half-life of a day, and today's disintegration rate is 100, tomorrow it will be 50, the following day it will be 25, etc.

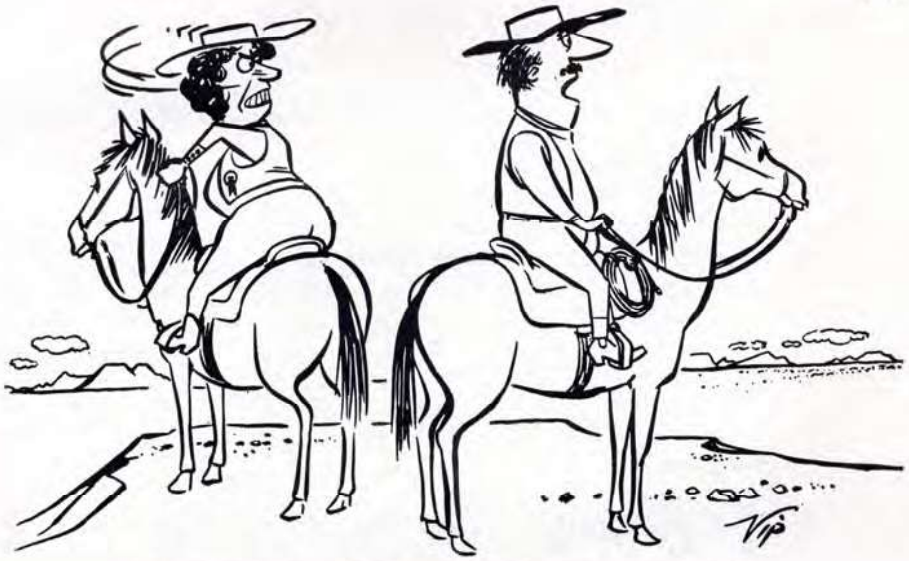
In 1946, the half-life of radiocarbon was estimated at roughly 5,000 years. Libby reasoned that if cosmic rays had been bombarding the atmosphere for only the last ten to twenty thousand years, there would have been enough time for a balance to be established: new carbon-14 would be produced at the same rate as old carbon-14 decayed.

And so the atomic calendar was born. It works like this. Atoms of radiocarbon in the tissues of your body are constantly disintegrating in tiny bursts of radiation. After you die, radiocarbon can no longer enter your body. The radioactivity in your flesh will run down; 5,000 years after you are buried there will be only half as much radiocarbon in your remains as there is now.

Back at Chicago, Libby and Anderson started to work on a simpler technique to measure radiocarbon. Von Grosse's device cost several thousand dollars per test. They turned to that work horse, the Geiger counter. With a complicated chemical process, they burned to pure soot the sample they wanted to "count." Then they rubbed this soot inside the Geiger tube to get top sensitivity.

Next, to cancel out natural radiation (cosmic rays and the radiation of the earth itself), Libby surrounded his Geiger tube with eight-inch thick iron castings. This reduced the "background" radiation from 600 to 100 counts a minute. Inside this barrier he placed a ring of 11 shoulder-to-shoulder Geiger tubes. These were wired so that when a background ray hit one, the inner

TRUE



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Geiger tube used for counting switched off for a split-second.

Actually, because of background, this inner tube was "on" only one percent of the time; so each sample tested had to remain in the dating apparatus for at least 48 hours. There was no danger that carbon-14 radiation from inside would kick off one of the outer tubes. Its rays are so weak that a piece of parchment can stop them.

With over 99 percent of the background radiation eliminated, Libby was able to date samples of organic matter 25,000 years old. Today, with an improved method, carbon-14 dating can go back 45,000 years.

To see if radiocarbon was universal, Anderson collected biological specimens from all over the world, including white spruce from the Yukon; elmwood from Chicago; honeysuckle leaves from Oak Ridge, Tennessee; briar from Africa; ironwood from the Marshall Islands in the Pacific; eucalyptus from Australia; and seal oil from Antarctica. The samples, reduced to soot and placed in the Geiger tube, showed no appreciable difference from North Pole to South Pole, or between plants and animals.

Libby next thought of mummies, because their ages extended back to the half-life of radiocarbon. James R. Arnold, a new Ph.D. from Princeton, helped him to draw up a graph to predict their radioactivity. Libby was shocked to hear from archeologists that history went back only 5,000 years, to ancient Egypt's first dynasty. He had thought he could get samples to extend the curve on the graph to 30,000 years, put the points in, and he would be finished. He learned that statements that such-and-such a society or archeological site was 20,000 years old were actually educated guesses.

The first dating sample was well-preserved acacia wood from the most ancient of Egypt's pyramids, the tomb of King Zoser. Its known age was 2700 B.C. The dating machine placed it at 2029 B.C. They were temporarily discouraged. Then they decided their sample was too tiny. They needed enough material to burn down to about a gram of soot.

At the Chicago Museum of Natural History is an 18-foot funerary boat which had been placed in an Egyptian tomb over 3,000 years ago. The wooden boat was built to carry a king's soul across the Egyptian equivalent of the River Styx. One evening after visiting hours, a member of the museum staff sawed a hole in the deck and removed a piece about the size of his fist. He brought the wood to Libby, who unflinchingly chopped the sample to kindling, burned it, and placed its soot in his "time machine." It said the boat was 3,621 years old—just a few percent off the known age of 3,750 years!

From then on a bizarre procession of ancient objects in parcel post packages came to Chicago from all over the world. Some samples: ancient lotus seeds from Manchuria; charcoal from a caveman's fire at Stonehenge, England; charcoal from the Great Pyramid of the Sun in Mexico and from the floor of a cave in Southern France; corncobs from Bat Cave, New Mexico; buried pine from Medicine Lake, California; prehistoric sloth dung from Chile; and a piece of the linen wrapping in which the Dead Sea scroll manuscript of the Book of Isaiah had been found in Palestine.

In 1949, after three years of round-the-clock work, Libby pin-pointed the half-life of radiocarbon at 5,568 years and announced his new dating technique to the world.

In 1951, two geologists brought Libby some samples of rotting wood from a buried forest at Two Creeks, a hamlet on Lake Michigan 60 miles north of Milwaukee. Libby's carbon-14 dater placed the wood's age at 11,400 years. The geologists were amazed.

The Two Creeks forest was important because it had been smashed by the last Great Ice Age glacier in North America. It probably took that glacier another 1,400 years to reach its southernmost point, northern Milwaukee. After that it began retreating. Libby's date meant that the Ice Age ended only 10,000 years ago, while geologists were sure it had ended *25,000 years ago.*

Actually, as the geologists thought about it, it made more sense. The last glacier, they estimated, had left Northern Europe 10,000 years ago, too. The next step was to see where in time radiocarbon placed glacier samples from Europe. Libby dated samples of peat and birch remains from an ancient forest in Wallensenim-Hils, Germany; lake mud from County Monaghan and County Heath, Ireland; and lake mud from Neasham near Darlington, England. There was one answer for all: about 11,000 years old.

The results (later confirmed in European laboratories) were conclusive; things *had* happened in Europe and America at the same time. Only after the last ice blanket retreated could forerunners of modern man advance into Europe and North America. So human remains and tools found in Europe and America were dated next. None was older than 10,000 years. Libby's dater proved that the concept of the Old and the New Worlds was a myth. The oldest Englishman was as old as the oldest Dane who was as old as the oldest American.

This was one of the "time machine's" most important accomplishments. Early in his career Libby saw the line between chemistry and physics melt away; now he was shattering the walls between physics-chemistry and archeology.

Today, several thousand radiocarbon dates later, there are 10 shelves at the end of Libby's U.C.L.A. lab that hold small jars of black soot. Variously labelled—No. 567 Bat Cave Ground . . . 494 Neolithic . . . 613 Zimbabwe 11 . . . 672 Pacific Bottom . . . 818 Irish—they are some of the first ashes placed in the dater. On another shelf nearby is a flask with the label: "Residue from wine. INSTANT WINE. Just add alcohol and water." Flippantly labelled by a lab worker, the flask represents another major breakthrough by Libby, the use of tritium to date rainfall—and wine.

In 1946, when he showed how cosmic rays produce radiocarbon, Libby also said that they can, by a similar process, produce tritium. Tritium is hydrogen-3 and weakly radioactive. In 1951, with his new sensitive radiation detectors, Libby discovered natural tritium.

Because tritium combines with oxygen to form a radioactive water, Libby saw it first as a marker of rain and ground water. On March 1, 1954, when the U.S. exploded its "Castle" hydrogen bomb in the Pacific, the amount of tritium in the world's atmosphere doubled. With Frederich Begemann, a German graduate student at Chicago, he dated water from the oceans, from snows, and rains, and lakes. He was soon able to show exactly how water circulated in the United

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A dog needs a boy, a boy his father, and his father his pipe.

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States. The rain that falls over Chicago, for instance, is composed of two-thirds water vapor from the Pacific Ocean and one-third water vapor evaporated from local ground water.

With tritium, Libby can take a sample of well water and tell its owner how good the well is—whether the water has sat there for decades or whether it is constantly being replenished.

And, since wine is made from grapes of vines that soak up rain water, he is able to tell exactly how old a bottle of chianti is—and, as a consequence, has gotten into many an argument with wine makers over the dates on their bottles!

Something else happened in 1954. President Eisenhower appointed Libby a member of the Atomic Energy Commission.

Pushing his science aside for the most part (although he still supervised his graduate students at Chicago and conducted experiments during lunch at a small Carnegie Institute lab in Washington), Libby dug into his A.E.C. job with his usual vigor. During his term he was the commission's "vice president of atoms for peace." He led two atoms-for-peace delegations to Geneva, stumped the country to promote the use of isotopes by industry, promoted the declassification of atomic facts, and tried to provide some sense to talk about a new topic: fallout.

Four years before he had been a member of the commission's policy-making General Advisory Committee (the G.A.C.). After the summer of 1953, when the RAND Corporation issued its report on the fallout problem and suggested that actual measurements be made of this radioactive dust of atomic bombs, Libby, as a member of the G.A.C., recommended that the measurements be made, formed and headed the organization (Project Sunshine) to make them, and actually was the first person in the world to measure fallout products. That he did so was logical. Radiation in fallout is pretty feeble stuff and requires the sensitive kind of detectors he had made for the carbon-14 and tritium dating. In his Chicago lab he put the Geiger counter to dust, soil, crops, milk, human bone and rain.

When radioactive ashes fell on the Japanese crew of the *Lucky Dragon* after the Pacific H-bomb explosion, the world was electrified by the thought that radiation might be falling down on its head. One of Libby's first and most important tasks as an A.E.C. member was to inform the Congress, the press, and the public as to what fallout from bomb tests was all about. This was a new frontier. He held that, "it is quite clear that the natural radioactivities of the body, the effects of the cosmic radiation and the natural radiation of the radioactivities of the earth's surface constitute hazards which are much greater than the test fallout hazards."

In general, scientists and everyone else agreed. Still, Libby was in a difficult position. First, he had to reassure the President that atomic testing was necessary. Second, he had to persuade the A.E.C. and the government to release details of atomic fallout in the public interest. Third, he had to stand the abuses and rebuff the remarks of inflamed (and perhaps guilt-feeling) physicists and chemists, as well as editors and politicians, that he was a pawn of the Administration and wasn't telling all the facts.

Repeating what he felt to be the fair fallout facts before the joint atomic congressional subcommittee, Libby was attacked by Chairman Chet Holifield of California as "telling the truth but not the complete truth." Another member of the subcommittee, Sen. Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico, cross-examined Libby with ill-concealed anger and accused him of making "dangerous" statements.

Ralph E. Lapp, another scientist who testified, said Libby was among those who belittled fallout dangers in a spirit of "blissful optimism."

To this day, even though he is no longer with the A.E.C., he is still regarded as a "company man" by his opponents. But he is used to this. Many of his colleagues have disliked him for other reasons, mainly his locomotive-like drive and his impatience.

To this day, too, he clashes with people who have other ideas about fallout and about the need to continue atomic testing. He stands firm with his friend Dr. Edward Teller on this point. A principal opponent is Dr. Linus Pauling of California Institute of Technology. Pauling, a fellow chemist and Nobel Prize winner, is one of the nation's most avid spokesmen against nuclear testing; his main argument is that radiation from fallout is ruining the human race.

You have to understand the very restrained language that scientists use in academic writing to appreciate the bite and cut in the remark by Pauling (in the *Nation*) that Libby "has made many public statements that I consider to be misleading . . . because (they) suggest that fallout radiation does no harm."

Were these men not highly trained professionals and had they met face-to-face, bushy-haired Pauling probably would have looked up at the big redhead and simply called him a liar! That is the essence of his carefully worded statement.

"He's a great showman, that guy," Libby says of Pauling. "He's sure a thorn in the political side. He means it and he's clever about it and he's playing for keeps. It doesn't bother him a bit to picket against nuclear tests at the White House and then go in to dinner with the President, as he did last spring (1962). I wouldn't have been able to do that! I

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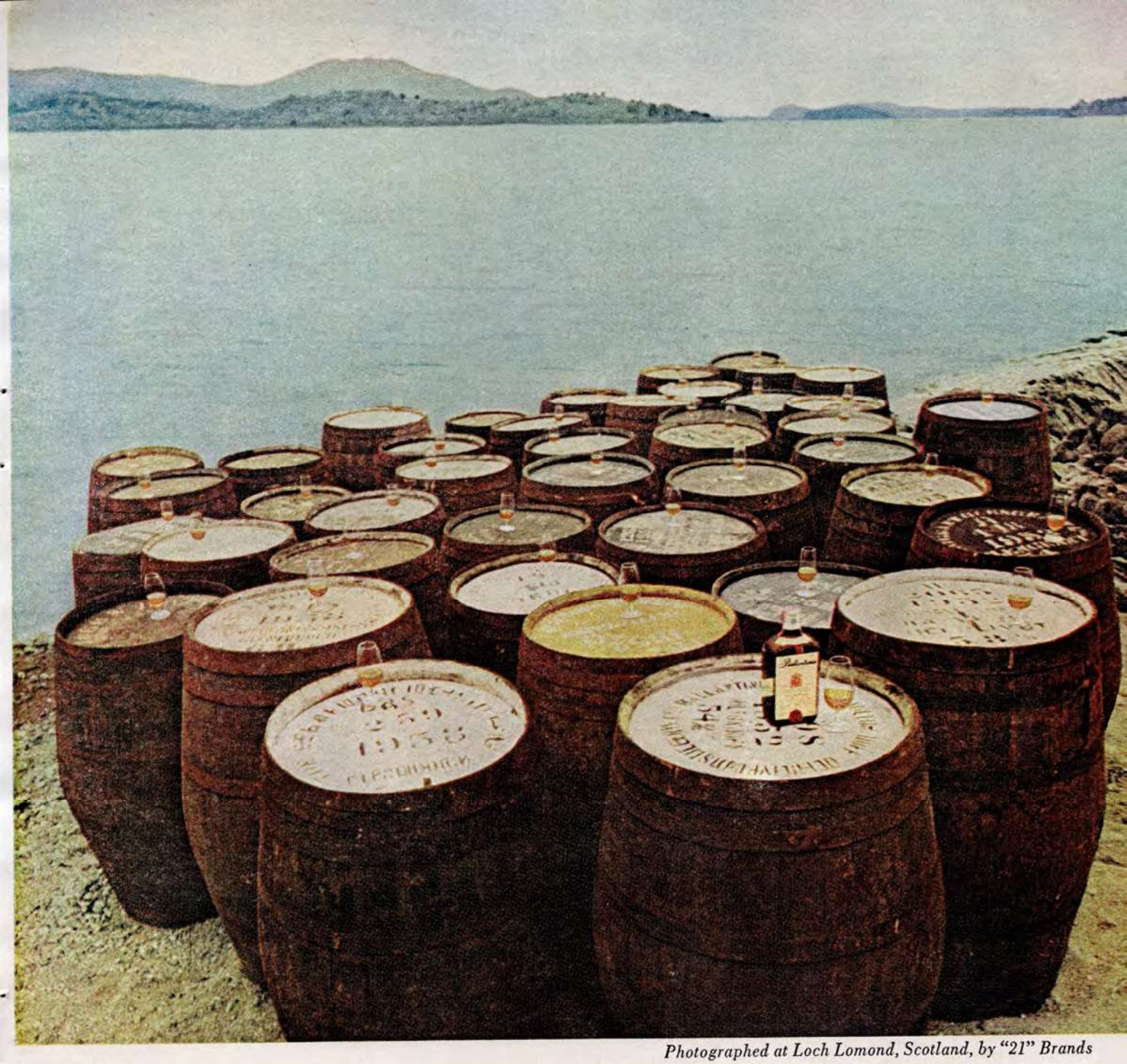

Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

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don't think many people could have done that."

Libby is convinced that fallout risks are almost negligible and the dangers of not keeping up with, or staying ahead of, Russia are so great that we should never have suspended atomic tests "for the sake of appearance."

It was while he was with the A.E.C. that Libby learned some truths about politics in Washington. And, he found, Potomac politics were different than campus politics.

His first shocker came after a closed door meeting of the A.E.C. commissioners on the Dixon-Yates power contract. Libby assumed that, because of the nature of the matter, the proceedings would be "just among us girls."

But the next day the whole story was in the newspapers. Through a kind of osmosis, he found, huge amounts of information pass through Washington walls, leaving only classified details behind!

Libby had been appointed to the A.E.C. while Congress was in recess. In November, 1954, after it had come back into session, the Senate held hearings on his appointment, as it routinely does on all top appointments by the President.

One of Libby's first actions as a commissioner had been to endorse the Dixon-Yates contract for a utilities-run, $107,250,000 steam power plant at West Memphis, Arkansas. Leading Democrats were against the project because they saw it as an attempt to curtail the Federally-operated Tennessee Valley Authority.

Among these Democrats was Sen. Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, who, during the hearing, lashed question after question at Libby until, finally, he bewildered the scientist into admitting his endorsement of the contract had been based on "a cursory and inadequate study and in the great faith I have in the competence and good intentions of my colleagues" at the A.E.C.

Kefauver called Libby "a babe in the woods" on the power issue. Then during the hearings, he became convinced that the chemist was not a marked card the Administration had slipped into the A.E.C. deck, and that he was one of our top atomic experts (though politically naive). In December, Kefauver voted with the committee for confirmation of Libby's appointment.

Libby was learning politics. He learned how to talk to politicians. ("Tell them the straight truth!"), how to take personal short-cuts, how to anticipate the effect of politics on many matters.

He also saw "how the magic office of the Presidency makes mediocre men rise to great occasions." He was in the White House on the morning of the Lebanese invasion. He recalls that "the President could not have been calmer as he continued to draw his portrait of Dick Nixon and to talk about the matters at hand as calmly as though it were any other day. This kind of iron nerve, considering his great responsibility, was wonderful to behold."

Even though he's a strong supporter of Ike and Dick, Libby feels that President Kennedy "taking everything into consideration, is a pretty good President. He's in about as strong a position as General Eisenhower was when he was President."

Libby is pleased that the President "has shown fine interest and concern in intellectual matters and intellectual affairs, such as the dinners for Nobel Laureates. It's a fine thing. I hope it sets a pattern."

But he does have a serious argument with the past and present Administrations on the question of fallout shelters for atomic war. As he sees it, the government isn't much interested in civil defense.

"I think," he said, "the President feels logically that it's needed, and so do most of the people. They say logically it's right but then go right ahead and don't build fallout shelters. I think Kennedy is in that camp. I know that General Eisenhower was. Try as hard as I could, I never succeeded in converting him or Admiral [Lewis L.] Strauss [then chairman of the A.E.C.] to the point where they personally believed that people should get out and dig their own and get going."

He himself built a fallout shelter at his California home for only $30. No American family, he believes, can afford not to spend so little for survival protection:

"Now, people say: What's the use of working on civil defense? It's a dying hopeless effort—poorly handled. Why waste your time? You can't do anything about it anyhow—I would just as soon be dead as to live in such a world. Well, my answer is: You can always shoot yourself if you want to, but you might like to have the chance to live in case you changed your mind."

People who consider the fallout shelter a dead issue, Libby says, "are retreating from reality. It's popular to turn away from the horrors of atomic war. They think by ignoring it that it will go away. The large drop-off of public interest in civil defense is a temporary thing. Just as soon as Khrush growls again, people will be back building shelters."

In 1959, because he was itching to become a scientist again, Libby resigned from the A.E.C. He was still a University of Chicago professor on leave, but when he was offered a chair at U.C.L.A. he moved back to his home state. Besides, Lorlie insisted. "It was either go back to Chicago without a wife or come to Los Angeles with one," he joked.

Life even in fast-moving Los Angeles was slow compared to the pace Libby and his wife set in the Capital. But just over a year after they left Washington, they were in another social whirl, this one in Stockholm. On December 10, 1960 the King of Sweden, in royal pageantry, handed Willard Libby the Nobel Prize in chemistry for radiocarbon dating. With the prize came royal dinners and parties, a three-week tour of Europe for the family, and $43,627.

Back in Los Angeles he began working with graduate students again, carrying on further radiocarbon and tritium dating work. He started experimenting too, with radioactive versions of other ordinary chemicals, better known as isotopes.

From his A.E.C. perspective, Libby had seen that, industrially, this country had too long neglected radioisotopes.

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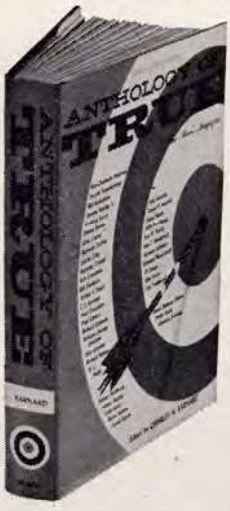

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Edited by Charles H. Barnard

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of isotopes by industry," he explained. Plenty of money can be made with isotopes. In fact, four of his former associates went into the isotopes business and became rich. "I could make a million dollars in a short time, if I really wanted to," he told me.

His newest area of research is in the effects of high pressures. "I can cook you an egg in my vise," he offered, then explained, "We cook by squeezing, you understand, instead of cooking by heat. We pick up a beefsteak and squeeze it and it tastes cooked. It looks rare, but it tastes cooked. And vegetables and all kinds of foods. Very interesting.

"One of the things we look forward to using this for is causing mutations in viruses. We think we may get different viruses.

"We use about 10,000 atmospheres. We have a press that will go to 100,000, but it doesn't take that much. Now, you see 10,000 atmospheres is 150,000 pounds per square inch. Not such an enormous pressure. About what you do when you cut a piece of bread. Well, there you are. When you cut a piece of bread, you're cooking it. When you cut a steak, you may be cooking the steak. When you shave, you're cooking your whiskers. Maybe. It's an interesting line of thought. We've been pounding steaks for years to soften them and tenderize them but what I say is that this is *cooking* them!"

As you can tell, Libby is an extremely energetic person, full of ideas, impatience, and conviction. There's still another side of his complex self: his boy-like curiosity. In fact, he believes his great drive "comes from wanting to discover what makes nature tick."

I asked if his taking apart of nature, his probing of the cosmos, influenced his spiritual feelings, his belief in God?

He answered, "I'm sure no scientist is ever completely atheistic. I don't see how he could be. However, the connection with formal religion may be a bit unobvious at times." He made another point:

"There's a certain moral code among scientists which is a very interesting thing: You don't lie. A scientist who lies about his result is no longer a scientist. Weeding out the liars is built into the system."

I asked whether he felt—since some people still doubt that Russian cosmonauts ever orbited earth—that Russian scientists have been lying about their accomplishments.

"No," Libby replied. "I believe they orbited the men. In fact, I saw Titov's space ship go over. Of course, I didn't see Titov wave! Besides, N.A.S.A. (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) has tapes of his conversation and those of Nikolayev and Popovich. I don't believe there's any doubt at all that they went up because N.A.S.A. would be able to check this.

"There's no evidence that the Russians are lying, either, about their achievements in chemistry. They have not made any great claims recently. They do very creditable research but it's not flamboyant."

Libby feels that an accidental atomic war is quite possible. "I know a few things most people do not know. I know where our hydrogen bombs are and I know how they're handled. But that doesn't really matter too much. It's a reasonable assumption that we're handling them carefully. In fact, it's a reasonable assumption that we're taking all *human* precautions. But does that say it's not going to happen? I don't think that anybody would say it would. Humans are humans.

"I think there's a real possibility of having a fruitful discussion with the Russians on that point: how to prevent accidental war."

Helping solve such problems is one reason, Libby feels, that it is very important to have scientists in government. "I don't see how difficult decisions can be made by people who don't understand what they're doing. So many of these critical decisions do involve science. People cannot make the proper decisions unless they understand what they are deciding about. We need real, live scientists in Washington, scientists with power. Not advisors; they're useful, but they're not enough."

On the other hand, he is well aware of some of the problems of having scientists in government: "Often administrators ask scientific advisors the wrong questions and often they're more inclined to take non-technical advice than they are the technical."

I heard Libby speak one evening at the Beverly Hilton Hotel before a medical society on the dangers and the promises of the atom. One of the doctors in the audience commented that perhaps it would have been better if science had never unlocked the secrets of the atom.

Libby boiled afterwards, "Wasn't that a smart remark! Yet many people feel that way. But if people want that philosophy, the one thing they must do is kill all the scientists. I mean that. You can't stop a scientist short of killing him. If you don't want any science you have to kill them and the last thing you want to do is educate any new ones. It would take this country about five years to come down to the general level of Nigeria, or well below Italy. The standard of living would drop, I would expect. One of the first things that would happen is that we would lose our military power. The doctor who said that would not have his future miracle drugs. He'd have to go back to witchcraft for treating staphylococcus aureus."

Libby, more than physically, is a giant of a man. Tall and tough, he's stomped through many different scientifice woods, in different roles. An atomic frontiersman, he is rough at times, and always ready to tackle the unknown that lies beyond. A veteran Washington official, he knows how to get what he wants from the right people. If he sometimes seems to lack the polish of people who live in the lap of comfort made possible by science, it is because he has lived his life axing secrets out of nature, driving himself and his students as they hewed uncharted paths across new fields of science. If he is impatient, it's because he wants to get things done—and he does.

—Theodore Berland

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Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin

Pulling teeth is one operation that dental science hasn't been able to modernize. Although anesthetics now help by deadening pain, extracting a tooth still requires a strong wrist and old-fashioned muscle power. The implement that dentists use bears the Latin name *forceps* because the Romans devised it 2,000 years ago. It suited the rough-and-ready methods of pitchmen who hawked their trade of tooth-pulling at Europe's fairs and market places. These brawny fellows seated the customer on a low stool and gripped his head between their knees, after glib assurances that he wouldn't feel a thing—a sales talk that gave rise to a medieval expression, "to lie like a tooth-drawer." An attempt at mechanization came finally in the 18th century. A London physician, Dr. Monsey, tied a length of catgut tightly around the ailing tooth and knotted the other end through a perforated bullet. He dropped the bullet in a smooth-bore flintlock pistol, pointed the firearm in the proper direction, and pulled the trigger. Extraction was instantaneous. Dr. Monsey set an example by shooting out his own teeth, one by one, as he aged. Unfortunately, he could never persuade anyone else to submit to it, and so his unique method—certainly the fastest tooth-pulling ever done—died with him.

Mid-air collisions are accidents that can happen to better fliers than man. Birds sometimes don't look where they're flying and smash into each other; in collisions eyewitnessed by bird-watchers, the fatality rate was always at least 50 and frequently reached 100 percent. More surprising is the fact that bats also collide fatally, despite their highly-reputed "radar" for detecting obstacles. This unexpected occurrence is traced by one bat authority to a flaw in their radar—actually, sonar echo-locating—system. Emitting about 50 throat-beeps per second in the 50,000-cycle hypersonic range as they fly with mouths open, they have to shut down the system momentarily when they snatch an insect. Therefore two bats with their mouths full of food at the same time are both flying blind and might well blunder into each other. *By Everett S. Monroe, Urbana, Ill.*

Long before farmers' daughters had a role in traveling-salesman fables in America, old England made merry over the foibles of farmers' widows. Those bereaved ladies enjoyed a privileged position under feudal law. Their husbands commonly were tenants on land held from the lord of the manor, and the lord could reclaim his land when a tenant died. The tenant's widow, however, had a right—known legally as *liber bancus*, or free bench—to continue in possession *dum sola et casta fuerit* . . . that is, so long as she stayed single and chaste. Indiscreet violations of the latter rule sometimes came to light. But all was not necessarily lost for love in several manors where a ribald old custom prevailed. An erring widow could regain her free bench by doing public penance before an annual manorial court presided over by the landlord's steward, or general manager. Sitting backward on a black ram that was led into court, and holding the animal's tail in her hand, she recited a prescribed doggerel verse. It began, "Here I am, riding on a black ram," went on to avow her "worldly shame," and concluded, "I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have my lands again." The steward was bound by custom to grant this request. For the widow's part, a farm undoubtedly was worth a few blushes, and the ceremony could be repeated annually, if need be. *By Maurice Freedman, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Swivel-chaired executives owe much to a President of the United States for their seat of ease. Thomas Jefferson introduced to America the idea that comfort could be had from a pivoting chair—a piece of furniture first conceived in Europe for whirling madhouse inmates in the hope that dizziness might cure them. Jefferson, a lanky man who liked to loll in bedroom slippers, was ingenious in matters of convenience. He had a revolving easy chair made, to his own design, for his study in Monticello. (He didn't think of having it tilt also; that came later.) Like many an innovator, he was jeered as well as cheered for his invention. His prime enemy, Alexander Hamilton, saw "a wonderful connection between the seat and head of this great politician" and alleged that the motion of one end powerfully affected the working of the other. Such jibes made the swivel chair so famous that it became a fixture in American life. *By P. L. Barnett, Elmira, N. Y.*

Solitary voyagers have crossed the Atlantic in many kinds of small craft, from a two-masted yacht to a cloth foldboat, and have been acclaimed for doing so. Not listed in any record book, however, is the most remarkable lone crossing of all. Around the year 1700, an "Indian man" in a canoe was picked up, famished and exhausted, in the North Sea off Scotland and taken to Aberdeen, where he died soon after. His canoe, preserved in a museum with its paddle and a harpoon, revealed his untold story to 20th-century anthropologists. It is a kayak of distinctively West Greenland type. Laced into that frail skin shell, hardly hip-wide, its Eskimo owner—probably lost in fog or gale—had traversed 1,500 miles of the stormy North Atlantic Ocean. He had no store of food or water, could sleep little in his capsizable craft, and must have been afloat for months. Yet he survived the crossing in what perhaps should be honored as the most indomitable feat of seamanship of all time.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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By GENE CAESAR

History remembers Washington as a first-class general and statesman, but he was also a man of the earth. He drank and he gambled, he eyed a pretty ankle—and he still became father of our land

GEORGE WASHINGTON—HERO WITHOUT A HALO

■ Late on a hot, heavy morning, the long-expected invasion of New York City began. The big guns on the enemy warships opened up abruptly, and the smoke from their salvos clung close to the water, spreading until it clouded the entire width of the East River and provided perfect cover for the landing craft massed on the Long Island side. Four miles off at his Harlem headquarters, the general, hearing the dull, distant booming, mounted up and raced south, with his staff officers trying frantically to keep him in sight.

He cut a fine figure on that horse he handled so expertly. Tall and straight in the saddle he rode, a slim man of six-feet-three, with powerful arms and shoulders. And yet, as one of his officers mentioned, "he was not what the ladies would call a pretty man." His cold, steel-colored eyes were set in a pitted and scarred face beneath dark brown

hair that was drawn tight and knotted in back, and his skin was the kind that reddens instead of tanning with sun or wind. It reddened with rage when he reached the farm that has since become the site of Grand Central Station and found his militiamen in full frenzied rout.

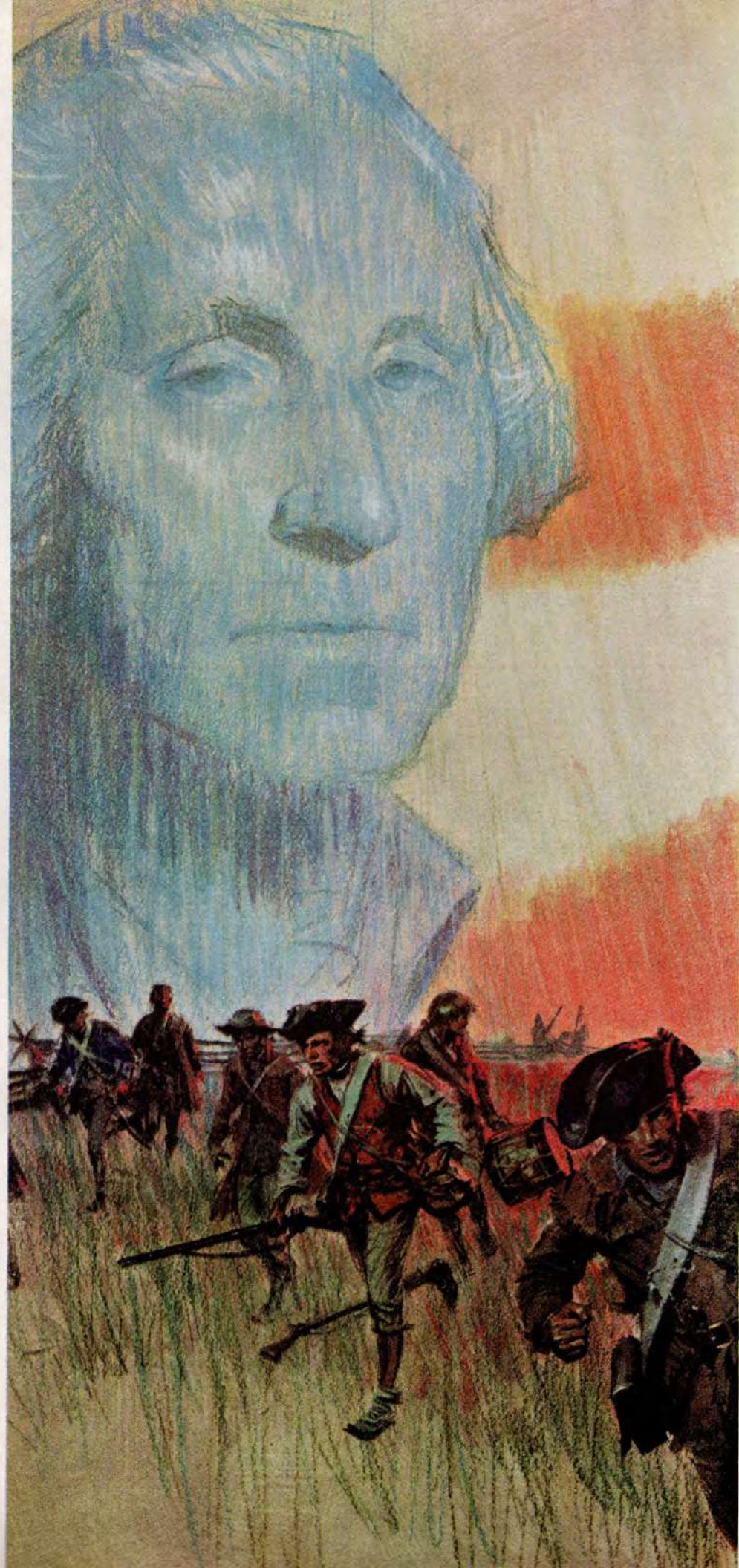
"Take stands in the cornfield!" he barked. "And there, at the fence!"

No one listened to him. Terror-stricken troops streamed past on both sides without turning to fire a shot. He tried to shout some courage into them, but they merely began throwing their muskets away in order to run faster. And the general suddenly became as crazed with fury as his fleeing men were with fear.

"Is this what I'm supposed to defend America with?" he roared explosively, and when words failed to turn the tide, he used his whip. Wheeling his horse back and forth, he lashed out with no regard for rank. His blows fell on privates and colonels alike, even a brigadier general. But nothing could stem the panic.

"Save yourself, sir!" a sprinting officer called out frantically. "The redcoats are coming!"

The big man's anger became murderous then. He drew his pistols and tried to drop the officer in his tracks, but neither would fire. When he turned and caught his first glimpse of the enemy, he actually tried to commit suicide. On that uncommemorated day of September 15, 1776, Gen. George Washington spurred out alone and waited, facing a row of redcoated regulars with nothing but a whip and a pair of worthless pistols. The British bayonets were less than 80 yards off when his staff officers galloped up, grabbed his bridle and rushed him to safety while he sat frozen in the saddle, his eyes dull and unseeing, his parted lips unable to speak, his entire body and being paralyzed with rage. [*Continued on page* 90]



The big man lashed out with no regard for rank. His blows fell on privates and colonels alike. The big man was siring a country.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

FIGHTINGEST DANDY IN THE SEA

The Pacific's roosterfish may look like a wavy-haired sissy but he's all muscle, ready to riot at the jolt of a hook

By RUSSELL ANNABEL

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY GEORGE X. SAND

CUYUTLAN, COLIMA, MEXICO

■ He's the hustling, slugging, deceitful blue-water king of his weight class in these southern parts. He has an assortment of aliases, a common one being, "That wonderful s.o.b." This last, with minor variations, is usually uttered while reeling in a thrown hook or contemplating the frayed end of a busted line. He's that good, he's the most, but he sorely needs publicity.

For some reason that maybe the Madison Avenue propaganda boys could explain, my friend the roosterfish has yet to hit top popularity rating. You show a mounted specimen or photos to almost anybody, and two-to-one the guy will say, "Yeah. But what is it?"

Therefore latch on, friends and brothers, while I tell you about this fish and why you really ought to come on down here and make his acquaintance. . . .

We were in Bocachibampo Bay, a part of the Sea of Cortez in the vicinity of Guaymas, and it had been the sweetly lyrical kind of sun-shot, pastel-tinted January day that anglers trapped in the cold North dream about while adjusting their ear muffs and dreading the fuel bill. It was a day intended from creation for catching big fish, only Tommy Jamison and I hadn't caught any. We had been hunting roosterfish and had got skunked and were now heading for port with a prairie-fire sunset behind us. On our starboard side was a reef of weed-hung black rocks, fanged and dangerous, against which swells were breaking. Tommy spun the wheel of our small speedboat, the *Cazadora,* and said, "The cook told me to bring home a fish for supper. So let us go in among those mean-looking rocks and kill a fat grouper, or whatever."

I bent on an artificial squid and ran it out, and Tommy eased the *Cazadora* onto the back of an indigo swell which carried us through a gap in the reef.

Now there is a myth, fostered by charter-boat owners, that roosterfish are taken only in open water, usually in a pretty bay or bight with a white-sand bottom and scenic background, some two hours' cruising time from home port. Thus I wasn't wholly prepared for what happened when the *Cazadora* roller-coasted over the reef into the rock-studded tidal rips beyond. I was watching the squid and saw a platinum gleam behind it. There was a heavy strike and the surface broke and heaved as if a quarter-stick of dynamite had exploded. I got the hook set and stood up, trying to see what I was fast to.

As I did so, the fish's dorsal appeared. It was eerie and startling because I guess I still had grouper on my mind. The thing stuck up a couple of feet, was blue, and looked like the tines of a limp pitchfork. Somebody hollered, "Roosterfish!" It didn't sound like Tommy, so maybe it was me. The fish slid in close, turned on its side, and a cold moonstone eye looked us over. This is a roosterfish trait—the brutes apparently want to know what they are up against. I don't know any other fish that starts its fight in [*Continued on page* 83]

GRAND ISLAND
SALT LAKE CITY

VACATION FROM SIN

Nothing wrong with two fancy gals going on a vacation, said Uncle Sam. It was coming back to work that landed them in front of the Supreme Court

By HENRY HARRISON

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD TERPNING

■ Nowhere in the United States is January more bleak than in the northern prairies. And never was a day more dismal than January 13, 1943, when Hans Pete and Lorraine Mortensen were tried in the Federal court in Grand Island, Nebraska, for violation of the White Slave Traffic Act.

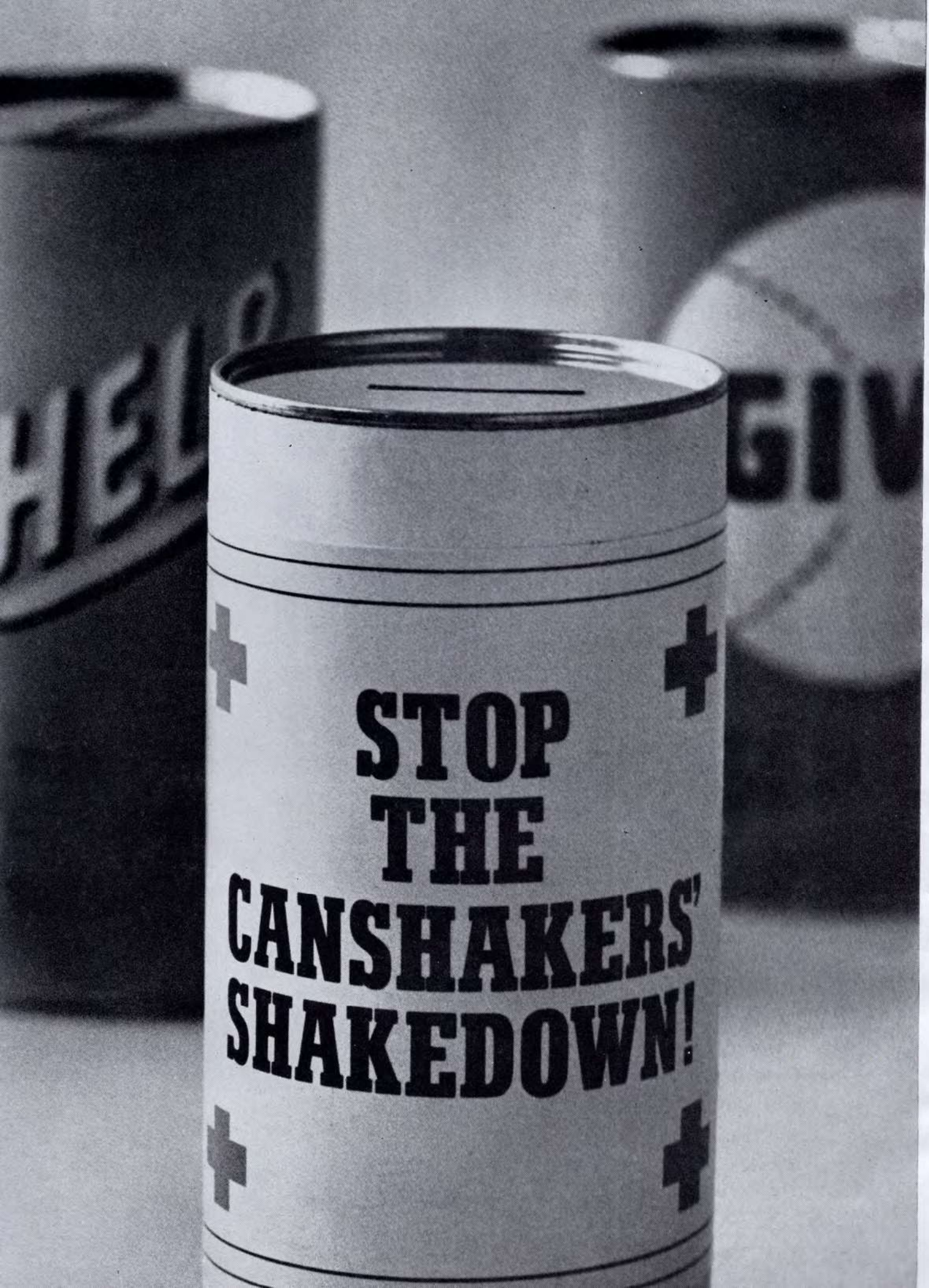
Outside town, the prairies seemed an endless sea of frozen mud. Inside, the icy, windswept streets were lifeless save where an occasional figure, bundled into sexlessness, picked its way over the rutted slush. Sensible citizens hugged their stoves. Even the titillating prospect of a white slavery case lured only a scattering of the more daring or salacious to the United States courthouse.

The courtroom itself was dreary, as were the Mortensens, despite their supposed aura of sin. Unspeaking and unspoken to, they and some forlorn females huddled together, shunned, frightened and friendless. If this were white slavery, where was the glamor of the paperbacks?

Only their attorneys, Thomas W. Lanigan and William P. Mullen, extended as much as a flicker of recognition. But all Grand Island knew, or knew of, the Mortensens, and many of its dignitaries had been customers at their "Nifty Rooms." This establishment, on the second floor of 118½ East Third Street, was in the business district and few were unfamiliar with its location. Though nominally a rooming house, it was somewhat specialized. The staff, except for Mr. Mortensen, was exclusively female, and the clientele male. The Chinese would have called it a House of Paradise.

Clean, orderly, it was vastly superior to the helter-skelter emporiums of sin that had preceded it. Religious pictures conveyed an air of respectability, and soft carpets a sense of quiet and comfort. Drummers no longer felt marooned at the prospect of a Grand Island weekend. Farm and factory hands did less shifting about. Divorces dwindled, and the police grew sleek and prosperous. To the city fathers it was a municipal asset, and they pigeonholed complaints from the righteous.

No one can admire the Mortensens, but we should reflect that morality varies with both time and place. The London bordels, or "stews," as they were called, were for many years licensed by the bishops of Winchester, to whom they were a substantial source of revenue. Later, the lord mayors of London farmed them out for profit as municipal concessions. In olden times, protocol demanded that such facilities be made available to distinguished visitors, [*Continued on page* 74]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From 1948 to 1953 National Kids' Day Foundation raised $4 million in public contributions, spent $3.2 million for fund-raising, then went quietly out of existence without ever giving a nickel to underprivileged kids.

In 1955 William L. Laurence, Pulitzer-Prize-winning science writer for the *New York Times*, angrily denounced publicity methods of the March of Dimes. Of the group's report on field tests of the Salk polio vaccine, he said, "I've never seen a report of this importance more calculated to mislead people."

In 1958 Disabled American Veterans had 450 employees in its national office—150 worked on problems involving veterans, and 300 worked on fund-raising.

In 1960 the executive director of Sister Elizabeth Kenny Foundation was convicted of grand larceny for raising his salary from $25,000 to $48,000 without bothering to consult the Foundation's Board.

In 1961 Marion B. Folsom and Arthur S. Flemming, both former Secretaries of Health, Education and Welfare, joined 19 nationally prominent civic and medical leaders in signing a report charging many of the nation's largest voluntary health and welfare agencies with failing to report millions of dollars in income and expenditures.

Charity is big business; with $8 billion in annual receipts, it is the nation's fourth largest industry. Of the $8 billion, $5.4 billion comes out of the pockets of families making less than $10,000 a year. In large areas of charity these funds are responsibly handled. But certain practices in some areas of charity are rapidly becoming a national scandal. In this largely unregulated field, some groups victimize both their donors and those who need help, and treat the public's right to know with contempt. If they continue, they will wreak destruction on the whole field of philanthropy—for, as former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Abraham A. Ribicoff warned them, a mutiny of angry donors is at hand. Many responsible citizens have already closed up their checkbooks and are waging a prolonged sit-down strike against deceit and subterfuge in charity.

A principal feature of the dubious new approach to charity is to base fund-raising, not on what is needed, but on what "sells best." In the post-World War II years it was discovered that there is no limit to the money-raising potential of a salable charity. Kids, for example, are salable merchandise, especially underprivileged children. In 1948 National Kids' Day Foundation was created to promote the fourth Saturday in September as National Kids' Day for Underprivileged Children. President and founder was James M. "Jimmie" Fiddler, radio commentator and syndicated newspaper columnist. First vice-president was Walter J. L. Ray, former president of Kiwanis International.

Careful scrutiny of the Foundation's literature revealed that it provided no aid to underprivileged children. Its function was simply to promote the *idea* of National Kids' Day.

To raise money the Foundation mailed out two items of "unordered merchandise"—personalized name stickers with a letter asking for a minimum of 50¢, and personalized ball point pens, with a letter asking a minimum of $1.50. The letters pressed the theme "Here's a good way to help kids," and many recipients of the mailings must have believed that the Foundation was giving help to underprivileged children. The response was prompt and generous. Between June 1948 and June 1953 the public poured $3,978,000 into the hands of National Kids' Day Foundation. Of this amount, $3,252,000 or 82 percent was spent on fund-raising. Administrative cost and a small reserve accounted for another 10.5 percent. During the 6-year period only $302,000 or 7.5 percent had been spent to promote National Kids' Day. In 1955 the group went quietly out of existence. Nobody was ever called to book, since nobody had violated any law.

In the health field campaigns for diseases that will "sell"—especially to women—are pushed with mammoth PR efforts, often draining money away from greater but less glamorous needs. Wives who give their time, and who finagle you into giving your money, to such causes, are sometimes contributing to increased human suffering rather than helping to abolish disease. So the next time a suburban matron knocks on your door, give her a steely-eyed stare and ask her some tough questions.

Causes involving kids in wheelchairs are the charity PR man's dream, and there has been a stampede to raise money to deal with various rare diseases that put kids in wheelchairs. Polio groups, for instance, exploit the kid-in-wheelchair gimmick. In a recent year cancer and heart disease caused 68 percent of the deaths in America, against one-ninth of 1 percent for polio. However, the two national agencies for heart and cancer jointly received about $38 million compared with $66 million for the groups fighting polio. More people die of anesthetic complications following surgery than die of polio, but little research is done on this unglamorous way of kicking the bucket.

In his book *The Gentle Legions* Richard Carter tells how a seasoned charity PR man analyzes the success of Basil O'Connor, flamboyant president of the National Foundation, in raising money for polio: "He had an unbeatable combination. He had the kid in a wheelchair, the heartthrob without which you can't raise a sou in this country. He had the sponsorship of Franklin D. Roosevelt. He had a disease that everyone was afraid of. And he had those volunteers, those polio parents, Democrats, bleeding hearts, busybodies, and do-gooders who swarmed over the country like locusts every time he ran a campaign."

Among other kid-in-wheelchair charities is the Muscular Dystrophy Associations of America, one of three national groups jostling each other to work on this rare affliction. MDA raises $5 million a year. There are no more than 200,000 victims of this disease in the U.S. The same amount of money—$5 million—is raised by the National Association for Mental Health. About 9 million persons in America have severe mental illnesses, and mental patients fill half of all U.S. hospital beds. When I asked an executive of a leading charity about this, he shrugged. "Mental health is a hard product to market," was his comment.

In addition to diverting [*Continued on page* 80]

HOW MANY OF YOUR DOLLARS HAVE GONE INTO A CAN LIKE THIS AND THEN DOWN THE RAT HOLE?

By RALPH LEE SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BOB DE ZANGER

From the book, *Goma the Gorilla Baby*, by Ernst M. Lang. Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc. Photographs © by Albert Muller Verlag, A.G., 1961.

PRODUCED BY PAT GRAVES

THE FAT, HAPPY LIFE OF A HOUSE-PET GORILLA

Week-old gorilla is helpless and dependent.

At six months Goma enjoys piggyback ride on Dr. Lang.

■ The busy, happy animal on these pages may grow up to be nearly five feet tall and to weigh 300 pounds. She will be more powerful than the combined strength of four men. It is unlikely, however, that she will ever enter into a contest with humans because this young coastland gorilla, called Goma, is a rare and unique animal—she is the first gorilla ever to be born in Europe.

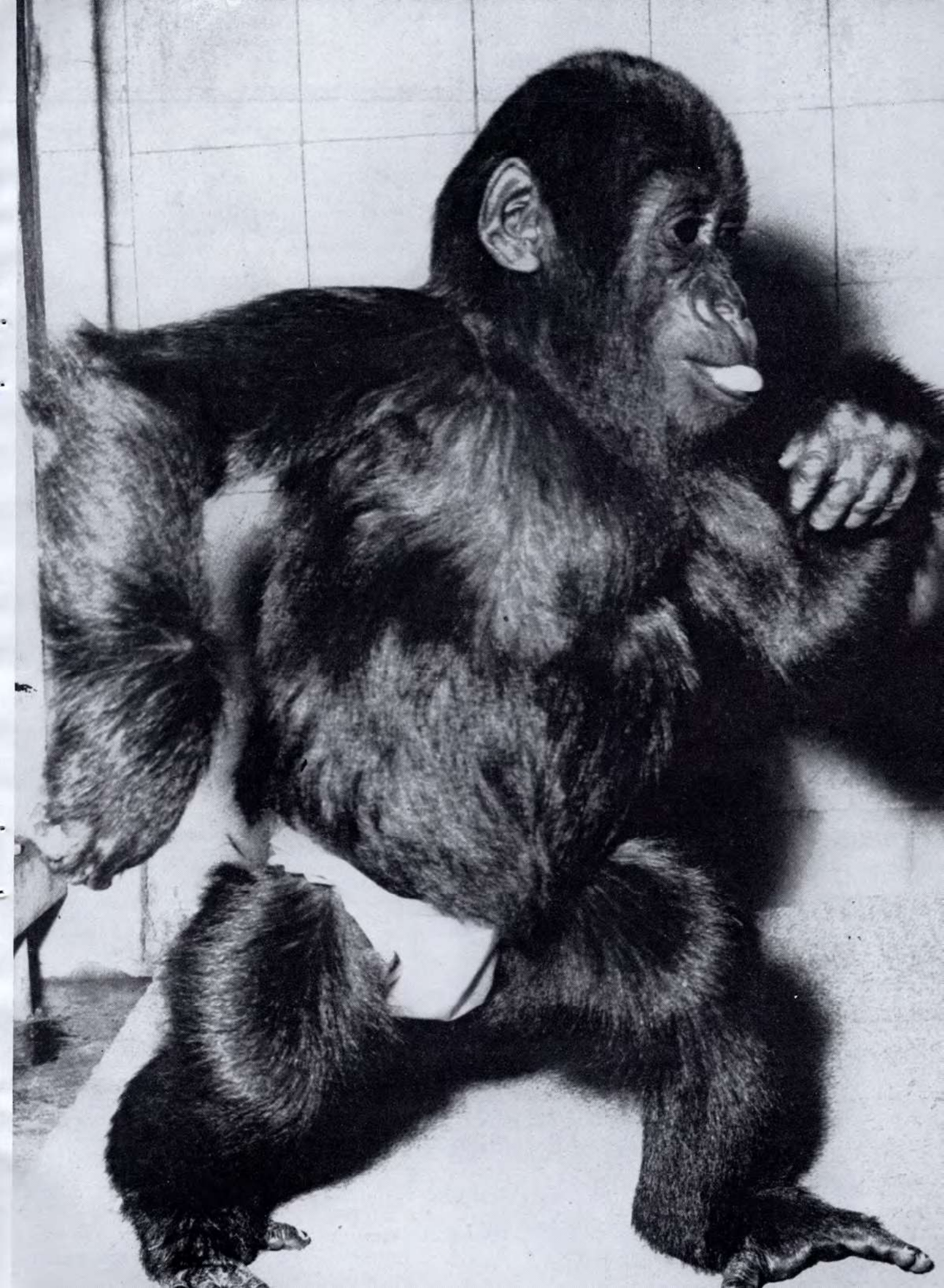
For many years, gorillas were among the animals that zoo administrators thought were impossible to breed in captivity. Zoos are becoming a last refuge for many species that are hunted close to extinction or are losing their own hunting grounds. The gorilla is one of those species in danger of extinction. Being conservative animals and having no natural enemies, gorillas dislike moving from their home areas. When planters move in, the gorillas are apt to be killed. The young ones are rescued sometimes and sold for shipment to zoos in Europe and America, but they very often don't survive. Even now gorillas are a fairly rare sight in zoos, and their refusal to breed in captivity seemed to indicate their eventual doom.

Finally, however, two gorilla babies were born in zoos—one at Columbus, Ohio, in 1956, and one, named Goma, in the zoo at Basel, Switzerland. The director of the zoo, Dr. Ernst Lang, and his wife took Goma into their home to bring up. Dr. Lang kept a record of Goma's development during her first two years. Although gorillas are the biggest of the anthropoid apes and man's nearest relatives in the animal kingdom, they have been studied for only about 100 years. Despite the many differences between them, so many similarities exist between man and the gorilla that the opportunity to study the relative development of a gorilla baby from birth was an unusual and useful one.

Goma's mother, Achilla, had come to the Basel Zoo from the Cameroons when she was still very young. She was brought up in the zoo, and in time a young male gorilla was acquired to keep her company. Achilla eventually gave birth to a tiny, pale baby with a cap of black hair and arms and legs like sticks. Achilla was careful and tender and as anxious as any mother, but she had no success at feeding her increasingly fretful child. After three days she, no doubt thankfully, gave Goma up to Dr. Lang and went off to rest.

The Langs put the gorilla baby into diapers and made a bed for her in a laundry basket—with a comforter for her to hold on to. Unlike the babies of other anthropoid apes, chimpanzees and orangutans, Goma did not seem to need to cling with a fierce grasp to anything, but lay in

Year-old gorilla speeds upright around the house.



From safety of playpen, Goma takes intense interest in the world.

It's furry and it looks o.k. but will it bite?

HOUSE-PET GORILLA

her basket looking very relaxed. At this stage the little gorilla weighed about four pounds and drank from a bottle every two hours. In fact, she was very like a human baby and caring for her was much the same. The Langs found that during the first months there was no noticeable difference in behavior from that of a human baby. But the development of the gorilla baby advanced at a more rapid rate.

Gorillas have small thumbs so Goma soon gave up thumb-sucking to suck on her forefinger. Finger-sucking baby apes have even been observed in their wild environment.

Goma got her first teeth in six weeks and began to chew everything she could reach. Like human babies, she became an uninterested eater at this point. She would accept her bottle only from Dr. Lang or his wife, and she wanted to be held and played with first. In their natural environment, gorillas live in tribes and maintain a close family life—mother and child have an intimate companionship for several years. Close physical contact was important to Goma's development.

When she was about four months old, Goma's diet was added to. It is believed that gorillas in the wild are exclusively vegetarian, but as it is not possible to reproduce their diet of twigs, leaves, and shrubs in captivity, Dr. Lang added meat as well as vegetables and fruit to the gorilla diet. Goma took to some of it and rejected part—a situation very familiar to human parents. She began to be fed from a spoon—a glorious experience for her since it involved so much attention. In time she learned to sit at a baby table for her meals and even to feed herself from a spoon, when she felt like it.

When Goma outgrew her laundry basket, she was put in a playpen where she began to invent games for herself and to make a determined effort to stand. She learned to sit with one leg outstretched for balance so she could hold onto the bars with one hand and have a free hand for play. Thus she was upright for awhile before she could sit or stand freely. Within a month the playpen had to be covered with a trellis roof because Goma had become a proficient climber. When she was let out on to smooth floors, she developed a fast method of getting around—sliding along on her forearms, her legs moving at a trot behind, Goma got up considerable speed.

Gorillas normally move on all fours. Supporting themselves on their hands, they run at a fairly moderate pace, listing a bit to one side. Goma tried her natural walk for the first time when she was five months old, but apparently she found her sliding crawl faster and went back to it. Dr. Lang feels that in the forest she would have learned to walk and run much sooner. When she was put out on the lawn for the first time, at six months, she ran on all fours. She whimpered and wanted to be picked up, but she was very well able to walk and to run like an adult gorilla.

Since anthropoid apes often carry their children on their backs, Dr. Lang lifted Goma onto his shoulders where she hung on with all four limbs perfectly securely. Later, when Goma was taken into other parts of the zoo to play, she would come when called and climb onto Dr. Lang's back just as young gorillas climb up when the tribe moves on.

Goma was very social and liked to lunch with the family—a young gorilla left alone would not flourish. She didn't like for any member of her "tribe" to leave the

Goma's underlip is handy for getting a drink.

room, although she didn't particularly mind outsiders coming and going.

She began to experiment with climbing, too, but after getting three feet or so up a shrub she would cry to be rescued. And then, of course, she did it all over again. Gorillas are ground animals in the main. They climb trees only in cases of necessity and danger. Half-grown gorillas sometimes climb for food, but the adults live on the ground. This may be why newborn gorillas have the least-developed clinging reflexes of the anthropoid apes. If a baby gorilla falls out of its mother's arms in the forest, it can't get hurt much. If the same thing should happen to a tree-living orangutan, the baby would be killed.

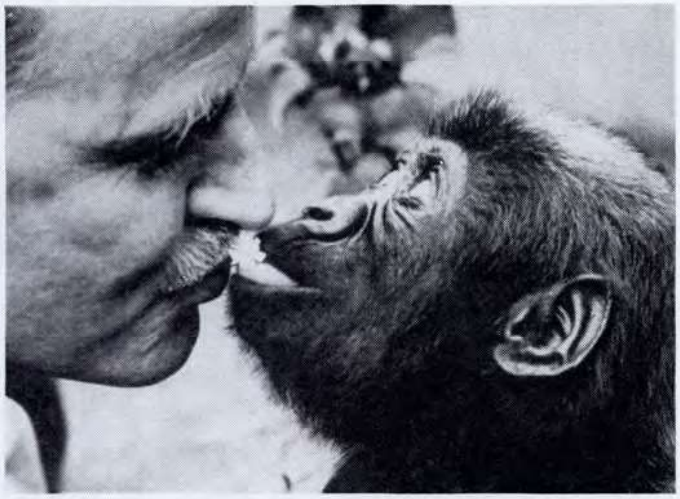
As Goma grew older she went to play in a cage in the zoo where her public was clamoring to see her. Since a tiny ape cannot be left alone in an exhibition cage, a member of the Lang family went with Goma for an hour or so every afternoon. She went happily with Dr. Lang or his wife or with one or the other of their two sons. In the forest, mother gorillas sometimes deposit their babies in the care of older children from time to time.

When she was nine months old, Goma happened to be in a cage next to her father, Stevie. He began to drum on his vast chest and frightened her into immobility. She obviously didn't recognize him as another gorilla at all. Gorilla company being a bit difficult to come by, Goma was next introduced to a young male of 3½ years. But he played rough, like a young boy who has no use for girls, and scared the young female.

Finally, another young gorilla, the same age as Goma, who had been raised by a human family in Africa, came to the Basel Zoo. After a period of terror and testing on the part of each, the two young gorillas became friends and began to play together.

All social contacts were connected with an assumption of rank for Goma. At times she tried to bite her most trusted friends, in an apparent effort to test the situation and to establish a caste system. One friend, who is an animal behaviorist, analyzed her behavior this way: "On the basis of her experiences with visitors, Goma began at the age of four months to treat men, women and children differently. Women, mostly, thought her 'cute' and wanted to pat her. So Goma instantly became aloof. Before long she realized that such women visitors were usually the first to be terrified and intimidated by a sharp bite or two. So as she pulled and turned away, Goma would let fly with an almost surreptitious bite. At six months, she played very happily with children. She showed little shyness, was full of initiative, and was unintimidated by very robust games. At times, however, she would be overcome by an urge to bite, and there seemed an obvious need to force her young playmates into the social defensive, to assert her own position of superiority."

The Langs felt they must give their gorilla baby the best possible care in the most natural surroundings they could arrange. But they are aware that Goma cannot stay with them much longer. Gorillas are not believed to be tameable, and in addition to their immense strength, an adult gorilla has a bite as mortal as any beast of prey. However, Goma's mother, Achilla, is still trustworthy with her keeper and, at 18 months, Goma showed similar signs of trust. Dr. Lang feels that Goma will go on trusting him if he stays close to her even though she must soon go to live in a cage in the zoo. ■



Goma, with wary eye out, very gently takes flower from Dr. Lang.

Finger-eating is easiest and Goma loves cherries.

At 20 months, Goma is collector—stones go in basket.

THE GREAT BIRTHDAY HOAX

BY DONALD G. COOLEY

Do you live in unspoken fear of your advancing age? Do you dread to hear the words Happy Birthday because they mean you are a year older and another year removed from your "prime"? Forget it, pal. Medical science now knows that the calendar tells misleading lies about a man's true age

CHARTS BY RICHARD HENDLER

■ One of the most remarkable conclusions of today's doctors is that of all the things that determine a man's age, his birthday is the least significant.

Warren Spahn of the Milwaukee Braves was 40 years old when he pitched the first no-hit game of his long career. Forty is supposed to be the brink of senility in pro baseball. Even Spahnie seemed to think so.

"This is ridiculous," he told a sports reporter. "A fellow my age shouldn't be pitching no-hitters."

Why not?

Or take the case of Joie Ray, the great distance runner. In 1919, at age 25, he ran the mile in 4 minutes 14.4 seconds. Last July 1, at age 68, he ran the same distance in 6 minutes 18.3 seconds.

Too old to run? Nonsense! Too old for competition, perhaps, but not too old to be a man. Not too old to take pride in being 70 or 80 percent as capable as ever.

It may be true that a man reaches his physical peak in the mid-20's and thereafter slides downhill. In fact, it seems indubitably true. The most thorough studies of the matter have been directed by Dr. Thomas K. Cureton of the Physical Fitness Research Laboratory at the University of Illinois. Health records of thousands of college men, athletes, and men in the armed forces show that physical abilities begin to turn downward at age 26. Today's teen-agers won't be young when they reach the ripe old age of 27. By the criterion of peak physical fitness, they will have crossed the border into middle age.

It's even worse than you think. Many physical faculties begin to decline long before we are 26. For instance, hearing is keenest at age 10, resistance to infections greatest at age 15. Metabolism starts to slow down at age 20. Vision is most acute at age 24. The muscular machine begins to lose strength at age 25.

So what?

So no lad of 15 thinks he's old because he doesn't hear so well as he did at 10. He doesn't even know it. Neither does a normal middle-aged man who buys a stereophonic sound outfit without realizing that he can't hear the highest frequencies the machine can reproduce. He can hear all sounds necessary for pleasure and communication. A slight loss of sensitivity to high-pitched sounds softens the shrillness of conclaves of female voices, and can be a blessing if the owner of a hi-fi set is a neighbor who keeps his windows open. Anyhow, a dog can hear high-frequency sounds inaudible to human ears, and the only kind of old dog a sensible man wants to be is a gay one.

You can't turn back your calendar age. Just forget it. Act your biological age, which is something quite different. Possibly you are biologically older than the calendar says you are. But the chances are overwhelming that you are younger than you think. In fact, if you're 50, your "true" age is about 46. That is the estimate of Dr. Hardin Jones of the University of California at Berkeley, who calculates that middle-aged Americans today are about four years younger than their calendar age.

This bonus of youth has come, Dr. Jones believes, from such things as better nutrition, housing, sanitation, and medical advances that prevent many illnesses and cure others quickly, without long periods of debilitation. There are fewer big and little ailments to chip away at our bodies over the years and speed the aging process. One result is that a man's "best years," the productive period of early middle life, extend anywhere from five to 20 years longer than for people at the beginning of the century. It's a pity that more men don't know this, or act as if they did.

Too many men of 40, 50, or older think that age disqualifies them from vigorous sports, work, and hobby activities involving physical effort and skills. They sell themselves short, stop pitching and start aging. Whatever else adds youthfulness to one's years, consistent, sustained, appropriate physical activity is unquestionably a prime ingredient. Dr. Ernst Jokl, noted physical training authority, estimates that a lifetime of tennis playing keeps a man six to 10 years younger than his calendar age. Any

A MAN IS ONLY AS OLD AS THE SUM OF HIS PARTS

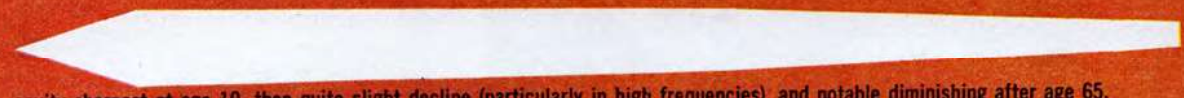
AGE IN YEARS 0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100

Varying thickness of graph lines portrays the rise and fall of potency in bodily functions.

MANUAL DEXTERITY, SKILLED MUSCULAR ACTIONS: normally, some slowing up in late 20's, followed by considerable or peak recovery, reappearing decline in late 30's or middle 40's, again followed by recovery until early or middle 50's, then slowing up probably increases.

MUSCLE POWER AND COORDINATION: peak at age 25, but about 82% of maximum strength remains at age 50. The muscular machine starts to become senescent at age 25.

MEMORY: peak at age 29, gradual but persistent decline thereafter.



HEARING: acuity sharpest at age 10, then quite slight decline (particularly in high frequencies), and notable diminishing after age 65.

VISION: acuity starts to decline at age 24, sharpest drop beyond 60. (Bifocal age commonly arrives around mid-40's; if long delayed, the lenses of your eyes have clung to youthful elasticity.)

LEARNING: ability to master difficult concepts increases steadily with age at least up to 50.

BLOOD PRESSURE, SYSTOLIC: slight increase from 40 to 60, marked increase between 60 and 70, thereafter a fairly steady high plateau.

INTERCOURSE: married males, age 20, average frequency 4½ per week; 25, 3¾; 30, 3 plus; 35, 2¾; 40, 2¼; 45, 2; 50, 1¾; 55, 1½.

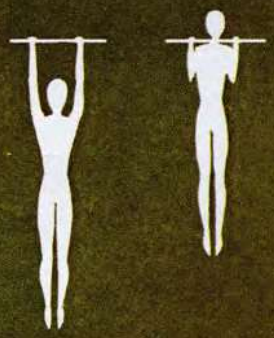
RESISTANCE TO INFECTIONS: peak, at age 15, steady decline thereafter.

HEIGHT: age 20 to 24, 68 inches; maximum average height of 68.2 inches in 30's; decline to 67.3 at 50 to 54; down to 65.3 at 80 plus. There is a suggestion of survival value in below-average height (as well as weight).

FATNESS: percentage of body increase with aging: at 20 years, 10%; 25 years, 14%; 46 years, 22%; 50 years, 24%; 55 years, 25%.

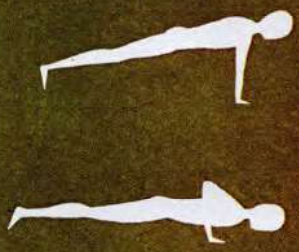
HOW TO EXERCISE: Perform each individual exercise as many times as you can without intervening rest, but start fresh on each exercise. Sit-ups have a time limit of **2 minutes;** Squat Thrusts, **1 minute.**

PULL-UPS
Requires horizontal bar slightly higher than arm's reach. Grasp bar, hang full length, arms straight. Pull up until chin is above level of bar. Lower yourself until elbows are completely straight. Pull up again. Repeat.

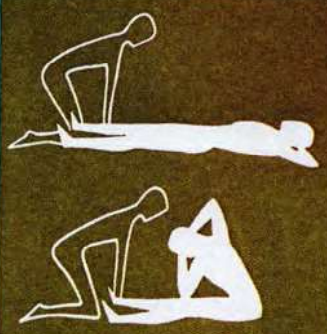


SQUAT JUMP
Squat on right heel, fingers laced atop head, feet 6 inches apart, left heel aligning with right toes. Spring up so both knees are straight, both feet off ground. In air, reverse feet, dropping to squat on left heel. Repeat.

PUSH-UPS
Start from front leaning rest position, body straight, palms directly underneath shoulders, elbows straight. Lower body until chest touches floor. Return to original position by straightening elbows. Repeat.



SIT-UPS
Lie on back, knees straight, feet 18 inches apart, fingers laced behind head. With feet held down, raise body forward to touch right elbow to left knee. Lower back to floor and repeat, left elbow to right knee. (Knees can bend slightly.)



SQUAT THRUST
Start from standing position. Squat, hands on ground shoulder-width apart, elbows inside knees. Thrust legs backward, body straight, weight supported on hands and toes. Return to squat, then to standing position. Repeat.

HOW TO RATE YOURSELF

These Army tests are based on the actual performance of many thousands of troops in good physical condition. They are general tests of endurance, wind power, muscle tone, and give a good all-around estimate of a man's physical resources and aging propensities. For instance, an obese man who is "over age" for his years because he carries around 50 pounds of excess fat would likely make an abysmally low score on these tests.

A score of 50 points for each exercise is average for individuals in good physical condition. You're better than half the Army if you score above 50.

If you score 100 points, you're a superman—muscularly, at least. Not more than 1 percent of well-conditioned troops score 100, and not more than 1 percent fail to score at all.

comparable regular physical activity will do just as well.

There is no real proof yet that regular exercise increases your life span—or shortens it either.

You may live just as long if you do nothing but sit on the front porch in a rocking chair listening to your joints creak. It's simply not so much fun. Biological age that is less than your calendar years refers to quality of life, prolongation of youthful vigor, postponement of decrepitude.

If you are old enough to read this, you have already passed your physical prime or are uncomfortably close to it. So statistics on the time of life when physical capacities begin to deteriorate, given elsewhere in this article, may freeze your soul. Give them a second glance. You may get the biggest lift to your spirits that you've had in years.

For it is plain that we don't move from the prime of life to senility like plunging off a cliff. The decline is long and slow, and there are even some gratifying plateaus. Many men of 50 or so are closer to their physical prime than they probably think. Almost certainly, you have the capacity to exert more vigorous effort and do more things than you probably think you can, and do them well.

For instance, muscular strength begins to diminish around age 25. Numerous studies pretty well agree on that morbid fact. But how many activities demand that you exert every ounce of muscular strength you possess? Very few. Demands for extreme application of sheer muscle-power are usually brief. No matter what your age, you can exert only short bursts of maximum muscular strength. Time for recovery between bursts is, of course, shorter for younger men. But even young prizefighters have to husband strength for well-timed attacks and rallies. Pace yourself, stop short of exhaustion, and you can deliver a pleasing amount of horsepower for worthy—or even unworthy—purposes.

At 50 a man still has 82 percent of the muscle strength he had at age 25. This is a lot to have left. If you measure some of your favorite activities in terms of muscle-power (though other factors do enter in), you can look forward to being a tough competitor in your mid-50's. If you can whack a baseball 400 feet when you are 25, you should be able to belt the ball 350 feet or so when you are 50. If your game is golf, and in your mid-50's your drives are about 20 percent shorter, you'll still do better than some 20-year-old duffers.

Most activities that give greatest satisfaction depend on *skilled* muscular actions which do not require great strength. Putting, fly-casting, driving, trapshooting, skiing, and hundreds of choice work-or-fun activities are in this category. These skills may actually decline in the late 20's, and then rebound, so that at 50 you're as good as you were 20 years before.

In fact, if you're 40 or over, and normally fit and healthy, you probably have the capacity, if not the training and experience, to pilot a jet plane. Most chief pilots of commercial jetliners are in the near-40-and-over age bracket. Not long ago there was quite a rumpus when the pilot of a single-engine Cessna made a crash landing on Long Island to avoid some power lines. Local officials thought he was incompetent to fly,

BY NEW ARMY TESTS

If you start a physical program to improve yourself, wait at least two months before taking the tests again, then compare your two scores.

YOUR AGE. Generals aren't supposed to do as well as GIs on this test. The scoring standards are for men up to 30 years of age. Deduct one point from the standard score for each year of your age above 30. Example: average score of a 50-year-old man in good physical condition is not 50 points, but 30.

So what if you're 35 years old and make a standard score of 50 points or more? You're as good as a 30-year-old youngster and can pride yourself on being younger than your calendar age with respect to physical efficiency.

was a danger to his own life and the lives of others, and should be grounded forever. Federal aviation officials sprang to the pilot's defense. He had a medical certificate, renewed every two years, which testified to his physical and mental fitness to fly a pleasure-plane. The pilot, William S. Read, was 80 years old.

Some men of 50 or thereabouts who yearn to drive a snappy sports car capable of doing 120 mph, forego this source of pleasure from fear that they are "too old." It is true that reflexes, strength, coordination, are at a peak around the mid-20's. But this is also the male age group that has to pay the highest auto-insurance premiums because of frequency of accidents. Trigger-quick reflexes can get young men into trouble they can't get out of. Judgment tends to need time to mature. Reflexes and muscle skills of older unimpaired men are plenty good enough for any kind of driving short of competitive Le Mans racing. An older man can drive 500 miles a day just as well as a young fellow. It merely takes him slightly longer. He has the sense to pace himself. The criterion of highway safety is not age. It's stupidity.

Bright young men meet their match and more in bright older men. Mental power seems to diminish much less rapidly than physical functions. There is actually an increase of abstract reasoning powers and ability to master difficult concepts, at least up to age 50. Some men have scored higher IQ ratings at age 50 than they did at 19. Learning speed diminishes with age, but learning capacity is scarcely impaired—provided it is exercised from youth onward. Mental activities regularly carried out make for a youthfully alert mind in later life. It's too late to wait for retirement to fill your mind with exciting challenges, projects, activities. The unfulfilled mind of doddering old age is the unfilled mind of earlier years.

In the minds of most men, and no doubt of their spouses, sexual potency is a yardstick of male vitality. The bogey of "lost manhood" is a favorite with quacks who wish to sell something exotic to restore it. There is a great difference between frequency of performance and potency or capacity to perform. What is impotence with one partner may be quite something else with another. A thousand factors, social, psychic, economic, affect overt sexual expression.

Yet potency *per se* is very long-lived in the average man and may persist into the ninth decade of life. Doctors of the University of California School of Medicine who studied sexual potency in aging males found that two-thirds of men up to 70 years of age were still potent, one-third of men over 70 years of age, and two men over 80 years old reported monthly activity.

Persistence of sexual activity in later life seems to be directly related to intensity of sexual drive in youth. Psychiatrists at Duke University interviewed 250 men and women, 60 to 93 years old, regarding sexual activities and attitudes. All agreed that sexual drive was lower in old age. But those who rated their sexual urge in youth as "strong" considered their drive in old age to be "moderate." Those whose sexual drives in youth were weak to moderate described themselves as being without sexual feeling in old age. Perhaps, as in other forms of energy expenditure, practice makes perfect. [*Continued on page* 86]

HOW TO KEEP SCORE: Find your achievement figure for each exercise in the vertical columns below. Put a check mark on the figure; read to left to get your score.

	POINTS for	Number of PULL-UPS	Number of SQUAT JUMPS	Number of PUSH-UPS	Number of SIT-UPS in 2 minutes	Number of SQUAT THRUSTS in 1 minute
EXCELLENT	100	20	75	54	79	41
	99		74			
	98	19	73	53	78	40
	97		72	52	77	
	96	18	71			
	95		70	51	76	
	94		69			
	93	17	68	50	75	39
	92		67		74	
	91		66	49	73	
	90	16	65	48	72	
	89		64			38
	88		63	47	71	
	87	15	62	46	70	
	86		61	45		
	85		60	44	69	37
	84		59			
	83	14	58	43	68	
	82		57		67	
	81		56	42		
	80		55		66	36
	79	13		41	65	
	78		54		64	
	77		53	40		
	76		52		63	35
	75		51	39	62	
GOOD	74	12	50			
	73		49	38	61	
	72		48		60	34
	71			37		
	70		47		59	
	69	11		36		
	68		46		58	
	67		45	35	57	33
	66		44			
	65		43	34	56	
	64	10			55	
	63		42	33		32
	62		41		54	
	61			32	53	
	60		40			
	59		39	31	52	31
	58	9			51	
	57		38	30		
	56				50	
	55		37	29	49	30
	54					
	53		36		48	
FAIR	52	8	35	28	47	
	51					29
	50		34		46	
	49					
	48		33	27	45	
	47				44	28
	46	7	32			
	45			26	43	
	44		31			
	43				42	27
	42		30	25	41	
	41					
	40	6	29		40	26
	39			24		
	38				39	
	37		28			
	36			23	38	25
	35		27			
	34			22	37	
POOR	33	5				
	32		26		36	24
	31			21		
	30		25		35	
	29					
	28				34	23
	27		24	20		
	26	4			33	
	25		23			22
	24			19	32	
	23					
	22		22		31	21
	21			18		
	20				30	
	19	3	21			
	18			17		20
	17				29	
	16		20			
	15				28	19
	14			16		
	13		19		27	
	12					18
	11	2				
	10			15	26	
	9		18			
	8				25	17
	7			14		
	6				24	
	5		17			16
	4					
	3				23	
	2			13		15
	1	1	16		22	
	YOUR SCORE FOR:	PULL-UPS	SQUAT JUMPS	PUSH-UPS	SIT-UPS	SQUAT THRUSTS

SAM'S COLTS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY SID LATHAM

HARTFORD, CONN.

■ Inventor-showman-entrepreneur Samuel Colt kept a personal collection of firearms that included 20 Colt rifles, shotguns, muskets and carbines; and 35 Colt pistols and revolvers plus a few guns made by other manufacturers in the U.S., Europe and the East. The Colt Cabinet of Arms has only recently been made available to the public by the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Connecticut.

Sam Colt was interested, naturally, in the history of revolving firearms, and he was also interested in what rival manufacturers were turning out. Besides, he was an inveterate tinkerer, and he kept examples of his own constant experiments with revolving weapons as well as samples of models in production.

Most of Colt's earliest revolvers were made by Baltimore gunsmith John Pearson. These guns were the immediate predecessors of the famous Colts made at his Paterson (New Jersey) factory. More than 3,000 Patersons were made. A very small number of these were experimental—a favorite attempt with Colt was the folding bayonet. Patersons are prized by collectors, and were much appreciated by Federal troops battling the Seminole Indians. But the Paterson enterprise failed, and Colt was out of the gun business until he was asked to supply 1,000 weapons for the Mexican War. This commission began what became an immense business, and Colt began manufacturing in Hartford in 1848. Very soon he introduced his 1851 Navy Model. More than 250,000 of these were made by 1873, and the Single Action Army Peacemaker brought out then used the tried and true Navy-size frame.

Bolstered by growing popularity and financial success, Colt tried, in 1855, a design radically different from his previous models. This gun had a solid frame and a hammer on the side, but it never achieved very much success.

By the time Sam Colt died in 1862, he had made $5 million from the manufacture of more than a million longarms and handguns made under his patents. In his Cabinet of Arms, Colt kept his personal favorites of all these.

—Larry Wilson

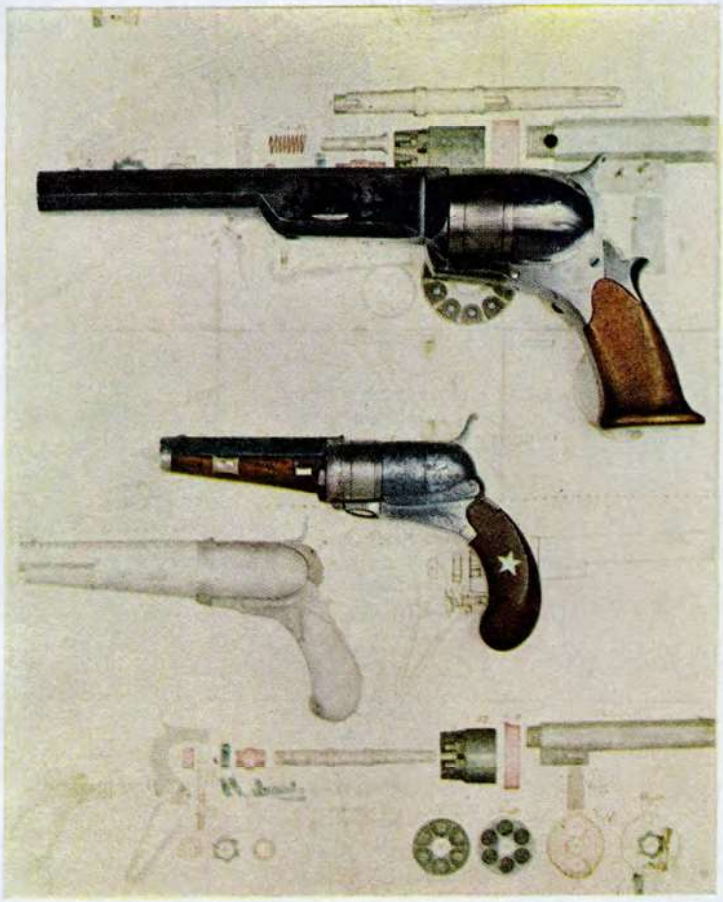
Price list: John Hintlian Collection

Serial #3 is on Colt's own example of a rare variation on popular 1851 Navy which has unusual short barrel.

Experimental pocket Paterson with bayonet was failure but 40,000 were made of later gun in drawing.

Drawing: John Hintlian Collection

Water color: Connecticut State Library, Colt Collection of Firearms



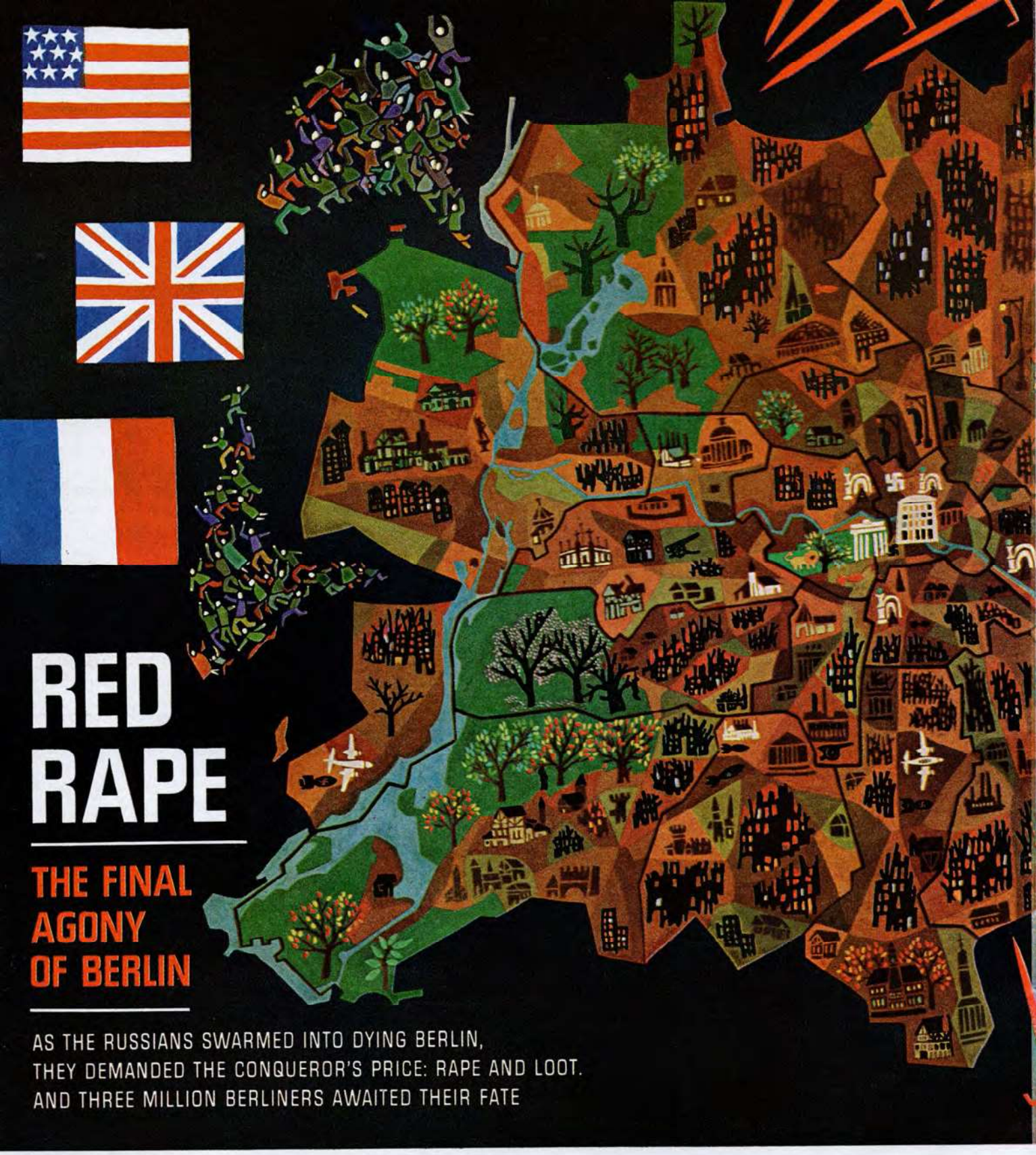
Mechanism of these pre-Paterson embryonic Colts is shown in 1835 water-color of first patent specifications.

Drawing: John Hintlian Collection

Zigzag cylinder on these sidehammer pocket pistols was impractical. They never went beyond experimental stage.

Third Model Dragoon, 1849 Pocket and 1860 Army were three of most popular types in production when Colt died.

Broadsheet: Connecticut State Library, Colt Collection of Firearms



RED RAPE

THE FINAL AGONY OF BERLIN

AS THE RUSSIANS SWARMED INTO DYING BERLIN, THEY DEMANDED THE CONQUEROR'S PRICE: RAPE AND LOOT. AND THREE MILLION BERLINERS AWAITED THEIR FATE

BERLIN

By GEOFFREY BOCCA *For divided Berlin the year 1962 opened in an atmosphere of impending catastrophe. Ulbricht's Wall split the city in two. Khrushchev threatened its existence. One thousand West Berliners left daily for Western Germany, and hundreds of thousands of those on the other side of the Wall would have followed if they could. The suicide rate was one of the highest in the world. Yet most Berliners stayed put and kept smiling. Berliners are tough and they share a vital source of strength unique to themselves. They have seen their city die once before and come to life again.*

April 19, 1945, was a day of uncanny quiet in Berlin. There were no air raids. The war was almost over, as everyone secretly knew, and the great punishment of Nazi Germany was at hand. In the west the Americans were over the Elbe, and the British were at the gates of Hamburg. Marshal Zhukov's Russians—225 infantry divisions and 22 tank divisions—had crossed

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO DILLON

the Oder, 30 miles away, three days before under cover of a stupefying barrage of 22,000 guns, and were advancing on the capital itself. Deep underground in a bunker under the Reich Chancellery, the man who had brought this ruin to Germany studied maps and moved armies which no longer existed. Tomorrow the Fuehrer would be 56 years old.

It was a curious paradox. Berlin, the least Nazi city of all Germany, was about to become the last bastion of Nazism, and Berliners, who had always despised Hitler, were to be sacrificed on his personal funeral pyre. Throughout its 340 square miles the city was a pitiable sight. The first full-scale bombings of November 22-23, 1943, had wiped out whole quarters of the city, including the western and central quarters of Lankwitz, Wilmersdorf, Schöneberg, Tiergarten and Leipzigerstrasse, all in two hours. From that night on there had been 14 months of almost continuous bombardment. More than a million and a half refugees had fled the city, but 2,800,000 were sticking it out.

Yet there was normality in the ruins. The movie theaters

THE FINAL AGONY OF BERLIN

1 SCHILLER PARK
2 PICHELSDORF
3 SIEMENS FACTORY
4 REICHSPORTFELD
5 GRUNEWALD
6 THE WALL NOW DIVIDING BERLIN
7 LEHRTER STATION
8 GEDÄCHTNIS CHURCH
9 ZOO
10 BRANDENBURG GATE
11 POTSDAMER PLATZ
12 STETTINER STATION
13 ADLON HOTEL
14 ALEXANDER PLATZ
15 ANHALTER STATION
16 TEMPELHOF AIRPORT
17 BORSIG FACTORY
18 FRANKFURTER ALLEE
19 HITLER'S BUNKER

were open. The U-Bahn and the S-Bahn, as the subway and the elevated were called, ran on time. The postal and telephone services were efficient. In the blasted wastes of Friedrichstrasse and Unter Den Linden, the magnificent Adlon Hotel stood miraculously unscathed. Here the service was as elegant as ever. At the bar, Luftwaffe officers in their best uniforms chatted with their girls, and neutral diplomats appreciatively sipped dry Martinis made from pre-war stocks of English gin. The food was good, the cuisine French, the wine list one of the world's greatest. The Adlon's continued survival gave to Berlin the kind of stimulation that the survival of Saint Paul's Cathedral had given Londoners during the sad days of the Blitz, a feeling that so long as it was still there everything was all right.

The Adlon was the only major hotel left. The others, the Hebel, the Eden, the Kaiserhof and the Bristol were blackened shells. What remained of the Am Zoo Hotel on the Kurfuerstendamm had been turned into an officers' club.

But the Adlon was not the only link to normality. At the world-famous zoo in the battered Tiergarten, children still lined up with their pfennigs to see their favorite animals. Of the great pre-war collection of 4,000 rare animals, only 91 were left in Berlin, but they included some of the most beloved. There was Pongo, the gentle 500-pound gorilla, and Knautschke the hippo, who was rather sexy and, after food, thought only of cow hippos. Pongo had

escaped during the bombing of November, 1943, and regreted it immediately. He cowered, terrified, until his keepers found him, whereupon he gained courage, beat his chest and boasted of his exploits all the way back home to the zoo.

Berlin's factories still went flat out: Siemens in Siemenstadt making electronic equipment, the Borsig factory near Friedenau turning out heavy machinery, and many others. At Gatow Airport, the Luftwaffe training school, cadets still sat in class learning the principles of wireless telegraphy and the stringing of cables, just as cadets before them had been doing for the previous six years. Cadets and instructors scarcely questioned the point of it, although the war had collapsed on them. Berliners, civil and military, preferred not to think of the onrushing hordes less than 30 miles away—not Russians only, but Tartars, Mongols, Siberians, Kurds, Turko-Mongols, Uzbeks and Baskirs from the wild plains and steppes.

All day, trains moved in and out of the bombed Berlin stations. Terrified refugees from the East disembarked at Schlesescher Station, thankful for their arrival in the capital, which gave them the aura of protection. At the same time thousands of Berliners waited under the tangled girders of the Anhalter and Lehrter Stations to escape south and west, away from the Russians.

That night Goebbels came to the radio with an admonishment for Berliners: "Never forget your Leader. We are witnessing the last acts of a tremendous tragedy. The decision is near. Let us stake our hopes on our lucky star."

In fact, nobody mentioned, or even thought of, the phantom in the Bunker. Most Berliners were like Hanna Oehler. Hanna, today an attractive middle-aged woman, told me recently, over Scotch and soda in the bar of the Am Zoo, "I remember we stood in line outside the stores and gossiped and gossiped. Sometimes we passed on rumors that the Allies had permitted strong German armies to pass through Allied lines to defend Berlin. Or that the Russians were in retreat. But mostly we gossiped, on the lightest and most inconsequential level."

April 20, 1945, began like the previous day. The Berlin papers appeared as usual, the *Voelkischer Beobachter*, the *Lokalanzeiger*, the *Nachtausgabe* all paying tributes to the Fuehrer, "the man of the 20th century," and all predicting "the 13th hour miracle." Nobody then realized that these would be the last newspapers Berliners would ever read in a Nazi regime. Meanwhile, the German Foreign Office was getting out. A convoy of limousines set out from the Foreign Ministry on a one-way journey from the Wilhelmstrasse to the safety of Bad Gastein. Ribbentrop, Himmler and Goering all congratulated Hitler on his birthday and then left.

In the middle of the morning Berliners in the center of the city heard a sound unlike any they had heard before, a sound unlike bombs, a keening, a whistling and then the dull thump of explosions. Promptly the city emptied itself and went underground. For the first time Berlin was within range of Russian artillery. At the Adlon, the maître d'hotel came for advice to the owner, Louis Adlon, son of the founder. "Serve meals as usual," said Adlon, "but don't bother to present any checks afterwards." In his morning coat and striped trousers he walked to the cash desk. "Don't present any more bills to the guests," he said.

Of the great German military machine, once the terror of the world, which two years earlier had stood at the gates of Moscow and Alexandria, little was left, but the organization maintained its smoothness. The core of the defense was General Mummert's Muencheberg Tank Division, the rest mostly S.S., Volkssturm, Hitler Youth and Luftwaffe units. General Weidling, the able commandant of the city, his collar still starched, called his staff officers to his headquarters in the Bunker and explained to them his defense plans.

Berlin, he said, indicating his points on the wall map, would be ringed in three defense zones. The outermost zone would be a belt of 65 miles circling through the city's suburbs. Should that be overrun, the German forces would move to a shorter line, 50 miles long around the edge of the city itself. The last line would be held on the ring formed by the S-Bahn.

News from the front, he went on, was not too bad. The Russians had been slowed by the woods and marshes east of the city. Although the German forces were outnumbered three to one, out-gunned and out-tanked, those advantages would not be overwhelming in a restricted area. German Intelligence had learned that the Russian soldiers were exhausted and had outstripped their supply lines (after the war Zhukov was to admit that when he reached Warsaw he did not think he could get over Poland's Vistula River). Weidling estimated he could hold for two weeks, in which time, according to the Fuehrer's promise, General Wenck's 12th Army would have marched from the Elbe to the relief of the city.

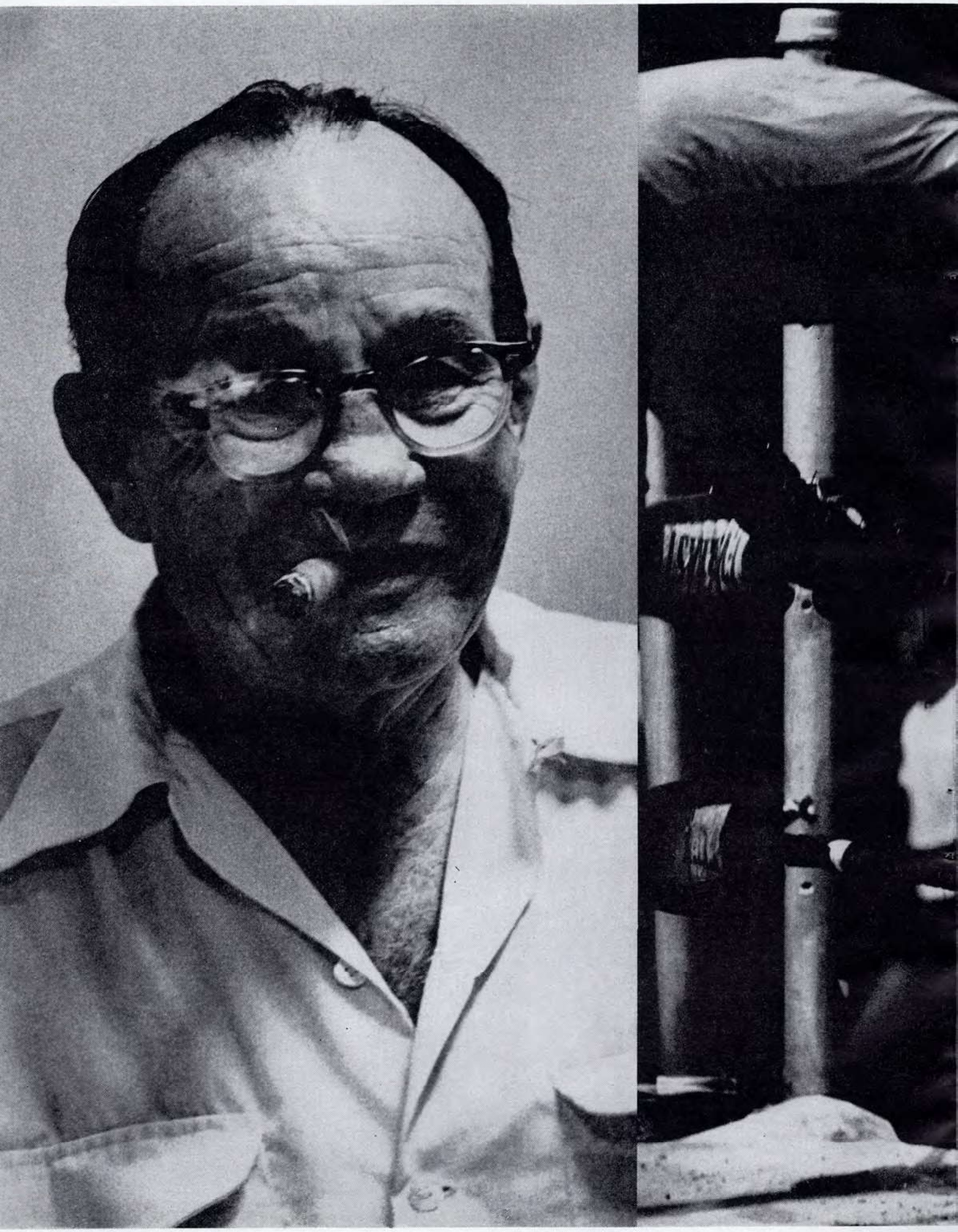
That night Berlin was pounded both by a mass bombing attack and by Russian heavy artillery. The city looked even more like the landscape of the moon.

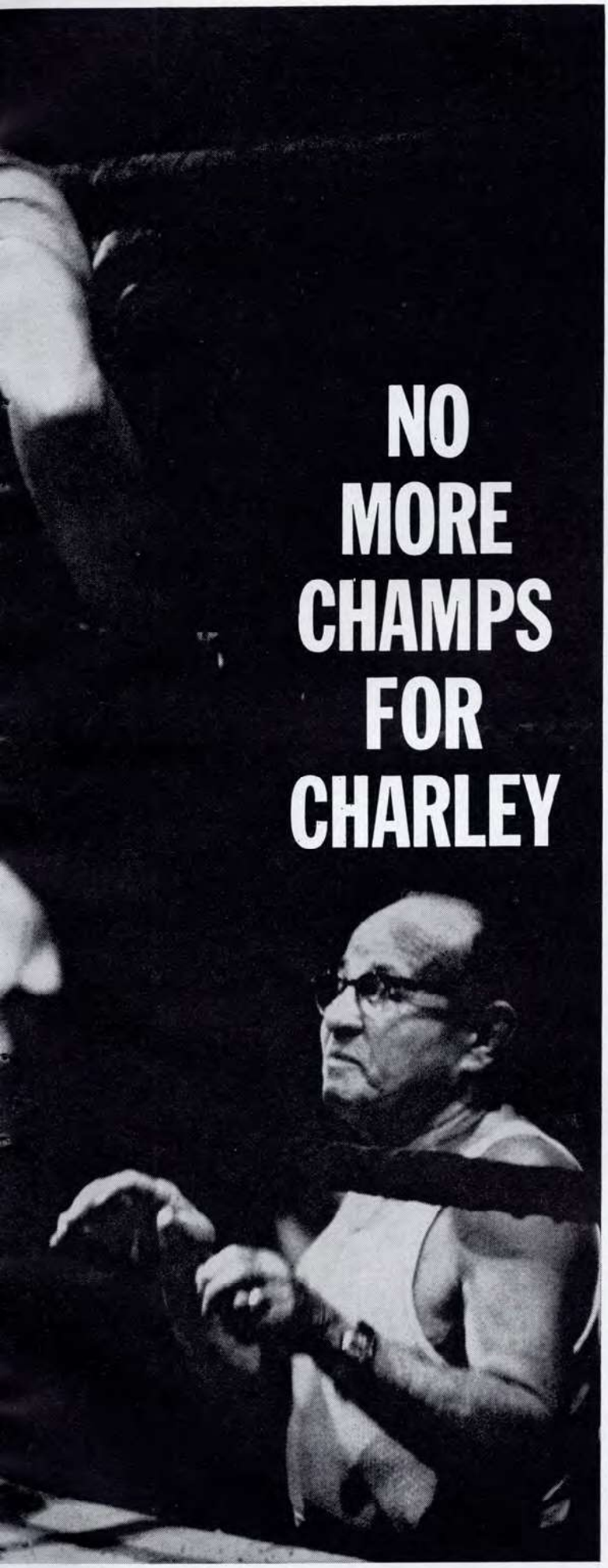
North Berlin. The pleasant little suburb of Glienicke, 12 miles north of the Brandenburg Gate, had had a lucky war. It was almost untouched by bombing, and the shops were well stocked. The stores had been open that day, and there had been the usual coming and going of German troops. Tonight, as on so many other nights, the Glienickers had a grandstand view of the bombing of Berlin and saw the sparks and the flames rise from the city. Some wondered idly whether the Adlon had been clobbered at last. Although they did not know it, the most dramatic events of the day were about to happen on their own doorsteps. Fräulein Affmuss had locked up for the night when she heard an urgent banging on the door. Unsuspecting, she opened it—and had the fright of her life. Two unshaven Russian soldiers, battle-weary and savage, stood at the doorway. They pushed past her, searched the house, demanded her watch and left. "After that they came at half-hourly intervals, and the street was full of them," Fräulein Affmuss, who works today for the United States Information Service and was one of the first Berliners to set eyes on the Russians, recalled to me.

Battalion headquarters at Glienicke telephoned the Bunker. Weidling was informed that the outmost Berlin line had been pierced in the north. He ordered the troops to shorten the line, dig in, and hold.

Next morning, on the 21st, Berliners were heartened to see reinforcements rolling into the city from the west. Most of them were foreign mercenaries, overage Volkssturmers, and Hitler Youth, but their numbers were impressive—20,000 of them lined up in Wittenberg Platz. But the Russians were rolling through the Berlin defenses. Having broken the first ring in the north, they overwhelmed it in the south and advanced toward Tempelhof Airport. Weidling ordered his troops to man the second line around the city proper. By April 22, the only escape passage was a nine-mile gap to the west and northwest.

At Tempelhof Airport that evening, despite the approach of the Russians, morale was high. Two hundred uniformed girls worked there as switchboard operators, control-tower personnel, waitresses. An officer had gone around their quarters with [*Continued on page* 101]





NO MORE CHAMPS FOR CHARLEY

A pint-sized little gnome named Charley Goldman is the greatest trainer boxing ever saw. He molded five champions, including Rocky Marciano; but his sport is dying now and for Charley it's a long time between paydays

By JIMMY BRESLIN

NEW YORK, N.Y.

■ Alfred North Whitehead was a teacher who was so smart everybody stood up like it was church when he walked into a lecture hall at Harvard. And people go on their heads trying to wade through the snow at Amherst to study under Henry Steele Commager. But the best teacher I ever heard of is Charley Goldman, who was born in Warsaw, Poland, 74 years ago. Kids from all over the country used to go on the bum to get to New York and learn from Charley. He says he went to P.S. 16 in Brooklyn and sat in the fifth row and picked up a lot of things, but then he will start telling a story about how this one teacher in the fourth grade tried to hit him with a stick and he got up and punched her and knocked her down. That ended his schooling, and you can imagine how much he was able to learn by fourth grade. But that's all right. Charley didn't need school to become a great teacher.

You could see that one afternoon in June of 1952 at a place called the Long Pond Inn at Greenwood Lake, New York. The Long Pond was everything you could want at this time. For one thing, it had a bar which was six furlongs down the straightaway. You could look out the windows from the bar and see the lake and the hills on the other side of it. Cocktail hour began whenever you had your first drink. And then upstairs, in a clean, pine-paneled gymnasium, the greatest fighters in the world trained every afternoon. The Long Pond Inn, on this day in 1952, was Charley's college. He was wearing a black derby and a brown-and-yellow-flowered sports shirt that hung to the knees of his denim slacks. He is only five-foot-one and people who didn't know him thought he was a mascot for the fighter he was teaching, Rocky Marciano.

Marciano was training to fight Harry Matthews. A lot of people thought it would be a hard one, because Matthews moved a lot and made the other fellow look bad. And in his last fight, Marciano had been taking big, wide swings at a fellow named Lee Savold and he was so terrible he nearly fell out of the ring a couple of times.

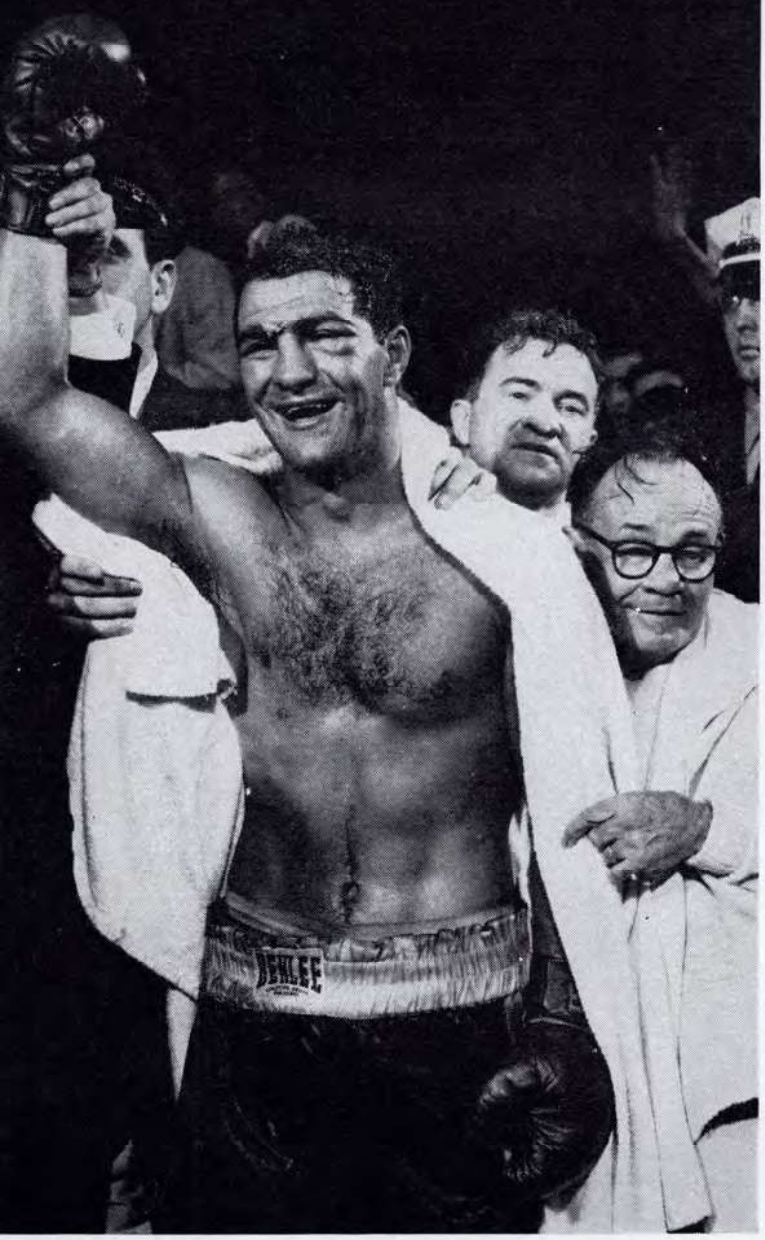
"We been doing a lot of different practicing for this fight," Charley was saying. "I got him using a different *stragedy* for Matthews. *Stragedy* is very important in a fight, you know."

Charley was standing on the ring apron, smearing vaseline on Marciano's face. When he finished, somebody said "time" and Marciano went out to spar with some big kid. Every time Marciano would jab Charley would call out, "Hook off the jab," and then Marciano would jab again, pull the arm back a little bit, then throw a hook which

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HOMER PAGE

Few fighters today want to learn their trade, so experts like Goldman do odd jobs and teach boxing "as a hobby."

YESTERDAY Goldman's boy was heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano, who says: "It's a crime when a fighter doesn't have Charley around to teach him."



made him grunt because of the effort he put into it.

"Matthews," Charley was saying quietly, "likes to step back and make you miss the jab. Then he comes in and counters. That's why I got Rocky practicing hooks off the jab. I'd like for him to hit Matthews in the mush with the hook when he tries to step in." Charley had the fighter work on the move all day.

Two weeks later, Marciano was in the ring at Yankee Stadium and his short, tanned left arm was out in front of him as the second round started. Matthews was moving. His light hair had a lot of water on it from a sponging after the first round, and it gleamed under the ring lights. Marciano came at him and started to jab. Matthews pulled that head back. The jab was short. Now Matthews nodded his head forward as he started to counter. He nodded right into Marciano's left hook. The water blew off Matthews' head when the punch landed. In his corner, when his seconds started to come into the ring to pick him up, somebody was wondering if they would need a Pulmotor. It was one of the best teaching jobs Charley Goldman ever did.

You thought of this one day last spring, when Marciano was coming out of an Italian restaurant on 48th Street in New York with an extra jacket folded over his arm.

"What nice people in there," he was saying. "I left this jacket in the check room three weeks ago. I forgot all about it. But they had the waiter call me up."

"Was there anything in it?"

"Some money in the inside pocket. I didn't even remember it until just now when I looked."

He took the money out of the jacket and put it in his pants pocket. It was $4,000 in fifties and hundreds. He had never missed it. You had to wonder what Marciano would have in his pocket if somebody other than Charley showed him how to fight.

Charley's record shows he is the best teacher of prize fighters we've ever had. He developed five world champions, starting in 1914 when he got Al McCoy to the middleweight title. Then he helped Lew Ambers to the lightweight title; Joey Archibald, who took the featherweight title; Marty Servo, who became welterweight champion and, finally, Marciano.

He is a warm little 110-pound guy with a flat nose and hands that have pine knots in them from being broken and never set properly during his own career, which began when he was 7 and ended over 400 fights later. His entire life has been boxing. A room someplace, an old suitcase that packs easy and a couple of beers with the old-timers in saloons where fight guys hang out—that's all Charley ever needed. I saw him dressed up with a bow tie and dark suit once. He was in some carpeted joint where they serve Scotch. It wasn't for Charley at all.

"You pick up the bone with your hands, they're liable to throw you out," he complained.

This is the complete professional teacher. What he looks like or lives like doesn't count.

But today, you find him sitting in a cluttered, scarred little hotel room on West 81st Street in New York City and he is talking loudly over the phone so his voice can be heard over the noise coming from an old radio he keeps on top of the dresser.

"A lot of people would know my name if I went to them to sell your stuff," Charley was saying into the phone. "You know what I mean. I could start tellin' them about fights and all the guys I was around and then I could hit the people up for orders. We could do very good." He listened a little while and nodded his head and then he

hung up. He was sitting on the edge of the bed and he shook his head. "Here I go again," he said. "I'm calling up fellas about a job. Last year I had one but I couldn't take the idea of going back to it anymore, so I give it up. Now I got to go and get another one. Boxing is so small they got no room for me anymore. I was just talking to a fella about selling shirts for him. Maybe I could do that."

Charley's job last year was at a health resort in Hollywood Beach, Florida. It was a place called the Sea Spa and tired old businessmen afraid of a heart attack and women who wanted to do something about their figure before their husbands turned to chorus broads paid $62 a day to stay at the place. It was Charley's job to take care of them in the gymnasium. But he couldn't get himself to go back.

"If I tried to stay just in boxing," Charley was saying one day last summer, "I couldn't make $1,500 a year. Only a couple of guys are making a living today. I'm living off whatever I was able to save, and it's almost gone now. I don't even have Social Security. I'm not a fancy kind of an eater, but I got to have a couple of scrambled eggs sometime. If I tried to make a living out of boxing I won't even be eatin' *them*. My trouble is I always worked for only one manager and I only took care of a big fighter. I never was workin' with 20. 30 kids at the same time. I couldn't do it."

The one manager Charley always worked with was Al Weill. Actually, nobody ever worked with Weill—they just took their chances. What Weill did to people when he was on top is one of the great untold stories in sports. As Charley says, "If he only paid me half of what was coming to me I'd be on easy street today. Just half. I made money with him all right. But not enough to last a lifetime, like it should have been."

Oh, Charley still is in boxing a little bit. He takes care of a fighter named Tony Alongi, a heavyweight who won his first 26 in a row. Alongi is rangy and Charley has done a lot with him in two years. But Charley has made only one payday of more than a few dollars with Alongi. He got $473 for a Madison Square Garden main event Alongi won from George Logan. But that was a year ago and Tony hasn't earned coffee money since. The fighter is from Florida. Charley works with him at a place called the Grammercy Gymnasium on 14th Street in New York. But when Alongi goes home to Florida, Charley just hangs around. He fools around with one or two kids in the gym who only fight once in awhile and Charley has trouble remembering their names.

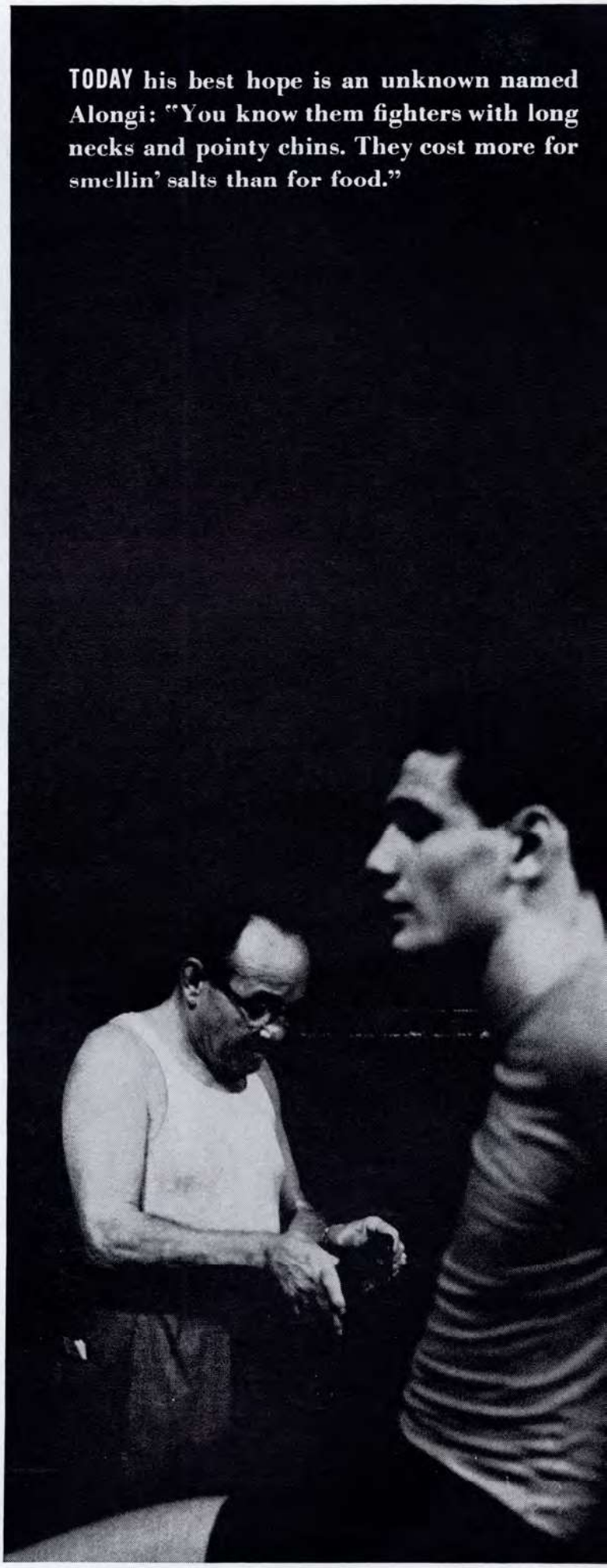
"One of them is called Palmer," Charley says. "He works for a place that makes striped matzoh balls. Another guy is called Sugar Boy Nando. He comes from some place like Aruba. I don't know. I see them in the gym, but you can't call it working."

Alongi is Charley's best hope, but when he looks at Alongi's neck he isn't too sure about things. "He only has a size 16 collar," Charley says. "You know them fighters with long necks and them long, pointy chins. They cost you more for smellin' salts than they do for food."

Because of all this, there have been some sad days with Charley Goldman in the last couple of years.

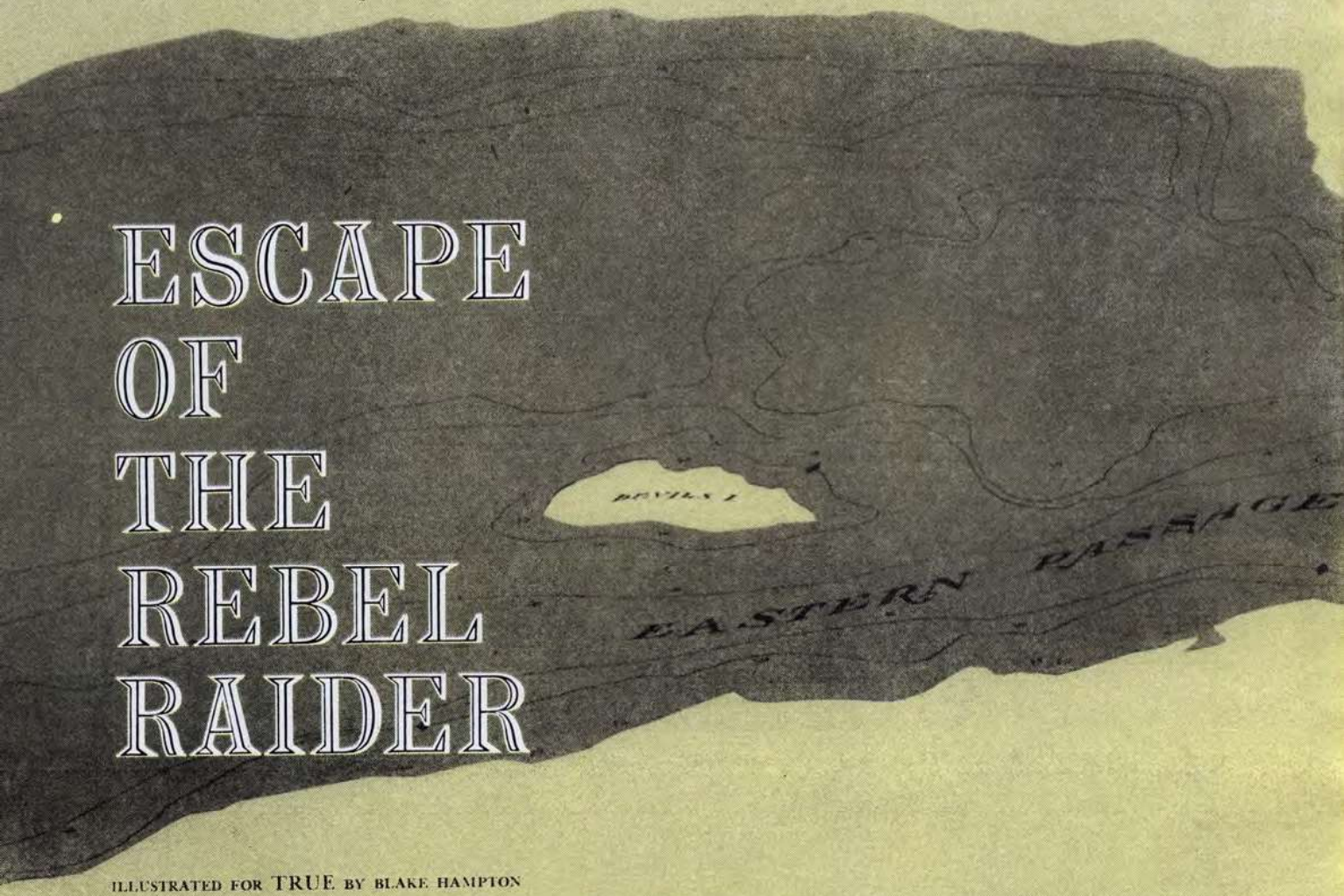
Last winter, one of them was in the lobby of a place called the Hotel Westbury in Toronto. Charley was standing by the entrance to the cocktail lounge, looking a little lost while everybody walked around talking about Floyd Patterson and Tom McNeeley, who were to fight for the heavyweight championship [*Continued on page* 109]

TODAY his best hope is an unknown named Alongi: "You know them fighters with long necks and pointy chins. They cost more for smellin' salts than for food."



While Yankee ships waited to trap her, the Confederate cruiser found a secret way

ESCAPE OF THE REBEL RAIDER



ILLUSTRATED FOR TRUE BY BLAKE HAMPTON

■ With a characteristically belligerent gesture, Capt. John Taylor Wood yanked his Confederate cap a little lower over his frosty blue eyes. "Dammit, suh," he snapped. "Under the Queen's Regulations my ship is entitled to remain in this port for a maximum of 48 hours. I intend to use up every last minute of that time. Furthermore, suh, if you attempt to intern a single man jack of my crew, my intention is to blow the city of Halifax clean off its foundations!"

The two Britishers who sat across the table from him appeared startled. This Rebel skipper looked as though he meant exactly what he said, and relations between Canada and the States were already strained to the breaking point. Inside, they were fervently wishing the captain would solve their problems by drying up and blowing away on some vagrant breeze.

The fourth member of the group was Judge Jackson, the Yankee Consul. Jackson was scowling darkly. He was out to get this stubborn Reb, and he didn't particularly care how he did it. The main thing was to get Wood and his blockade-busting crew off the coastal shipping lanes and put an end to their confounded depredations against Northern merchantmen. And he would never have a better opportunity. The notorious *Tallahassee*, Wood's ship, had run into the harbor at Halifax to refuel, and the U.S. Navy had her bottled up as neatly as a guppy in a bowl. The only trouble was, her captain, John Taylor Wood, refused to admit it.

"Give it up, Wood," Jackson growled "There's two cruisers off Chebucto Head, waiting to pounce on you the minute you shove your nose out of the channel. We asked you to meet us here on board the *Duncan* so you'd have an opportunity to surrender yourself like a gentleman. Now let's have done with all this palaver."

Captain Wood turned his baleful gaze on the two Britishers, who squirmed uncomfortably.

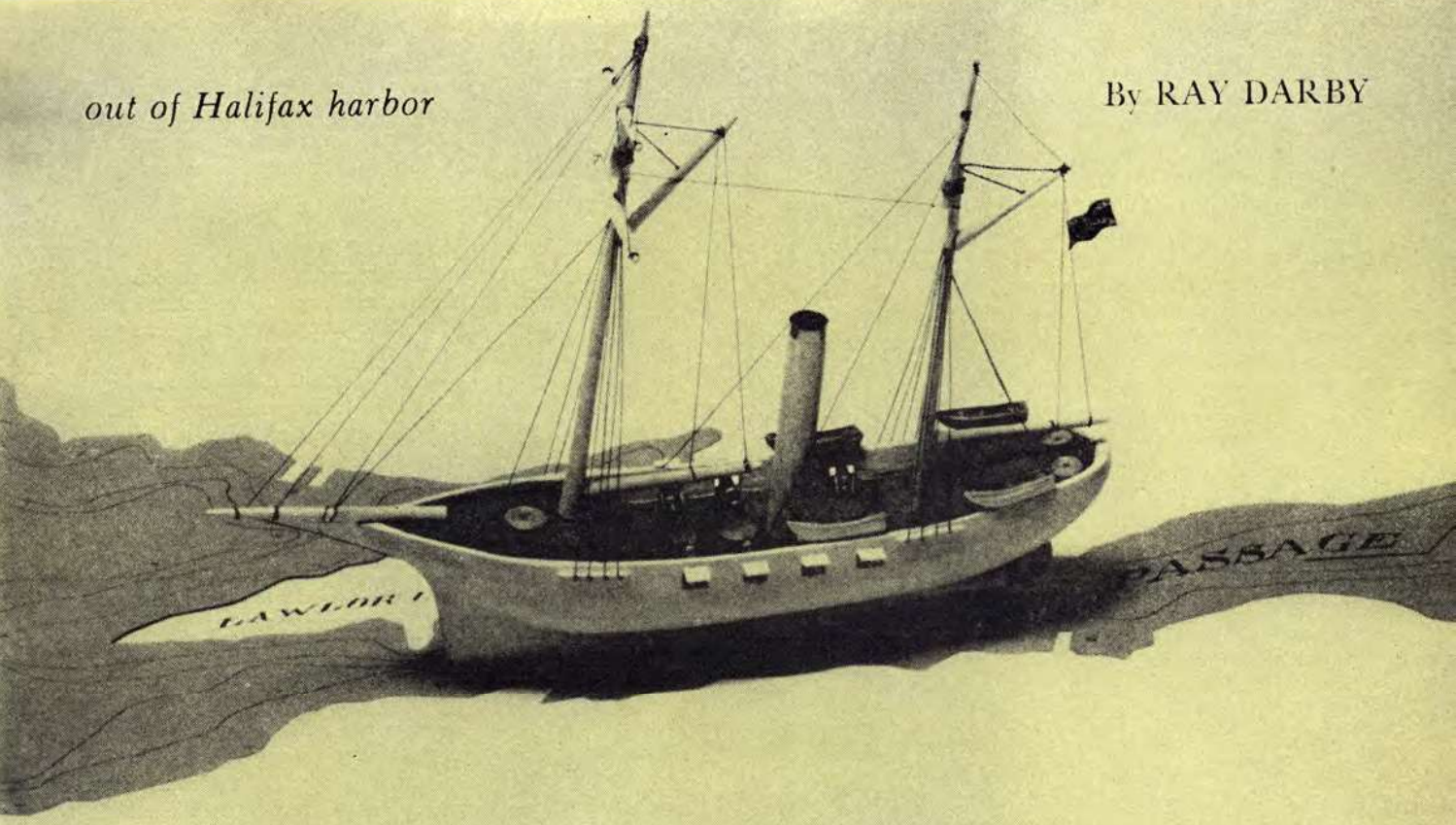
"The situation *is* rather hopeless, you know," Governor Sir Richard Graves MacDonnell said mildly.

"Consider," said Admiral Sir James Hope. "You're jolly well trapped, old man. If you try to make a run for it, the Northern cruisers will sink you. If you remain here, we must . . . under international law . . . intern you and your crew in . . ." the admiral pulled a large gold watch from his pocket and studied it briefly, "in something less than 27 hours from now," he finished.

Captain Wood got slowly to his feet. He was a tall man, and years in the military had substituted a ramrod for his backbone. He stood there, beetling down at the others from under his bleached eyebrows. "Gentlemen," he said, "I mean to leave Halifax Harbor as I entered it—in my own ship and under my own steam. In the meantime, I demand my rights under the law. The *Tallahassee* will remain un-

out of Halifax harbor

By RAY DARBY



molested until the full time is up. At that time, you're privileged to take any action you damn well please."

With that, Wood turned on his heel and stalked out of the admiral's quarters onto the deck. Governor MacDonnell followed him.

"By the way, Captain," MacDonnell said. "Just how *do* you propose to get out of this predicament?"

"I haven't the faintest idea, suh." Wood squinted up at the watery sunshine that filtered through the overcast sky. "And if I did, you'd be the last person I'd tell it to. Good day, suh."

That reply was typical of John Taylor Wood. He was a proud and stubborn man, the kind of warrior who will fight until the last bullet has been fired—and then charge the enemy with a handful of rocks. A grandson of former President Zachary Taylor and a nephew of Jefferson Davis, Wood was a zealot in the cause of the South. Second only to this was his love of the sea. He had joined the Navy at the age of 17 and worked his way up through the ranks during the campaigns of the Mexican War. When the drums began beating in 1861, he had quickly transferred his allegiance to the Confederacy, where he served as an aide on the staff of old Jeff Davis himself.

But it was as a blockade runner in the Confederate navy that Wood showed his greatest courage and resourcefulness. On August 6, 1864, he sailed the *Tallahassee* out of Wilmington Harbor, right under the noses of the Northern patrols. Within 12 days, he had become the object of the greatest sea hunt ever organized by the Union navy. And justifiably so, for in that time he had captured and sunk between 30 and 40 Yankee merchantmen.

In a clash off Sandy Hook, the *Tallahassee* had met a large ship, the *Adriatic*. Her mainmast was carried away in the encounter and she was running low on fuel, so Wood decided to put into neutral Halifax for repairs and refueling. The Yankees had now assigned 13 warships to the task of hunting down this arrogant and elusive raider. Hardly had the *Tallahassee's* anchor splashed into the blue-green waters of the harbor when two of her pursuers stationed themselves triumphantly at the entrance, just outside the territorial limit. They had Captain Wood at their mercy. There was no escape.

But Wood still had a few hours of precious freedom left, and he meant to make the most of them to the profound annoyance of Consul Jackson. The *Tallahassee* was now berthed at the Woodside Wharf on the Dartmouth shore, where she was filling her hold with coal from the Prussian brig *Marie Griefswold*. As Wood clattered up in his carriage after the meeting with Jackson and the two Englishmen, the sun was just setting over the *(Continued on page 62)*

REBEL RAIDER

[*Continued from page* 61] green-clad hills to the west. He eyed his ship with the fondness that only a tried and true partner in battle can command. The *Tallahassee* had been built in London two years before, and had originally been named the *Atlanta*. She had rakish lines, and her white-painted hull and stacks seemed to glow in the pink light reflected from the scattered, low-hanging clouds. For an iron ship she was unusually fast, capable of making 18 to 20 knots with her powerful engines and twin screws. Under ordinary circumstances, she could outrun any ship in the Yankee fleet. Now, however—and no one knew it better than Capt. John Taylor Wood—her speed was of little use. Nothing short of a pair of wings could spring her from the trap that would close in even tighter as more of the enemy came up to join those two seagoing bloodhounds waiting out there.

Thoughtfully, Wood went up the gangplank and climbed the ladder to his bridge. The table was littered with charts. He sorted through them until he found the one mapping Halifax Harbor, and moving the lantern closer, began to study it carefully.

Presently he grunted and straightened up. "Mister Bennett!" he shouted.

A moment later, the *Tallahassee's* second officer joined him on the bridge.

"Turn the loading operation over to Haskell," Wood ordered. "I've got another job for you."

As the second officer gazed at him enquiringly, Wood went on, "I want you to scour these docks for the best pilot you can lay hands on. The very best, you understand?" He ran a finger across the chart and smiled grimly. "With a little luck, we'll leave those Federal hawks guarding an empty nest."

The long summer twilight had faded into pitch darkness by the time the mate returned. Behind him stalked a giant of a man in faded dungarees and a battered cap—a man whose small, bright eyes, like polished buttons in a leathery face, were all but concealed by his bushy eyebrows.

"This is Jock Fleming, sir," Bennett announced. "According to everyone I interviewed, he knows these waters better than any man in Halifax."

"Good." Captain Wood indicated the chart. "What do you know about this eastern passage out of the harbor, Fleming?"

"The eastern passage?" The Nova Scotian's voice was a rumble deep in his chest, thick with a Scottish accent. "'Tis nae mair than a channel, fit only for dories and small fishin' boats."

"But it enters the ocean here," Wood persisted. "Well above Chebucto Head."

"Aye. By Devil's Island."

"And a ship emerging from the eastern passage would not likely be seen by vessels stationed off the harbor mouth."

Fleming squinted at the captain. "Now surely, sir, you're not suggestin'. . . ."

"Could you pilot my ship through that passage to the open sea?"

Jock Fleming was a man well accustomed to the problems and the perils of guiding ships among the tricky channels of the Nova Scotia coast in all kinds of weather. He thought he'd heard everything—until now.

"Mebbe I didna make myself clear, sir. A mon could practically reach out and touch both sides of that passage with his hands. What's more, it's crooked as a dog's hind leg."

"We're equipped with twin screws," Wood said. "I'll take the gamble that we can hold her to the turns."

Fleming rubbed his chin reflectively. "There's another small difficulty, sir. It's true thae spring tides are runnin' now, but normally there'd be nae mair than six or eight feet of water under your hull."

"How deep is it now?"

"Fourteen feet at high water."

Captain Wood looked straight at the giant Nova Scotian, and his eyes were almost on a level with the pilot's. "Then we'll weigh anchor at high tide. Well, Fleming? Are you with us?"

Fleming laid a brawny hand on the *Tallahassee's* mahogany wheel before he replied. He thumped it gently, nodding his head. "For shipmates the likes of you, I'll steer this craft down the barrel of one o' them Yankee cannon. Aye, Captain. I'm with ye."

But the Confederate skipper's troubles were not yet over. The *Tallahassee* continued coaling throughout the night, and her bins were full by morning. However, her mainmast had not yet been replaced. Wood fumed as the hours passed and his deadline drew nearer. He would have to sail on the night tide, or make his strategy known to all. And the night tide would not be due until the period of amnesty was over.

As darkness fell, there was a stirring among the ships in the harbor. Once again, the night was black. What moon there might have been was obscured by the clouds that continued to hover, but from the bridge of the *Tallahassee,* the riding lights of several vessels could be seen. They appeared to be approaching the ship.

Jock Fleming narrowed his eyes as he peered into the darkness. "It's my guess, sir, that ye'll be havin' some visitors shortly."

"What kind of visitors?" Wood demanded.

"That's hard to say, sir."

A moment later, a hail echoed across the water. "Ahoy, the *Tallahassee!*"

"That'll be Captain McGuire of the *Galatea,*" Fleming said.

Wood picked up his voice trumpet and shouted back, "What do you want?"

"I have orders to place you and your men under arrest. Your time is up!"

Wood glanced at Fleming, who shrugged. "Ye did your best, sir. In another hour the mainmast would have been ready. Fortunes of war, ye might say."

"Fortunes of war be damned!" Wood raised the trumpet to his lips again. "Stand off where you are!" he bellowed. "My guns are manned and ready to fire!"

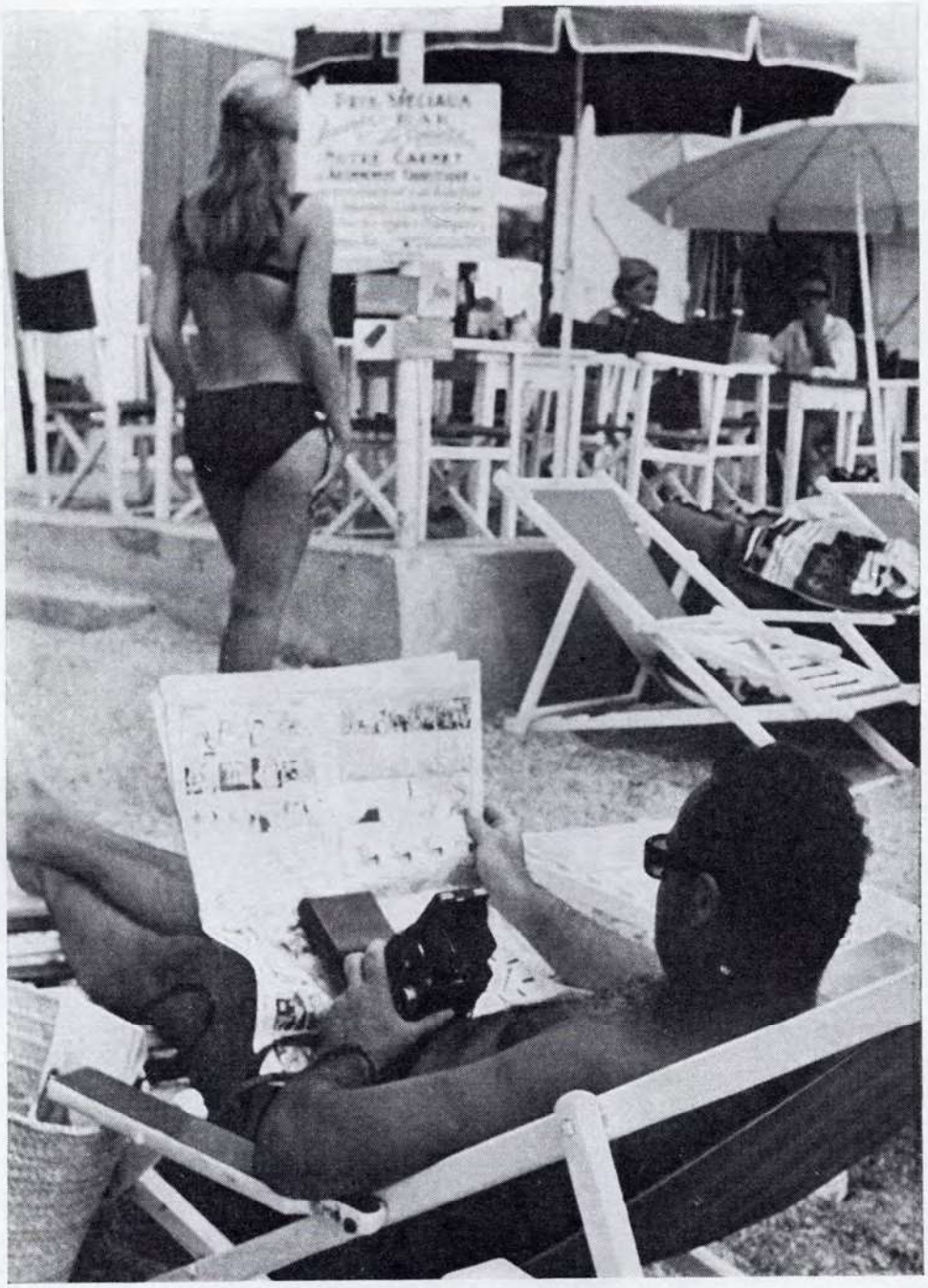
For a long moment there was no reply from the encircling ships, then McGuire's voice rang out again. "Give up, Captain. The *Nansemont* and the *Hurod* are off Chebucto Head to the west, and from what I hear, three more Yankee warships are about to join them. You'll save us all a lot of trouble if you capitulate now."

"You'll have my answer in an hour," Wood said flatly. "Meantime, keep your distance or I'll blow you out of the water!"

This time the silence was complete. The lights came no closer.

"They can't have shrapnel whistling around the harbor, and they know it." Wood turned to the repair crew below. "Get on with it!" he barked. "I want to be out of here in less than an hour!"

By 10 o'clock the mainmast was in place. Wood had already given orders to start the [*Continued on page* 96]



GIRL WATCHING ON THE RIVIERA'S BIKINI BEACH

■ After big-game hunting, the oldest and most challenging sport for men is "girl watching." Rules are strict, the hazards many, but a good G-W's reward is great (see Photographer Robert Halmi, above). The psychology is the same as that of the armchair adventurer. Before enjoying what

Text and photographs by Robert Halmi

the prey has to offer, the technique must be mastered. Equipment for this sport is dark glasses, newspaper and a café table. As in a duck blind, you must settle comfortably for many hours of sitting. Best locations are New York's 5th Ave. on the first day of spring between noon and 2. In Rome, the Via Veneto at the Hotel Excelsior between 7 and 10 p.m. The best month is March but any

season is good. In Paris, the corner table at Fouquette's restaurant on the Champs Elysee after 4:30 p.m. In Hong Kong, the Peninsula Hotel coffee house. (Be very careful because ladies of 60 wear skirts slit as high as the 16-year-olds.) In Tokyo, the Ginza after midnight. Last but not least, St. Tropez on the French Riviera, which is where I started illustrating the rewards of this outdoor sport. Girl watching is like bird watching in that both are legal and neither birds nor girls mind very much, if the rules are followed. The important thing is not to upset the subject but to let her remain unperturbed in the false security of not being watched. There is no way to keep score in this game because no matter who scores, the G-W wins.

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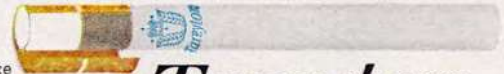

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A CASE OF INTRIGUE

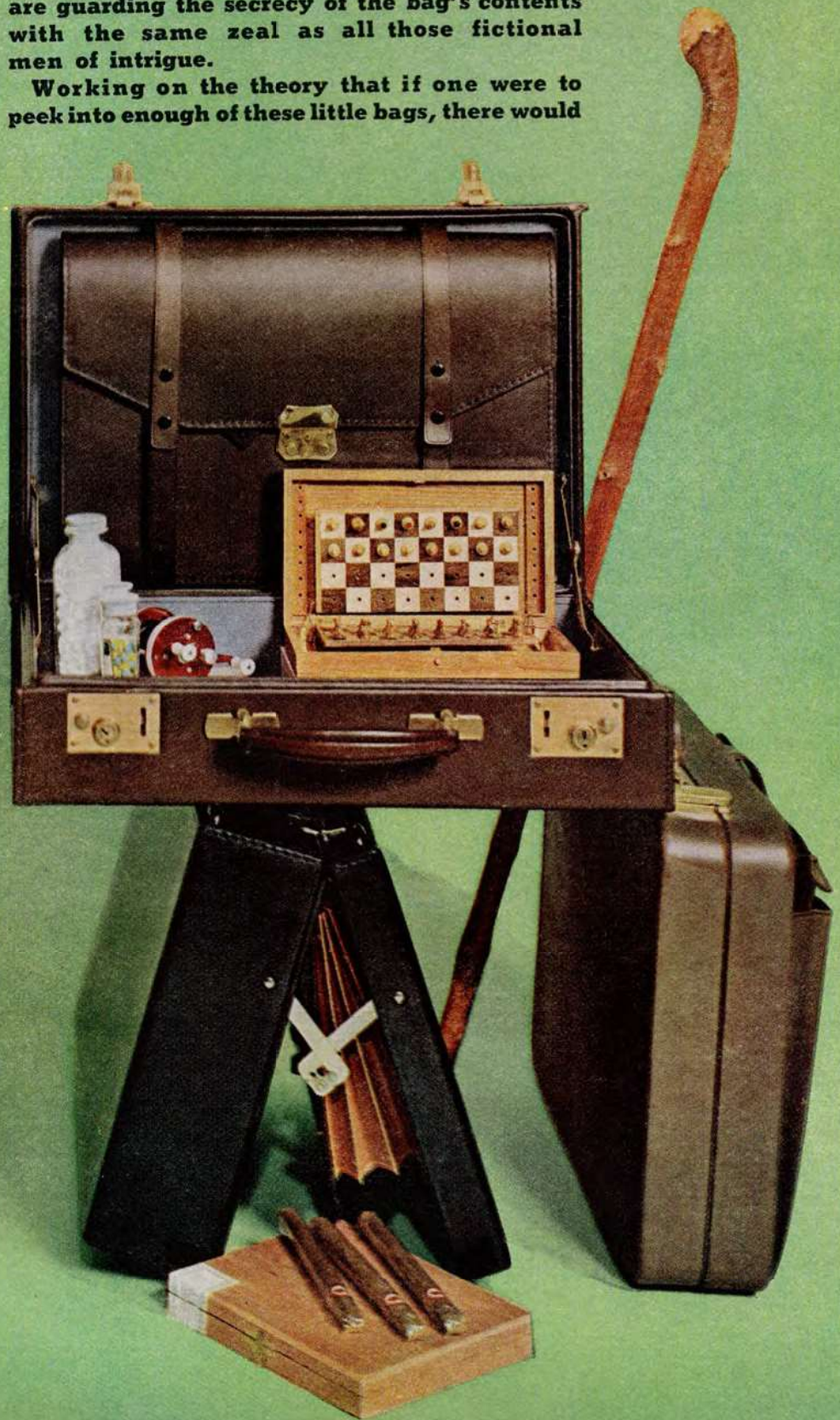
11 MILLION MEN ARE TOTING ATTACHE CASES. BUT WHAT'S INSIDE?

PRODUCED BY JOE WOLFE
Photographed for TRUE by Paul Himmel

Examples of the various types of cases available: thin variety (2¼") in cowhide, $16, from Leeds Luggage Shop, New York; expandable case by Rexbilt in prices from $13 to pictured genuine alligator at $250; triple-decker carries extra section when necessary, $150, from Mark Cross, New York; Samsonite Diplomat case with writing desk, $30. Opposite page from top: case within a case, of Copenhide by Schlesinger, from $30; black case with expandable folder and Corbin combination lock, from Leeds Shop, New York, $30; case with pouch for documents envelope, from Hammacher Schlemmer, New York, $132. Walking stick, English briar, from Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop, New York. Yugoslav traveling chess set from GSR Importers, New York.

Those old spy films which depicted a diplomatic courier carrying secret documents in an attache case handcuffed to his wrist may well have been the beginning point for a national fad. For today, more than 11 million men, from executives to electricians, from schoolboys to swindlers, own some form of little carrying case so reminiscent of the cloak-and-dagger varieties of popular literature. And most of the owners are guarding the secrecy of the bag's contents with the same zeal as all those fictional men of intrigue.

Working on the theory that if one were to peek into enough of these little bags, there would



A CASE OF INTRIGUE

emerge the truest picture of the American male, TRUE set out to discover just what was being toted so guardedly by the nation's busiest executives. By the time we were finished, we had come into data showing that no item small enough to fit into these cases of intrigue had been denied the privilege of a train ride under lock and key. Meanwhile, information culled by Shwayder Bros., Inc., to aid them in designing their Samsonite luggage line, provided us with a profession-by-profession breakdown of what men carry in their bags. In the end, we had uncovered enough data on the whacky contents of those dignified little grips to dizzy the brain of the most astute sociologist.

Our initial inquiries to busy men in railroad stations usually netted the answer that they were bringing a few papers home from the office. But the attaché case gives itself away at every turn. It's only a little item somethimes as thin as 2¼ inches and hardly ever longer than 18 inches but the presence of two locks on its closure, its substantial metal hinges and a hefty handle allowing a firm grip well beyond its weight needs suggests that its role is more than a toter of stale invoices. As a final note of corroboration we boarded the train and watched men open their cases narrowly and, like blind men at braille plaques, nimbly thrust their hands into the well-guarded little grip. They weren't fooling anybody. You didn't have to be a border guard to know that there was contraband aboard.

But what kind? Combining our own data with Samsonite's, we attained more than 1,500 intimate revelations concentrated among men in six major work groups: lawyers; advertising executives; accountants; TV and radio men; stock brokers, and editors. We were able to determine that on the whole, lawyers were the ones most likely to face the train ride home with a no-nonsense bag of work documents and—as a group—with fewer diversionary items like liquor, playing cards and cribbage boards. A mere five percent of the legal beagles admitted carrying a flask of spirits. If they are someday to attain judgeships it won't be for judging the comparative values of warm bourbons in paper cups on unheated commuters' trains.

By contrast, the big imbibers in the crowd were the TV and radio executives who not only racked up a high 17 percent who admit they lug liquors but generally, their attaché cases included more of the genteel "extras" that fastidious drinkers require. One radio program director divulged that he carries a small plastic bag containing freshly-cut lemon twists to place in the imported gin he totes at all times. "I'm no snob," he told us, "I drink imported gin because the bottle fits well in my leather case."

Verily, that man was experiencing an American dilemma. For, while it is stylish indeed for certain professional men to carry a spot of the good stuff, it is sometimes impossible to fit one's favorite brand in the narrower and narrower attaché cases that seem to be getting such high acceptance from busy executives.

Perhaps, though, the trend in narrower bags is a blessing in disguise. In the thin bags already available, men divulge that they are managing to tote around for possible use such items as extra shirts, tennis shoes, socks, extra $10 bills, metrecal wafers, Spanish dictionaries, slide rules, pills, chess sets, sandwiches, toothbrushes, cummerbunds, gifts for the kids, flashlights, false teeth holders and countless other items. At least one man admitted toting a soft boiled egg in a plastic envelope. He devours the egg on his train ride into work.

For those who are dissatisfied with small space, bags are available in widths up to about five inches and these are frequently housing tape recorders, cameras, short wave radios, telescopes and any of the other items that some men feel necessary to have close at hand at a moment's notice.

Virtually all of the 1,500 executives interviewed keep some item of apparel in the case. Shirts, ties and socks, in that order, appear in the greatest frequency but not unrepresented are plastic raincoats, swim suits, extra handkerchiefs and even handball gloves. Two-thirds of the ad executives and three-quarters of the newspapermen keep shaving equipment in their cases. Only one in five lawyers, however, maintain this item in their bags.

Accountants ran a generally middle road on all the items listed in the poll though Samsonite's figures have two obvious discrepancies in this group. Accountants, it seems, come out first among all the groups in lunch toters and last among the groups in playing card toters. Only one accountant in 20 dares carry his deck in comparison with the one-in-six ratio for advertising executives, the one-in-12 ratio among stock brokers and the high one-in-four ratio among editors.

"I wonder what's keeping Doctor Crowfoot?"

Certain definite characteristics emerge:

—Not only are TV executives the drinkin'est of those polled (17 percent carried liquor); They're also the smokingest; a neat one-third tote tobacco products in their cases.

—Editors keep more food on hand than other groups; 10 percent had something to eat in their cases. Lawyers were the least hungry; none in the survey said he carried food or candy of any sort.

—More than 86 percent of the stockbrokers carry publications on their field with them. This compares to a low of 67 percent among accountants.

—The [*Continued on page* 74]

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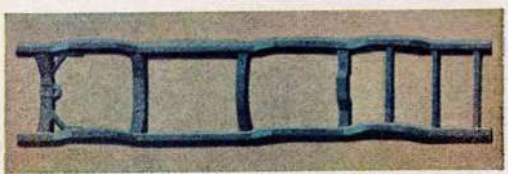

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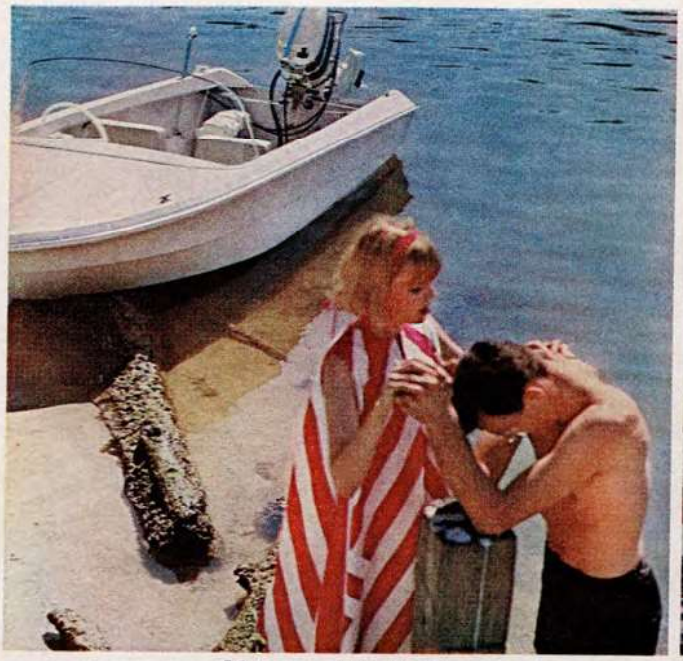
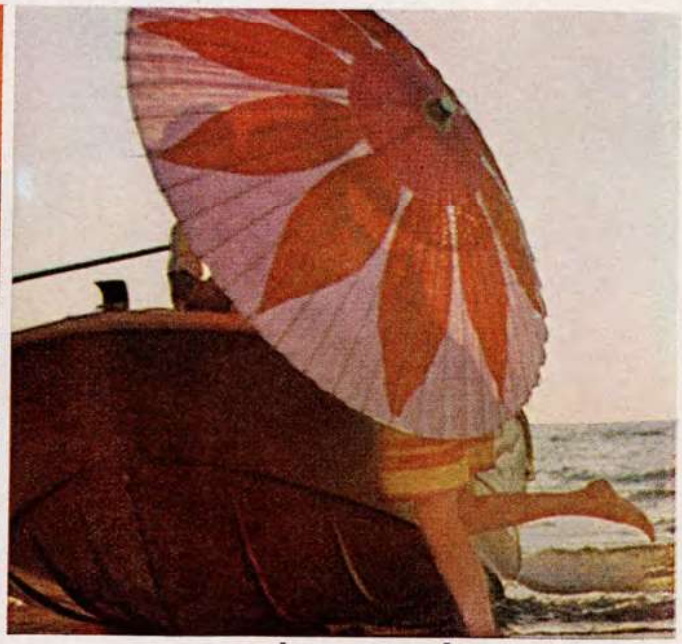


If you think Owens owners spend all their time talking about how wide, deep and roomy their boats are . . .



you're wrong!

There are other equally important things to discuss . . . Owens' fiberglass hull, for instance. Rides smooth, planes easily. Six small keels keep the wake in place (you don't get soaked in the turns). Inside Owens' hull is another conversation piece, a corrugated bottom for strength and rigidity. Less rigid hulls change shape, lose performance! Talk about Owens accessories (safety plate windshield, reclinable Sunbather bunks, vinyl covered convertible top, molded dash panel and special hardware) is usually prefaced by, "Criminentlies, look at all the equipment that's standard on Owens!" Owens owners have a lot to talk about; ask your Owens dealer. (. . . enough said!) **Owens**

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A Case of Intrigue

[*Continued from page* 70]

amount of useful items carried by the average man far exceeds the probability that he will use them. For example, cleanly shaven men will still continue to tote their razors and men who keep an extra tie in the bag will do so even if they are carrying the bag to their own home. The big underlying philosophy is to commit useful items to the attaché case *well in advance* of their actual use.

—The "useless" items and indulgences, on the other hand, make their way into the case totally by impulse. They are purchased on the spur of the moment, get carried until their importance to the owner changes; either he gets tired of them or he gets to like them so much, he works them into more permanent areas in his life.

—Many of the men polled admitted that they were using the case as a kind of vault to keep prying eyes and hands from their personal papers and possessions. The majority of the men interviewed by TRUE kept the keys to their cases on their keychains and the majority of this group said that they lock their cases at least once a month. Though most of those who locked the cases said they were keeping their wives from their private dealings, some said that the attaché case was a repository for documents they didn't want their bosses to see, i.e., paper work that was late on schedule and private notes on expenses.

A check of the retail market shows that there is an attaché case to meet every function. For utility in writing, manufacturers are producing a case with a built-in desk top. Many shops are showing models equipped with combination locks to assure the extra privacy so many men seem to covet. Thin models of 2¼ inches are complemented by fatboys of 5½ inches and a variety of thickness at every point in between. One store, New York's fashionable Mark Cross, makes a triple-decker bag with a removable center section that can be carried when there is a need for it and can be unhooked and stored in the office desk when papers alone are to be toted in the attaché case. New York's Hammacher Schlemmer store is featuring a bag that is equipped with a documents pouch independent of the toting area, allowing a man to reach to his papers on the train without necessarily exposing the contents of the bag's main storage area. The old-fashioned expandable brief case is having a mild renaissance among both practical men and those who feel that the case is so far *out* that it's *in*. Actually, men who use these are usually staunch supporters of the greatest asset of the bag: it takes up less room when it's less full. Thin cases, however, still command the greatest sales attention.

In color, brown and tan are among the most highly popular but black and olive cases are by no means unfashionable. Materials preferred are usually cowhide and molded plastic with plastic cloth and canvas bags less popular.

The future seems secure for any case that appeals to three essential needs: adequate space, assurance of privacy and ease of access. When the case lid is thrown open, a man prefers to be able to take immediate inventory of the items he's toting and know at a second's notice if there's something he's forgotten. In this sense, the modern attaché case-carrying man will probably never evolve into a knapsack carrier whose items are perpetually crushed by the vertical placement of the load. And to be sure, a man's innate sense of organization and efficiency makes his toting methods so much wiser than the confusion engendered by the females, whose nonsensical women's pocketbooks have become the laughing stock of the civilized world. **—Joe Wolfe**

Vacation From Sin

[*Continued from page* 39]

much as the Blair House, though presumably ladyless, is placed at the disposal of foreign potentates in Washington today. In 1414, the city of Bern so amply entertained the Emperor Sigismund in this manner that he officially complimented the burghers on the quality of their hospitality. Substitute Grand Island for Bern, and mule skinners for emperors, and we have the Nifty Rooms to a T.

Our own history leaves scant room for prudishness. In 1805, President Jefferson arranged for the entertainment of Suleiman Melli-Melli, the ambassador of the Bey of Tunis, at Stelle's Hotel in Washington, and the diary of Senator William Plumer of New Hampshire for December 23, 1805, makes this note of the distinguished visitor:

> "He is a firm believer in the Alcoran—he reads and expounds a lesson from it every day to his household. Our government has, on his application, provided him with one or more women, with whom he spends a portion of the night."

Until 1913, an extensive "red light" district was permitted to flourish in Washington, between the Capitol and the White House, near the present site of the Department of Justice.

In America, the quality of sin varies, depending upon whether it is State or Federal. It was this difference that brought about the Mortensen case and that ultimately propelled the Nifty Rooms into the collective lap of the nine august black-robed justices of the United States Supreme Court. For it was a federal case and the Mortensens could be held guilty only if they had committed a federal crime.

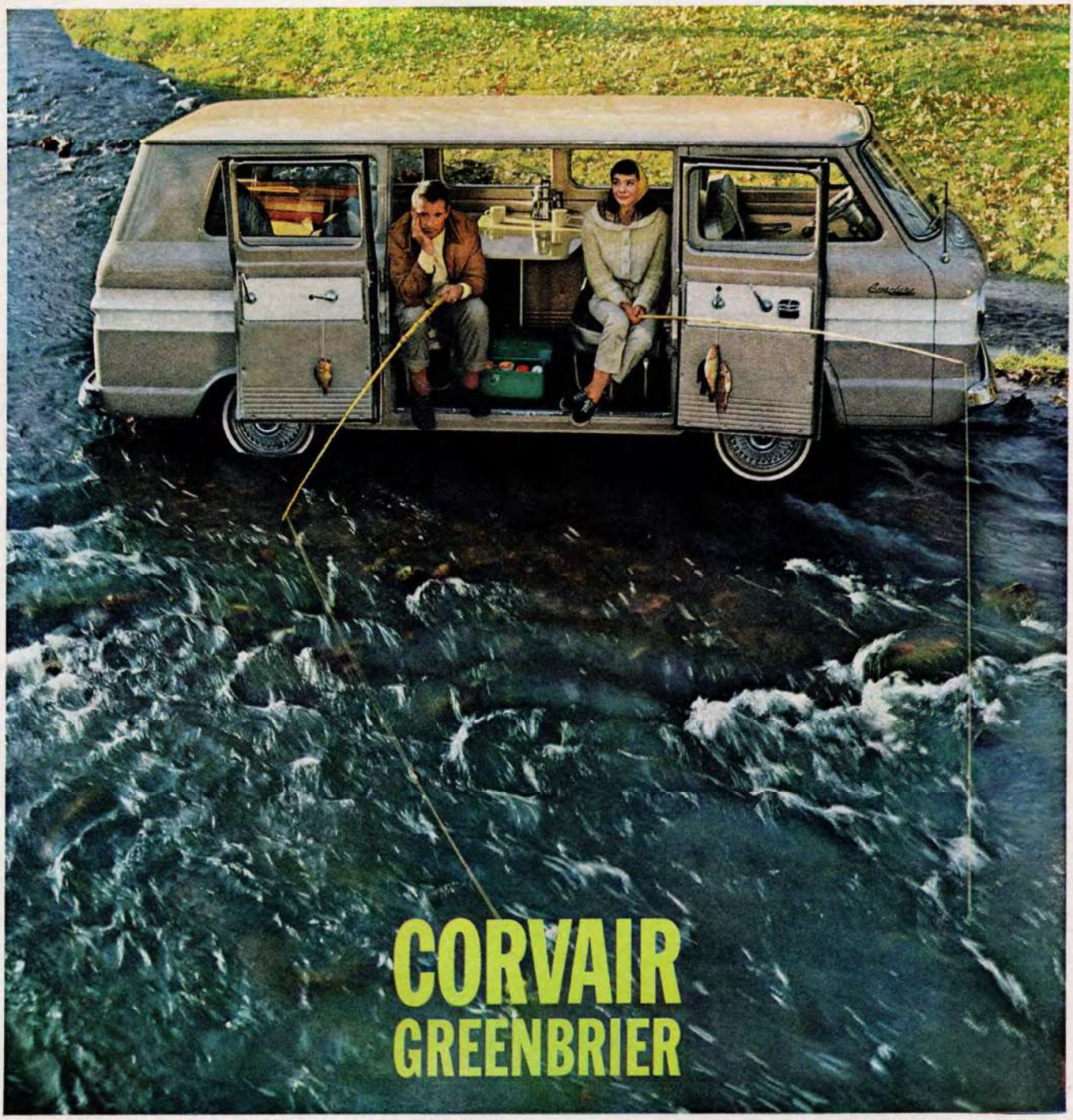
One need not be deemed puritanical to have suspicions concerning the Nifty Rooms. But a bawdy house is only state or local sin; it is not a federal crime except in areas like the District of Columbia where Uncle Sam is the special guardian of public morals. Accordingly, if the Mortensens' proprietorship of the Nifty Rooms was the sum and total of their offense, they could not be convicted in a federal court.

The Founding Fathers had no intention of conferring extensive police powers on the Federal Government. They considered public morals the province of the states. The subsequent expansion of Federalism, however, has carried with it an expansion of criminal power, to the extent that Uncle Sam seems sometimes to have developed a positive nosiness for sin. Furthermore, the Income Tax Amendment has blurred some of the distinctions that at one time seemed so clear. For it has put Uncle Sam's foot into the door of almost all forms of crime. Individuals whose income is criminal are shy about reporting it, but by failing to do so they commit a federal offense. Uncle Sam has used this justification increasingly to prosecute malefactors whose activities he could not otherwise touch. Take Mr. Capone, for example.

Much as Uncle Sam disapproved of the Mortensens, he apparently had no such easy out in their case. So low had they sunk that they told the truth in their income tax returns, or so we must assume. Though frustrated, Uncle Sam still had a string to his bow. He could not prosecute the Mortensens for running a bawdy house, or even for income tax evasion, but if they transported a woman across a state line for immoral purposes he could convict them under the White Slave Traffic Act, more commonly known as the Mann Act after its sponsor, Congressman James R. Mann, of Chicago. And so, just as Joshua sent his men to spy out the city of Jericho, including Rahab's house, so did Uncle Sam reconnoitre the Nifty Rooms. This was considered nice work, if you could get it, and before long there had been assembled a dossier which not only described the cosiness of life there but also gave details about the holiday trip of Margaret and Goldie.

Margaret and Goldie were the Mortensens' favorite girls. They had been loyal and steady, whereas most of the others drifted about, depending upon whim, the weather, or a gentleman friend. Margaret's fall had resulted from saying yes too readily to one who had conjured up illusory visions of marriage. Her family had disapproved of the match, and, after she was some months pregnant, so had her suitor. He took her on a trip, ending at the Nifty Rooms, where he abandoned her. The Mortensens cared for her, helped find a place to board the baby, and offered her employment. Although often morose, she was attractive, and her baby was a stabilizing influence. Before long she regarded the Nifty Rooms as "home."

Goldie was 22, high spirited, warmhearted, and dumb. She too had been jilted and, after playing around too much, had turned professional as the easiest way of earning a living. Ultimately, she drifted to Grand Island where she formed a lasting attachment for Mrs. Mortensen. Goldie had a small,



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CHEVROLET

The make more people depend on

silky, collie-colored dog of chaotic ancestry which she called a Grand Island Fluff. It was a case of "love me, love my dog," and no pet in Grand Island was so pampered.

It was while having breakfast with Goldie that Mrs. Mortensen mentioned her plan to visit her parents at Salt Lake City. She and Hans Pete were going to drive there and take in the sights of Yellowstone National Park on the way.

"How about taking Margaret and me with you?" asked Goldie. "We'll pay our own expenses."

"I'll have to ask Hans," said Mrs. Mortensen. And so, from this sprang the holiday plans that Goldie was later to describe in her court testimony as follows:

> "Well, Mr. and Mrs. Mortensen said they were going to take a trip in the fall and I asked them if I couldn't go with them. I told them I would pay my own expense, pay for my food and room, where I stayed, and any entertainment. I offered to help pay for gas and oil and they said that didn't make any difference, they would use it whether I went or not.
>
> "**Q.** And that discussion was had between you and Mr. and Mrs. Mortensen, is that correct?
>
> "**A.** Margaret was going with us, too. We planned it months, all planned before."

On August 22, 1940, Goldie put her dog in a kennel, Margaret wept parting tears over her baby, and the group headed across the prairies in the Mortensens' old black Pontiac. At Yellowstone they marveled at the faithfulness of Old Faithful, fed peanuts to the bears, oh'd and ah'd about the scenery, and said over and over to each other how they wished the other girls could see it. At Salt Lake City, Goldie and Margaret took a room at a tourist camp. They went to the movies, visited the Mormon Tabernacle, and read comic books. They did not step outside the path of virtue and committed no offense more serious than dropping chewing gum wrappers on the sidewalk.

According to the later testimony, business activities were not even discussed. The closest to shop-talk was when Mr. Mortensen got started on his dreams for the future. Before ascending the economic ladder into business with Mrs. Mortensen, he had been a professional wrestler and a bartender. Perhaps he was one of those who cannot stand success. In any event, he found that being the boss of a bawdy house left him with a feeling of unfulfillment. His conscience was not exactly of the prickly type, but even he could sense that his present calling lacked a certain element of gentility. His real love was horses and his crowning ambition was to promote a race track at Grand Island. This he discussed endlessly, toting up the savings and prospective savings that it would require. To all this Mrs. Mortensen listened indulgently, like a fond parent to the chatter of a 7-year-old.

Early in September they returned to Grand Island, where Goldie retrieved her Fluff, and Margaret visited her baby. The holiday had a different effect on each. Margaret took another week or 10 days away from work, saying she felt ill, but Goldie was so overwhelmed by the enthusiasm and impatience of her assembled friends that she set to work forthwith to demonstrate her appreciation.

Whether Uncle Sam was represented on the reception committee we do not know. Officially, he bided his time until after Margaret had returned to work. Then, on the night of September 26, 1940, an agent of the FBI, with two local officers in tow, raided the Nifty Rooms. No charges were placed against anyone, but Margaret and Goldie were carted off to the city jail, together with their meager personal belongings. There they were interrogated by the FBI and induced to sign written statements about their holiday trip and their activities at the Nifty Rooms. Their personal papers, consisting of savings bank books, letters, and odds and ends, were examined and noted. Then, chilled with fright, they were released.

On January 28, 1941, the Mortensens were indicted under the White Slave Traffic Act, charged with having transported two female employees in interstate commerce from Salt Lake City, Utah, to the city of Grand Island, Hall County, Nebraska, for purpose of prostitution. On February 4, both Mortensens pleaded not guilty.

Almost two years passed before the case was called. Then, on January 13 and 14, 1943, Lorraine and Hans Pete Mortensen were put on trial before Judge James A. Donohoe and a jury of 12 in the United States District Court. Goldie and Margaret were called as witnesses, as were the chambermaid at the Nifty Rooms, an FBI agent, and a local police officer.

The Government brought out so many sordid details of life at the Nifty Rooms that the testimony of the girls about their holiday trip seemed startling in its innocence. Even more significant was their attitude toward the Mortensens. Repeatedly, both Goldie and Margaret referred to the Nifty Rooms as "home," and made it clear that they regarded the Mortensens with affection. At one point, Assistant U. S. Attorney Emmet L. Murphy had difficulty getting Goldie to answer questions concerning her financial arrangements, and the testimony went like this:

> "**Q.** I want to be fair with you. Is there any particular reason why you hesitate to answer that question?
>
> "**A.** Yes, there is. To begin with the Mortensens never harmed me. They are friends of mine. I don't want to say anything that would involve them in any way. They are friends of mine."

How the girls felt about the Mortensens was, perhaps, immaterial. The only issue was whether the trip from Salt Lake City to Grand Island was for an immoral purpose. If it was, the Mortensens were guilty under the White Slave Traffic Act. If it was not, they should be acquitted.

The prosecution had divided the vacation trip in two, and the indictment charged a violation only with respect to the return portion. Under the Government's theory, it was moral to take a vacation but immoral to return from one. In a different setting, such a proposition might have translated Emmet L. Murphy into sainthood. In Washington, for example, the collective heart of the Federal bureaucracy would have leapt up at such a joyous justification for the prolongation of annual leave. But though it was a design worthy of Marx and Engels at their best, its implications did not deter Judge Donohoe. He instructed the jury that the Mortensens had violated the law if the purpose of the return trip was to permit Goldie and Margaret to resume the practice of prostitution in Grand Island. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and both Mortensens were sentenced to three years imprisonment, plus a $1,000 fine for Hans Pete.

For round two the case moved to Omaha, Nebraska, where the Mortensens appealed to the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit. The attorneys now grew to seven. The Mortensens retained Eugene D. O'Sullivan of Omaha, in addition to Messrs. Lanigan and Mullen, and the Government called in three of its experts to assist Mr. Murphy. On November 23, 1943, the conviction was affirmed, but not unanimously. One of the three circuit judges hearing the appeal, Judge Joseph W. Woodrough, dissented, saying:

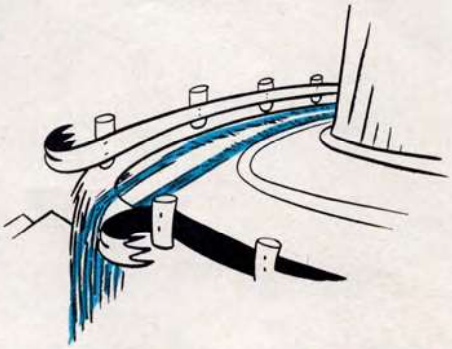
> "It seems obvious to me that aiding prostitutes to travel away from their foul environment for even a short vacation period is not evil conduct and that it was not the intent of the Act to make it criminal. Splitting the round trip into two transportations, innocent while outward bound but criminal on the homeward lap, seems to me a mental operation that reflects ingenuity of the prosecutor rather than fair application of the Act to what the appellants did.
>
> "I can discern only one intent for all the parties to the trip, and that was to take a vacation. They went away with that intent and held it until they got back. The penitentiary sentences imposed upon these appellants for doing that and nothing more seem to me erroneous."

The Mortensens had nothing to lose, except fees and expenses, and everything to gain by taking the case to the Supreme Court. Again the attorneys multiplied. The same three continued for the Mortensens, but six new names appeared for the Government. The court had not made a fetish of unanimity, and the split below was an almost certain indication that the nine justices would

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

by HERB GREEN

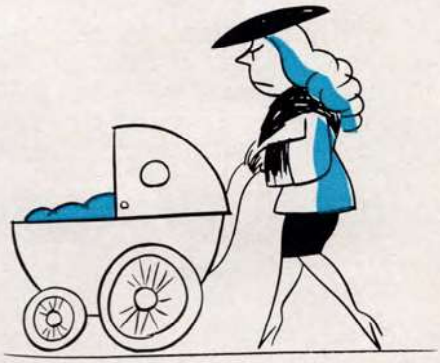
"Don't worry, polar bears never get hungry enough to come into the igloos."



"This new model really has sports car feel—let me show you how it corners."

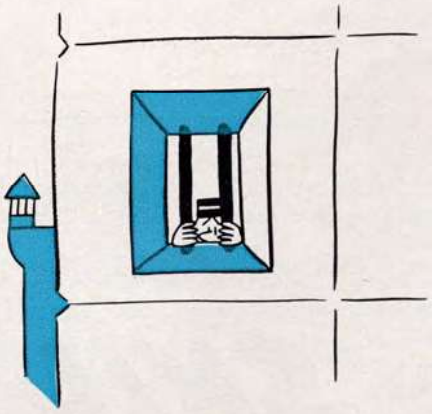
"Okay, so he's chief of the head hunters. Stand up to him and tell him off so he won't think you're chicken!"

"Bet the works, Charlie—it's a sure thing he'll never fill that flush."



"Relax, Lorraine, who's going to know?"

"... and for just $200 a month, dear, the coat will be mine in no time at all."



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"You'll go bowling tonight over my dead body, Bert!"

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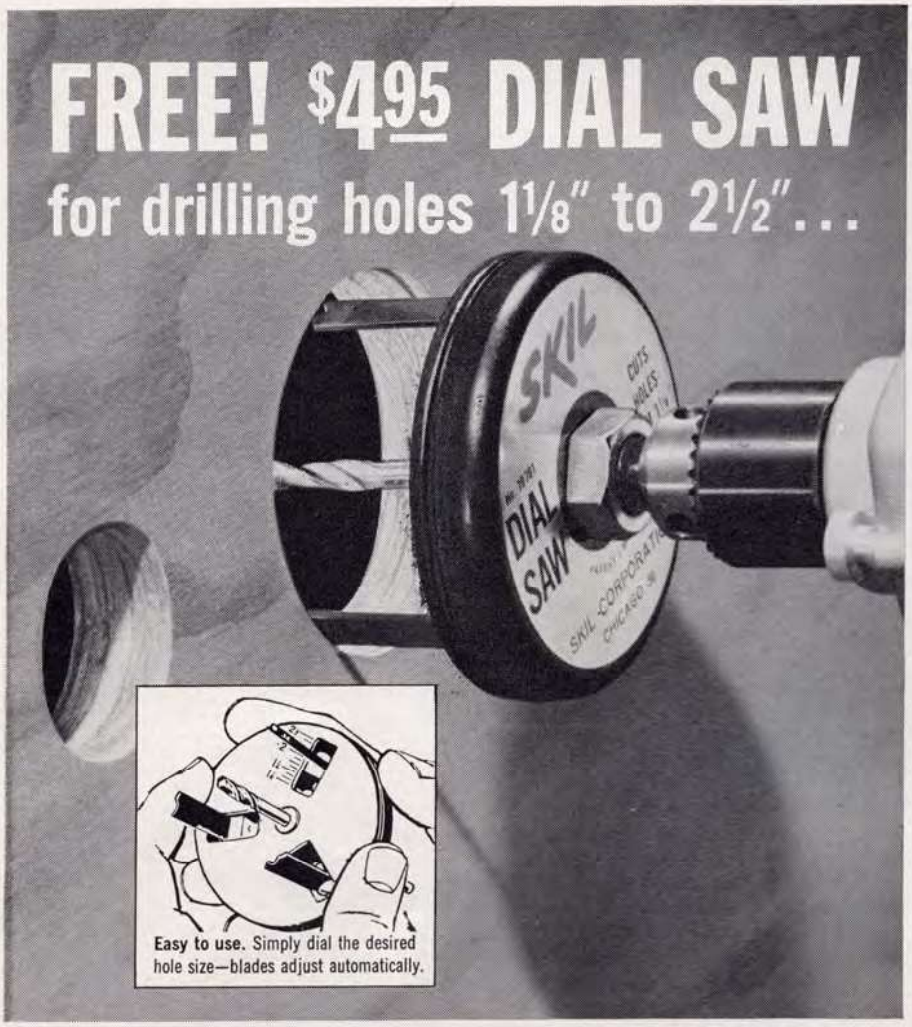

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Model 560D
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Model 541D
½" compact drill

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SKIL POWER TOOLS

divide. But who would corral a majority?

The question was really one of attitude. Viewed piecemeal, the return trip from Salt Lake City to Grand Island was for the purpose of re-engaging in prostitution. But viewed as a whole, the purpose of the trip was pure. It was not sin; it was vacation from sin. Which way would the justices view it?

The members of the Supreme Court can afford to take positions and to say things that lower courts cannot. For example, Justice Frankfurter had recently said, "The notion that because the words of a statute are plain, its meaning is also plain, is merely pernicious oversimplification." Such an aphorism could come only from one in a position of unassailable ultimacy, like a Supreme Court Justice or a professor with tenure. We like to think that the Mortensens read and understood it, as it should have rejoiced them, but we doubt it.

Also, one expects special scholarship and urbanity on the Supreme Court. Surely, some of the justices must have read *Madame Tellier's Excursion*, the short story classic in which Guy de Maupassant tells of Madame Tellier's trip with the five girls of her establishment to attend the confirmation of her 12-year-old niece, a religious ceremony of great solemnity in her native village. This not un-Mortensen-like situation is described with such humor and delicacy that it could scarcely help but predispose the ordinary reader in their favor. Such things have, of course, no place in a court of law, but all of us, even Supreme Court justices, nourish prejudices of one sort or another, and there is no more pleasant way to acquire one than by reading de Maupassant.

Then, too, there was the inconsistency of the Government's position. Ever since the adoption of the Mann Act, the smart boys had claimed that they could beat the rap by letting girls cross state lines under their own power. In any number of cases, drivers with guilty consciences had stopped their cars short of a state line, put out the girls to walk across, and then picked them up on the other side.

The Department of Justice, and the courts, took a dim view of this device. It was, they said, the whole trip that counted, not merely the isolated crossing of a state line. If, therefore, a Mann Act defendant had taken any part in transporting a woman from New York to New Jersey, it did not matter how she crossed the state line. He might show that she had walked or swum across the Hudson River, and still be guilty. But if it was the trip in its entirety that mattered in such cases, why not in the Mortensens'?

It was not until May, 1944, that the case was decided, over three and a half years after the vacation trip. In Washington, spring was turning into summer, and the justices, like everyone else, were thinking of their own vacations. Then, on May 15, it was announced that Justice Frank Murphy would read the opinion of the court. It may have held significance that he was the only bachelor. In any event, he quickly made it clear that he was for Lorraine and Hans Pete. So were

Justice Roberts, Frankfurter, Jackson and Rutledge.

"Our examination of the record in this case," read Justice Murphy, "convinces us that there was a complete lack of relevant evidence from which the jury could properly find or infer, beyond a reasonable doubt, that petitioners (the Mortensens) transported the girls in interstate commerce 'for the purpose of prostitution or debauchery' within the meaning of the Mann Act. The sole purpose of the journey from beginning to end was to provide innocent recreation and a holiday. . . . The fact that the two girls actually resumed their immoral practices after their return to Grand Island does not, standing alone, operate to inject a retroactive illegal purpose into the return trip to Grand Island. Nor does it justify an arbitrary splitting of the round trip into two parts so as to permit an inference that the purpose of the drive to Salt Lake City was innocent while the purpose of the homeward journey to Grand Island was criminal. . . . There is no evidence of any change in the purpose of the trip during its course. If innocent when it began, it remained so until it ended."

Chief Justice Stone, who had been a law school dean, and Justices Black, Reed and Douglas took a sterner view. To them it was proper to consider the trip piecemeal and to hold the Mortensens guilty for having brought the girls back to Grand Island. But on the Supreme Court it is the noses that count, and they were 5 to 4.

Right and justice had triumphed, as they always do in the Supreme Court, which by definition determines both. But the expense and notoriety of the litigation had long since crushed the Nifty Rooms and dispersed its occupants. Hans Pete was once more a bartender. Ever since Mr. Dooley this has been the occupation of philosophers, and we like to think of Hans Pete meditating about the legal monument he and Lorraine had created—the Magna Charta of the Madams, who henceforth could take their girls for picnics in the country and romps in the woods, untrammelled by state lines. And all because of the Mortensens.

But what might have given a greater lift to his shoulders was that a little guy like him could stand up to Uncle Sam and put him in his place. For it is the glory of our Constitution that its protection is not merely for the high and mighty. All of us have rights. Not merely tycoons and movie stars but even pimps and prostitutes. —**Henry Harrison**

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Canshakers

[*Continued from page* 41]

funds from common problems to rare problems, some groups misrepresent the magnitude and the importance of their programs. Only 6 percent, or $30 million, of total medical research expenditures in 1958 were made by national voluntary agencies. For example, in the cancer field the U.S. Government spent $91 million in 1960, mostly for research; the American Cancer Society spent about $10.5 million for research. As early as 1957 Dr. James A. Shannon, director of the National Institutes of Health, said, "For the first time in the history of medical research, either in this country or abroad, the limitation on progress is due more to manpower and facilities than to moneys available for current support of research."

Some of the big groups are probably not needed at all. Take the National Tuberculosis Association which, with its Christmas Seal campaign, has one of the most successful of all fund-raising gimmicks. Dr. Louis C. Lasagna, Associate Professor of Medicine at Johns Hopkins and an editor of two leading medical journals, says, "The sad fact remains that NTA has contributed relatively little to the fight against tuberculosis. Mortality from tuberculosis in this country has declined steadily since 1880, and in the last decade and a half the disease has been dealt a further blow by the introduction of effective chemotherapy. But for most of this NTA can claim little credit, and one wonders for how long the Association will—or *should*—survive . . . it is dubious whether a serious need for the Association any longer exists." The Association, however, not only exists but is thriving. In 1960 it raised $30 million, $26 million of which came from the Christmas Seal campaign.

Another problem guaranteed to touch hearts and open pocketbooks is blindness. No less than 19 national agencies compete with each other and with scores of local groups for funds in this field. Many of their activities overlap, but they will not merge and in many instances will not even work together.

One result is the creation of 19 costly bureaucracies where one could do the job. Another result is high fund-raising costs because of the bitter competition for your dollar. Recording for the Blind, one of the better-known groups, spends a shade under 50 percent of its gross income for administration, "public information," and fund-raising. American Foundation for the Blind ran fund-raising costs in 1959 that amounted to 35.6 percent of contributions received. A third group ran a fund-raising cost of 36 percent in 1960.

Programs are launched with little attention to need. In 1958, three groups working in the seeing-eye dog field, each offering substantially the same service to the blind, mailed more than 850,000 solicitation letters to U.S. families. Your wife may have gotten one of these letters at home during the day, while you were at work. She had the rest of the day to reflect on the touching appeal. After supper she might have gotten you your slippers and pipe, and, after you were both settled comfortably by the fire, she might have taken out the letter and showed it to you.

"We're so lucky to be happy and well," she might have said gently. "Don't you think we could give $10 to help these blind people?"

In your mellow mood, and because your wife wanted it, you might have taken out the checkbook, written the check, and handed it to her with a smile.

If you didn't do this—then thousands of other husbands did. The three charities raked in $1,670,000 from their letters. Even after paying their high fund-rasing costs and supporting their programs, the groups had a surplus of $900,000.

In their tear-jerking mailings the groups apparently concealed certain basic facts. The National Information Bureau, long-established non-profit reporting agency in the charity field, conducted an extensive study of charity needs in the field of the blind. In its report, issued in November 1958, NIB stated that most blind people do not want, and refuse to use, seeing-eye dogs. For those that do want guide dogs, the available facilities and funds have long exceeded the demand. The combined campus and training capacity of the three groups has been greater than the need since 1951. By 1958 the capacity was 24 percent in excess of dog and student enrollment, but this did not deter the groups from sending out the mass appeals that produced such a generous response from so many thousands of unsuspecting Americans.

In 1959 The Seeing Eye, Inc., afloat in surplus assets of $10 million and with a partially empty campus, finally discontinued mass public fund-raising. The other two kept right at it.

With all this money floating around, you probably suspect that some people must be making a comfortable living in the "non-profit" field of charity. You're right. Take, for example, Guiding Eyes for the Blind, one of the three seeing-eye dog groups. It is one of a complex of charities run by the Kauth family of New York. Its executive director is Donald Z. Kauth. In the early 1950's he and his father, Willard L. Kauth, owned a fund-raising firm called Donard, Inc., and a letter shop and mailing firm called Noddra, Inc. At the same time Willard L. Kauth was executive director of a charity called Boys' Athletic League, at a salary of $18,000 per year, and was business manager of Girls' Vacation Fund at $12,000 per year. As an executive of these charities he placed orders with his own firms, Donard and Noddra, for fund-raising and mailing services!

In 1954 Donald got into the act by creating Guiding Eyes for the Blind, of which he was salaried executive director. He started mass mailings—placing orders, of course, with Noddra for the work. In November-December 1955 he mailed out 300,000 solicitation letters while the organization had no dogs in training and no applications for dog guides. The group raised $290,000 in 1957, only 21 percent of which went for training of the blind and for guide dogs.

The family fund-raising firm, Donard, Inc., became inactive in 1957 though it was not disbanded. At present Donald Kauth continues as director of Guiding

TRUE

"It comes out all right. He shoots her."

Eyes for the Blind. Willard Kauth's salary as director of Boys' Athletic League has gone up to $26,000 a year. His wife serves as executive director and treasurer of Girls' Vacation Fund, receiving no salary. However, she thoughtfully hires her husband as general manager at a salary of $16,000 per year. Fund-rasing costs in 1960, by the groups' own tabulation, ran 41 percent for Boys' Athletic League and 42.3 percent for Girls' Vacation Fund.

A really big winner in the charity sweepstakes is Abraham L. Koolish of Chicago. In 1941 Koolish established Idento-Tags Company, a private, profit-making firm to make the familiar individualized miniature license plates for keyrings. He entered into a contract with Disabled American Veterans whereby DAV would receive a small percentage of the total "take" from mass mailings in exchange for the use of its name. The promotion was an overwhelming success. In 1945 Koolish sold Idento-Tags Company lock, stock, and barrel to DAV for $1,336,500, a big sum in view of the fact that Idento-Tag is a non-patentable novelty that DAV could have made for itself. In addition, Koolish was paid $1,000 a month by DAV as a "consultant" from 1945 to 1952.

DAV apparently learned well whatever lessons Koolish had to teach. In 1955 DAV's gross receipts were $3.6 million of which $3.2 million went for fund-raising; in 1956, $3.4 million out of $4.3 million went for fund-raising; in 1957, $3 million out of $4.2 million went for fund-raising. Idento-Tag mailing pieces read in part: "No professional promoters or outside interests benefit from your donation and no royalties or commissions are paid anyone." This was of course true, since DAV was managing to spend most of the contributors' money for fund-raising without professional help.

While teaching DAV the tricks of his trade Koolish set up two Chicago firms, Gayton Associates and Empire Associates, and hooked up with such groups as National Kids' Day Foundation and the National Foundation for Asthmatic Children. By 1952 Koolish was a multimillionaire, certifying his personal net worth as $4,382, 378. In the 50's he ran campaigns for Handicapped War Veterans' National Organization and Handicapped War Veterans of California. When these two groups came under federal scrutiny they were dissolved and a new organization called National Association of Veterans Employment Councils was formed. With Koolish firms handling part of the mailings, NAVEC raised $2.1 million from September 1955 through June 1957, of which $1.9 million went for fund-raising. Then it went quietly out of existence.

In the meanwhile Empire, another Koolish firm, was working with a new client, Sister Elizabeth Kenny Foundation. Marvin L. Kline, a former mayor of Minneapolis, was the Foundation's executive director. In 1949 Empire approached him and offered to conduct test mailings. The first test brought in $5,944 in contributions; the mailing cost was $5,100, netting the Foundation $844. Kline gave Empire the green light and the presses started to roll. In 1951 Empire mailed 16 million pieces for the Foundation. Total receipts were $1,272,000 of which the Foundation got $250,000. From 1952 through 1959, Koolish's mailing campaigns brought in about $19.5 million of which the Koolish firms got about $11 million.

"He wants to know if they can get a government loan."

But the Attorney General of Minnesota was becoming curious about the operation. He investigated and found that tremendous sums of money were apparently being quietly passed around among Abraham Koolish, Koolish's associates, and several executives of the Foundation. In 1960 Marvin Kline was convicted of grand larceny; his case is currently on appeal. On January 30, 1962, Attorney General Robert Kennedy announced that a Federal grand jury in Minneapolis had indicted Abraham L. Koolish, his son David, and two other officials of the Koolish mailing firms, along with Marvin Kline, Fred Fadell and J. George Zimmerman of the Foundation. Kline and Fadell, the indictment charged, had awarded fund-raising contracts to the Koolish firms without competitive bids, and in exchange had received more than $300,000 in kickbacks from the Koolish firms. Zimmerman, the Foundation's former auditor, was charged with having prepared false audits that concealed the true magnitude of the fund-raising costs. All parties have pleaded not guilty; action on the case is pending. The Foundation has been reorganized with a new board.

Even where fund-raising techniques have been less brazen, questionable practices have flourished. Many big groups fail to report their true incomes, expenditures, and fund-raising costs. If a stock-issuing corporation submitted to the Securities and Exchange Commission the kind of financial statement that many leading charities issue to the public, its stock registration would almost certainly be revoked. But charity organizations are almost completely unregulated.

Charity groups do not abide by any system of uniform accounting procedures, nor are they required to. That means that they can—and often do—arrange their financial statements to present the most favorable possible picture. For example, in 1960 it cost the National Tuberculosis Association 26.8 cents out of every dollar it raised to conduct its Christmas Seal campaign. But in its financial statement the fund-raising cost was listed as a modest 16 percent. Why? Because the Association simply lopped off 40 percent of the campaign cost and put it into the budget under the category of "educational activities"! After using this device and recommending it to its chapters for many years the Association finally agreed to discontinue it in June 1962. But similar practices, widespread in the charity field, make it impossible to learn how much each group really spends for fund-raising and other activities, and make it impossible to compare the figures given out by different groups.

A hint of the possible magnitude of the financial juggling was provided when the City of Los Angeles set up a new charity control ordinance in the 1950's. To solicit funds in Los Angeles charity groups must submit, not a gimmicky financial statement from their national offices, but a statement based on uniform accounting procedures prescribed in the ordinance, showing how much the group really spends for fund-raising in the Los Angeles area. Faced with the Hobson's Choice of giving the true figures or being

excluded from wealthy Los Angeles, the red-faced charities came up with the figures. Ten leading health agencies had been telling the general public that their fund-raising costs ranged from 7 to 15 percent. The Los Angeles Board found that their true fund-raising costs in the Los Angeles area for that year ran from 12.5 to 36.5 percent.

More questions were raised by an Ad Hoc Citizen Committee brought together at the invitation of The Rockefeller Foundation in 1959 to study the activities of major health and welfare charities. Its members included Arthur S. Flemming and Marion B. Folsom, both former Secretaries of Health, Education and Welfare. Checking the finances of 56 groups, it found that the $292 million they reported as their combined incomes was a phony figure—the agencies were actually receiving much more. "Some agencies," said the Committee's 1961 Report, "did not report income from local affiliates. Others reported only estimated amounts local affiliates collected from regular campaigns, such as the Easter Seal and Christmas Seal campaigns.

The groups also concealed information on how they spent immense sums of their income. As against the $292 million of reported receipts—itself a fictitiously low figure— they accounted for only $234 million in expenditures. Where did the other $58 million go? Only the charity executives know, and they aren't telling. And nothing requires them to.

The National Foundation, the nation's largest voluntary health agency, refuses full financial information, not only to the public, but to reputable reporting groups such as the National Information Bureau and the nation's Better Business Bureaus, which are trying to protect the public against charity fraud. The group is one of the big users of slick public relations campaigns and flashy brochures, usually featuring kids on crutches or in wheelchairs.

The National Foundation is headed by a leading exponent of the new, chromium-plated charity juggernaut—Basil O'Connor. As head of the Red Cross during World War II he refused to accept transportation provided by the government or armed services, and insisted on having a four-star general's plane of his own. At a time when planes were precious, he simply said, "The highest office in the American National Red Cross requires appropriate transportation." He got his general's plane.

As head of the National Foundation he draws no salary—he is a wealthy lawyer and a former law partner of Franklin D. Roosevelt. But he still costs the Foundation and its donors plenty. In a recent year he submitted $71,000 in expenses to the Foundation, which it of course paid.

With the development of effective vaccines, polio ceased to be a growth industry, but O'Connor and the bureaucracy of the National Foundation had no intention of becoming casualties of progress. Eying other kid-in-wheel chair fields, they took a liking to arthritis and birth defects as promising commodities for their style of "Medicine Avenue" hard sell. The arthritis field is already covered by the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, and by U.S. grants that will total $91.9 million in 1963 alone. The Government is also providing multimillion dollar subsidies for the study of birth defects. But none of this fazed O'Connor.

He fired off a modest proposal to ARF, suggesting that it disband and that its chapters be absorbed into the National Foundation! ARF indignantly refused. Casting an unhappy eye on the O'Connor behemoth, ARF issued a public statement pleading with the National Foundation to hold off its entry into the arthritis field for one year, to see if the "10,000,000 sufferers from arthritis . . . (need) more than one foundation working in the same health field."

"Diseases are not the property of individual organizations," O'Connor snorted in reply, and the National Foundation elbowed its way in.

Now the children's armies that populate National Foundation brochures have arthritis and birth defects instead of polio. The Foundation organized a "Mother's March" of millions of volunteer women, whose function was to march into your living room and relieve you of as much money as they could get. NF told the marchers that it "now leads the all-out attack against crippling disease and disability" in the fields of polio, arthritis, and birth defects—"cripplers that now affect the lives of one of every four American families." Actually, while implying to its female hordes—who in turn would pass it on to millions of families everywhere—that the National Foundation was working on diseases that strike one out of every four American families, it was working on problems of the greatest rarity. There are now 11 million arthritis sufferers in the U.S. But, according to a 1960 statement issued by a leading reporting bureau:

The National Foundation apparently plans to restrict patient care in the field of arthritis to children under 19 with rheumatoid arthritis, which affects an estimated 30,000 each year; of these the Foundation recently believed that perhaps 5,000 or 6,000 may need substantial treatment and subsidy therefor.

In the area of birth defects, the report said:

The Foundation plans to restrict initial direct aid to children under 19 with birth defects to those with spina bifida, encephalocele, and hydrocephalus—an estimated 8,000 out of an estimated 250,000 children born with birth defects each year.

The marching mother, of course, knew nothing of this. Having armed the female legions with misleading statements, the Foundation sat back and watched the dollars pour in. A few of them were probably yours.

The continuation in certain areas of organized charity of the practices described in this article is rapidly burgeoning into a scandal. It is a scandal, moreover, that is directly subsidized by the Government of the United States and by John Q. Taxpayer, through the tax exemption granted to charities. One of the first and most basic steps that should be taken is to establish reasonable minimum standards for obtaining and keeping charitable tax exemption.

The Internal Revenue Code could be amended to specify that groups with charity exemptions must submit financial statements drawn up on a set of uniform accounting principles spelled out by the Code. Charities running a fund-raising cost of more than, let's say, 25 percent, will automatically have their exemptions reviewed. Groups whose fund-raising cost runs consistently above this figure could have their exemptions revoked. Tax exemption should also be denied to groups that refuse to report their full income and expenditures to the public on a system of uniform accounting, and to groups that misrepresent their programs, activities, and accomplishments in order to make a bigger killing in the fund-raising carnival.

At the community level, every metropolis should have a charity control ordinance similar to the one now in effect in Los Angeles. The questionable practices of certain charities would cease soon enough if they had to tell the truth and abide by a mimimum code of fair play in order to solicit funds.

In September 1961 former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Abraham A. Ribicoff faced the issue tactfully but squarely by citing some of the current criticisms of organized charity in a speech to officers and volunteers of the National Foundation. While recognizing many of the achievements of voluntary groups, Ribicoff said that, while he was Governor of Connecticut, he had become "tired of the scare techniques used irresponsibly by those who play the fund-raising numbers game." Calling for truthful accounting, Ribicoff reminded charity executives that they "are not competing to sell soap flakes in supermarkets." Public confidence in charity, said Ribicoff, would diminish if the groups did not take serious note of the accusations of "great and wasteful competition of the charity dollar" and of "gearing fund-raising not to the balanced public interest but to unbalanced self-interest."

Public confidence is already at a low ebb, and for good reason. Exasperated donors may soon tire of the whole business, and stop giving. Some already have. If the non-giving movement spreads, all fields of charity will suffer for the misdeeds of those who have so cynically violated the high trust and overwhelming confidence of the people. New laws and new voices of decency are needed in American charity—before it's too late.

—Ralph Lee Smith

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

MARCH—TRUE—CAN., EAST

Fightingest Dandy in the Sea

[*Continued from page 37*]

this manner. It is sort of disconcerting.

When we had exchanged stares, the fish ran. One instant he was there on his side, the next he was departing due west, Formosa the first stop. The initial run of a good roosterfish is a spectacular thing. It is something to try to remember in detail so as to cherish the memory forever.

Sailfish have been clocked at 72 mph, which is about as fast as a teal duck flies. The wahoo is said to do a little better. Although I can't imagine how these fish were timed, I wish that somebody would apply the technique to the blazing first run of a roosterfish. I'll bet it would place the bizarre critter in the money. Tommy chased the fish, the *Cazadora's* engine bellowing, until it began jumping. It couldn't sound because the water was shallow, so it jumped.

It came out 10 times, sledging the water and running on the surface. It ran through a mess of rocks, and a tidal swirl banged the *Cazadora* against a ledge with a fearsome jolt. It was in open water outside the reef now, in deep water, and it sounded, down and down, and I couldn't pump it back up because I was using 3/6 Tyee Club tackle that wouldn't have been equal to the strain. Then suddenly the fish jumped 50 yards ahead of us, coming down heavily on its side, and that was the end of its fight.

It went 40 pounds and was four feet five inches long, a better-than-average roosterfish. No man to buck a trend, I said to Tommy that we should go back inside the reef at once and try for another. Instead, Tommy handed me a bailing can. The *Cazadora* was leaking. When she hit the rock a couple of seams had opened. Besides, as Tommy pointed out, it was getting dark.

On the way back to the hotel at Miramar as lights began pinpointing the twilight and the horned Cerro Mountains assumed grotesque shapes, I thought of other grand roosterfish I had fought and tried to list the qualities that make this species great. In addition to being fast and powerful, the roosterfish is a wild and savage killer and he is absolutely unique. There is nothing like him in the oceans of the earth. He is heavy-shouldered, big-headed and bulldog-jawed, with a deeply swallow-forked tail designed for speed. His dorsal fin is his trademark. Roughly half as tall as his body is long, it consists of from eight to a dozen unconnected soft rays that often are split like the palm fronds of a beach hat. Usually a broad band of blue or yellow slashes down across the rays and the fish's body.

His fighting style varies with the depth of the water he is in. Although he is not classed as a dramatic jumper, he can jump with the best of them when he wants to. The marlin and the sailfish average more pounds, but on suitable tackle he will give an angler as long and tough a workout as the former. If you can imagine it, he combines the fighting methods of the tyee salmon, the yellowtail and the king mackerel. Perhaps the most intriguing—and maddening—thing about him is that while his tribe is plentiful on the Pacific coast from Tiburon Island to Peru, he is a difficult fish to come up with.

When you find him he will hit readily, but first you've got to find him. One summer in the Kino Bay area I chartered a "purty" cruiser and dragged baits hither and yon for a week without getting a roosterfish strike. Then one morning we passed the American consul from Guaymas, a burly Dane from North Dakota, who was fishing from an outboard-powered skiff. This chap didn't know any more about roosterfish than I know about harmonic analysis, but he had taken six good ones. He had just got lucky and blundered into a bunch of them.

The Yaqui Indians, as rough a tribe of redskins as ever lived, profess high regard for the roosterfish. I once sat on the seaward porch of the hotel at Topolobampo, Sonora, with half a dozen Yaqui fishing guides watching the activity of some roosterfish in the harbor. The roosterfish were feeding. As usual when thus engaged they were making large splashes which the sunlight caught and magnified all out of proportion, so that the calm sapphire bay appeared to be dotted with towering bright whitecaps.

The roosterfish is never described in the books as a school fish, and learned gents inform me that he is not a school fish, yet I keep right on seeing gangs of them banging hell out of the water of sundry bays as these were today. I mentioned this curious matter to my fellow porch sitters. For some moments the little ethnic group remained immobile and silent. Then the eldest, an amiable savage named Joe, who had ridden with the great war chief, Cajeme, and whose nose and ears were pierced for rings, allowed that the roosterfish (*pez gallo* down here) had been kind of erratic ever since St. Elmo put a curse on him.

Naturally, I inquired about that, and Joe gave me the Yaqui lowdown. It seems that long ago the roosterfish used to be *El Señor Diablo's* favorite fish. As such he was permitted to wear the Devil's insigne on his back, a tall pitchfork, the tines of which were like steel and as dangerous as sword blades. Equipped with this weapon, the roosterfish was the terror of the ocean. Even the terrible *tintorera* shark, so ornery that it is often seen to attack its own shadow, wanted no part of the roosterfish.

But one day old *pez gallo* got out of line, he made a grave mistake. St. Elmo, the patron saint of fishermen hereabouts, was taking a dip in Concepcion Bay. He was lying on his back, floating, looking up at the sky and enjoying the opal-blue water, when a roosterfish came along, eyed the good saint's skinny buttocks, and decided that a vigorous goose would be very funny indeed. Accordingly, at top speed, he raked his pitchfork tines across St. Elmo's rump.

"All right," St. Elmo raged when he had flailed his way ashore and discovered who was guilty of offending his dignity. "All right, tough guy. You will continue to wear your pitchfork since you are so proud of it, but from now on it will

TRUE

"Do you want something real sheer, or is it for your wife?"

be as limp as—as—well, as limp as anything you can think of."

The Yaquis nodded solemnly. That was the way it had happened, and the roosterfish, grieving for his lost weapon, had been a little loco ever since.

Eight of the nine record roosterfish listed by the International Game Fish Association were taken from the incredibly rich sea-pastures of the shining body of water known as the Gulf of California, the Mar de Cortez, or the Vermilion Sea. The lone exception, a 100-pounder, was taken at Cabo Blanco, Peru, in 1954 by Miguel Barrenechea. The all-time heavyweight, a 114-pounder, was taken off La Paz, Baja, California, in 1960 by Abe Sackheim. So far as anybody knows, the roosterfish is strictly coastal and its range does not extend south of Peru or north of the Gulf of California.

I have talked with tuna fishermen who range the ultimate fastnesses of the Pacific killing tuna and scouting for tuna, and they tell me they have never found roosterfish more than a few miles offshore, and then only in the range mentioned. Perhaps this will get me an argument, but I am certain that any serious angler with time and some money to spend could soon break any of the roosterfish records. I say this because I have seen record-topping roosterfish. On one occasion I saw several close up, so doggoned close I could practically have made a ray count.

I was back with Tommy Jamison at Miramar, a resort complex four miles from Guaymas, where Tommy has been fishing director for the past decade or so. He handles around 5,000 fishermen a year, operates 14 boats, and still has a kindly, mellow sense of humor. I keep returning to these palm-plumed Gulf of California ports—Guaymas, Miramar, La Paz, Loreto, Topolobampo, Mazatlán—because they are fascinating. They are colorful, productive of big fish and adventure, the climate is superb, and it isn't necessary to spend a lot of money to have a whale of a good time both afloat and ashore.

Depending on the hotel you choose, you can get a good room and three meals for between $6 and $10 a day. A cabin cruiser with two-way radio, tackle and bait supplied, ditto fishing license, and an English-speaking crew of two, will cost you $40 a day. These boats can accommodate five anglers if you share the fighting chairs and the price remains the same. Each of the ports mentioned has an airstrip, so that you can fly to the one you choose in a day from almost anywhere in the United States and be out on the water with a rod in your hands the next. You ought to make reservations to be sure of a boat when you want it.

I suppose it is typical of the North American subspecies of the human male, especially if he is addicted to fishing, but anyhow about the second question I am asked by anglers planning a trip down here is, "Okay, but what do you do after sundown?" The answer is, you name it and your host or boat captain will find it for you. I mean, these ports offer some powerful attractions at reasonable prices.

Most of the good hotels have dance music and live entertainment in the evening. The bars are good, and in the towns there are some of the finest old-fashioned honky-tonks to be found anywhere.

Of late some of the boys have taken to asking for "boat hostesses." They are available, and will cost you about 10 bucks a day. In the opinion of many they add a certain luster to a fishing cruise and will light your cigarettes, open beer cans, mop your sweating brow when you are battling a big one in the hot sun, and whatever. But let's get back to roosterfish.

The Trans-Mar de Cortez plane landed at dusk and I took a taxi to Miramar and found Tommy at the fishing office. I told him I wanted to try for roosterfish and could I please have the *Cazadora* again with himself as skipper? I like a small speedboat. You run the risk that a rambunctious marlin will come aboard and sink you, of course, and I have always had the irrational fear that one of the many giant jumping manta rays would boom out ahead of us and we would plow into him and dissolve in a shower of splinters. But these fast little craft are agile, you can get into a lot of rocky places impossible to larger boats, and more important, you don't waste half your charter time coming and going.

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Tommy said it was a deal, we would take off in the morning. He knew a roosterfish hotspot, he said. So I went across to the hotel bar, and there leaning on the mahogany was an ancient, barefoot, shockheaded Yaqui friend of mine named Antonio. He was allowed one drink in the evening, just one, because if he were given two he would begin a kind of shuffling gorilla dance, his eyes would shine with a feral light, and he would croon hoarse tribal songs. This disturbed the customers. Antonio looked a little dancy tonight, and I figured the bartender had poured him an extra-stiff jolt.

When I informed him that I was going out after roosterfish, he said that was good, I was bound to be lucky on account of I had a cowlick. I asked him what a cowlick had to do with roosterfish, and he shrugged and replied that everybody knew that a cowlick was a good sign. I finished my drink and went over and watched a couple of flamenco dancers a while, then headed for bed. As I passed him, Antonio was shuffling and crooning.

Tommy's hotspot was north of the entrance to Bocachibampo Bay, about an hour's run. It was a wide bight with a dazzling white-sand beach backed by wild palms, *pitahaya* cactus and a rise of grim, barren mountains. This was the kind of fishing place that charter-boat skippers love—safe, and far enough from home port to be profitable. In fact, when you asked about typical roosterfish water a similar spot is always described. No skipper worth his salt would ever admit that plenty of roosterfish are taken by surf-casters and thrifty gents heaving a bait out from a rock or pier. And they don't like to talk about the harvest of roosterfish taken in rock-fanged tidal rips where a boat is in constant peril.

So Tommy was happy with this forlorn, beautiful, profitable and utterly safe bight. He wore a big grin. He said that he felt in his bones that luck was with us today.

The water was wind-ruffled, and as we eased into the bight Tommy threw out the clutch and leaned across the thwart to peer into the cobalt depths. Some sea birds were crying above us. Out yonder a huge manta jumped.

"We're over fish," Tommy declared. "But I can't tell what they are. Maybe another school of baby sailfish."

He had been talking about baby sailfish all morning. For the first time in anybody's memory, adolescent sails—averaging some 30 inches—had appeared in the gulf, schools of them, and Tommy thought that they heralded drastic changes in fishing conditions. He had better eyes than mine. I couldn't see any fish. I started to string up a casting outfit, then thought, *What the heck, why not go down and take a look, find out what I was supposed to be fishing for.* Admittedly, this was rather dumb. Anybody else I know would have started working a bait.

But then anybody can be orthodox, and besides my stunt paid off. Not for anything would I have missed the sight I presently beheld. We had a skin-diving mask. I stripped to my shorts, went over the side, and swam down a fathom or so. Then, looking up through the glass plate of the mask, I saw the fish. It was a spectacle to fracture a man's credulity quotient.

They were roosterfish! An enormous school of them, close-packed like salmon off a stream mouth. Their strange painted dorsals were erect, their sides and bellies gleamed like polished silver. I saw big ones, medium-size ones and giants. Just behind the *Cazadora* were two monsters that I know were more than six feet long. To give you an idea, the 114-pound record fish taken at La Paz measured five feet four inches. Running out of oxygen, I clawed for the surface, hoisted myself aboard and feverishly resumed rigging the casting rod. Baby sailfish, my naked back, I said to Tommy. The entire roosterfish population of the gulf was there.

I put on a flying-fish bait, cast it out from the stern, and started it in. The bait was 20 feet from the boat when I saw a flare of silver under the wind-brushed surface. Then came the jolt as a fish struck. I hoped it was one of the two record-busters that had been lying there, and probably it was, but I never got a look at the fish. I did something wrong, or it wasn't well hooked. It shot past the *Cazadora* and the line went slack. Now the whole school would spook. They wouldn't stop this side of Loreto and not even Tommy would believe me when I described what I saw.

I cast the mangled bait and almost at once hooked another fish, which I boated. The school stayed with us. We were drifting with it. I have no idea as to why the fish were unafraid unless Yaqui Joe at Topolobampo had been right when he said that after St. Elmo's curse, the gamefish of *Señor Diablo* has been loco. In 40 minutes I brought in three fish and lost two. The largest went 35 pounds. Maybe the big ones weren't hungry, or maybe the small ones didn't give them a chance.

By the time I had brought in the last one, we had drifted so close inshore that Tommy had to start the engine and take us out again. I didn't get another strike; the school had departed. I suspected it was in the breakers, for the birds were over there. I wished that I was ashore with surf gear, but didn't mention this to Tommy. He isn't partial to surf casters, they don't charter boats, and why spoil his day? Instead I said that I'd had enough for today and was ready to return to port.

But the fastest and wildest roosterfish fishing I have ever enjoyed was from the deck of a tuna clipper that had put into Barra de Navidad, Jalisco, for bait. I had driven to Barra from Guadalajara, an easy day's drive on a good hard-top highway, and put up at the Hotel Tropical. The village is an eminently fishy place. It is built on a narrow sandspit that thrusts between a pretty mountain-girt harbor and the dragon-green, mysterious Marabasco Lagoon. Commercial fishermen and oystermen base here, and there are boats available for sport fishing. These boats aren't elegant, but you can charter one for $20 a day, and at that price one can forego luxuries. Four dollars a day will get you a good hotel room and board.

"He went to take the baby sitter home—that was two years ago."

There isn't any night life. I was sitting on the front porch with a tall glass of coconut milk spiked with vodka—my favorite posture and beverage—listening to some tourists bewail the fact that they had to go home in a couple of days, and wasn't it ghastly to think about shoveling snow every morning, when young Sharkbait came in with an armload of yellow *torito* orchids which he distributed among the ladies present.

This kid Sharkbait is a charter-boat skipper. He is an operator, and is both competent and lucky. I asked him if he knew where a man could catch some roosterfish, and without hesitation he replied sure, why not? I asked him if he would guarantee roosterfish. He said of course. Naturally. When did I want to go? At this point I was tempted to tell him to go fry his fanny. Because nobody can guarantee roosterfish. Nobody but a brash, cocky Mexican sea-frontier brat would dream of it. To my way of thinking, such overconfident talk puts a hex on a fishing trip right at the start.

But I had fished with Sharkbait before and liked him—between spells of being sore at him, that is. So I said I would be ready in the morning, and if I didn't take a roosterfish as guaranteed, he could sue for his pay and be damned. Sharkbait said he was sorry he hadn't saved an orchid for me. A fragrant *torito,* he said, would exactly compliment my sweet disposition.

Morning brought an unpleasant surprise. It developed that Sharkbait's metal-hulled cruiser, a serviceable craft that I had chartered last year, was on the ways at Manzanillo for repairs. As a substitute, the kid was using a flat-bottomed 14-foot skiff powered by an outboard that manifestly had racked up plenty of hours. There were two plank seats but no fighting chair. No socket for the rod. No outriggers. Thus I would have to troll in the wake with the line against the skipper's head. The icebox was a washtub covered with a gunnysack and containing several chunks of rapidly melting ice, to one of which a soggy cigarette stub adhered.

On the floorboards were a half dozen green coconuts for drinking purposes, and a five-gallon tin of gasoline. I appraised this primitive outfit and didn't say anything. I just got into the boat and sat down. The reason I kept my mouth shut was that I didn't know yet whether I wanted to laugh or try to break an oar over Sharkbait's curly head.

We shoved off into the flamingo morning and I put on a mullet bait and ran out 40 feet of line. Some anglers prefer to troll a silver spoon or feather jig for roosterfish. Spin casters score with a variety of lures. I like bait, flying fish when I can get them because they troll so beautifully. But flying fish are hard to come by, whereas mullet are always available. The bay was glassy, the jungled volcanic peaks stood sharp-etched against the clean morning sky. The air was balmy, the motor purred smoothly, and I began to feel better as I sat hunched on the splintered plank seat with my line nudging Sharkbait's left ear. We rounded a little headland, and there ahead of us, riding at anchor, was a tuna clipper, the *Dorado,* out of San Diego. She was a salty, efficient-looking old workhorse, and just now was surrounded by an incredible mob of screaming sea birds—pelicans, gulls, frigate birds, terns and I don't know what all, wheeling and diving, swimming alongside, perched in the rigging.

A black-bearded barefoot giant clad in striped pajama bottoms and a rakishly worn nautical cap hailed us, and with a wide sweep of a beamlike arm invited us aboard.

"He is the captain," Sharkbait said. "I know him."

With that, he put the skiff alongside the clipper. The captain let down a mooring line and a rope ladder.

"We won't visit any longer than you wish," Sharkbait said.

"Visit as long as you please," I said. "You guaranteed the trip. No roosterfish, no pay."

The comfortably clothed captain's name was Pete González. He was a Portuguese with American citizenship, and he had put in here for bait fish which he would later use in chumming tuna. A tank was built into the hold with an open well on deck, for keeping the bait fish alive. He took us over to the well where a crew member stood with a dip net. The well was five feet square and stood up several feet above the deck. Small fish, apparently pilchard, were wearily swimming counter-clockwise in the dark water. Some had been injured, or were sick, and had come to the light from the tank below. Now and then the crewman would deftly scoop out a number of these, which might infect the other fish, and toss them over the side. This was what had attracted the birds.

A pelican landed on the deck and waddled toward us, beak gaping. Gulls beat their wings about our heads. Sharkbait wore an amused, secretive expression. He went to the rail and stood grazing down at the water.

"A lot of activity today," he remarked casually. "Yes indeed."

I hastily joined him. The water was swarming with fish. Those at the top were sea-going catfish and sierra mackerel, but below them you could make out the shadowy forms of larger species. The discarded bait fish had brought the little ones here, and the big ones had come to eat the little ones.

As I stared in popeyed fascination, a torpedo shape shot in from nowhere, there was a flare of silver and an upflung fountain of water, and I caught a glimpse of the dorsal of a roosterfish. An instant later the performance was repeated, this time by two flashing kill-happy *pez gallo*. Ordinarily I do not become unduly excited while fishing. I am not one of those persons who utter Comanche howls when a 10-inch trout hits. I do not shake and turn pale and beseech the Diety when I miss a strike.

But now I felt myself on the verge of all these. My heart was beating like a bop drum. I turned to Sharkbait and asked him would he please, damn his eyes, fetch my tackle on the double. Also the bait. Also the gaff.

All of a sudden I was sore at him all over again because I realized that he had known the roosterfish were here but he hadn't told me. That was why he had guaranteed the trip. A cocky, crafty kid with a perverted brand of humor.

Sharkbait came back with my gear and I put on a mullet and pitched it out. A pelican took the mullet and, although he wasn't hooked, stubbornly hung onto it, flying, until the line fouled on the mast and he fell in complete disorder. I tried again, and a catfish took the bait. So I switched to spinning gear and a fast-sinking metal lure. After four or five casts with this, I hung a nice roosterfish and presently brought it in to the gaff. Then I hooked a fast, orange-spotted sierra that ran under the clipper, where something neatly bit its body off just behind the head. It was fantastic fishing, the shining web of yelling birds against the hot sky, the blue, blue hills of water, the stupendous storm of tropical light, and the endless horde of fish killing and being killed.

I took five roosterfish and quit. Pete, the captain, brought some wine that had been bottled in a sunny valley in California, and we relaxed in the shade of the deckhouse and talked about fish and fishermen. I showed him the rods I use for roosterfish, the Tyee Club 3/6 outfit, the tarpon casting gear developed by the boys who fish at the mouth of the Río Grande, and the heavy spinning rig. Finally we said good-by, invited him to come ashore when he could, and shoved off.

There are so many stories to tell about roosterfish. Like the time at San José del Cabo at the tip of the California cape when mako sharks kept stealing the roosterfish I hung. Whereupon I switched to shark gear, and didn't get a mako strike. Or the time off Loreto when a visiting American hooked a very nice roosterfish and about had it licked when his boat hostess leaned over to light his cigarette, and inadvertently touched the flame to the line. Or the time at La Paz when we were sitting in the bar and a commercial fisherman passed us heading for the kitchen, with a five-foot roosterfish over his shoulder—a record fish then if it had been taken fairly. So many yarns of brave adventures with wonderful old *pez gallo*, roosterfish, the fish of *Señor Diablo*, or just plain *Nematistius pectoralis*. Tales of fishing the rocky tidal whirlpools and current chutes, of surf casting on the long, lonely Pacific beaches, of boat trips to lost bays and half-forgotten islands.

I nearly neglected to tell you that one of the outstanding qualities of the roosterfish, a quality that sets him apart from most salt-water warriors, is that he is almighty good to eat, as any gourmet would bear witness after a couple of mouthfuls.

Sharkbait and I took our fish to the hotel, and for dinner we had roosterfish à la Veracruzana. That is, broiled and served with a brown sauce, the basis of which is chopped olives. I recommend it. Try it when you come down for your next fishing trip. Sharkbait, proud of himself and his day's work, made our dinner especially memorable in his own fashion. The character had the guts to place a yellow *torito* orchid beside my plate, his tribute to what he sarcastically calls my sweet disposition.

—**Russell Annabel**

The Great Birthday Hoax

[*Continued from page* 49]

Older years have some advantages. When you are 60 to 75 years old you are in the "threshold age" described by Dr. H. B. Eiber at a meeting of the American Medical Association. Strange rejuvenative forces may become active. Some deteriorating physical processes may actually reverse their downward course. The nature of mysterious benign mechanisms of the "threshold age" is unknown, but "once we get through, our chances of living to be 100 years are good." Perhaps it is a manifestation of what many students of aging expect will come through application of medical and health advances from infancy to old age: the gift of an added decade of vigorous youthfulness, so that the average 75-year-old man will have a biological age of 65.

How old are you really? We present some physical fitness tests used by the Army, and other data, for your private check-up. These give you some standards of comparison with well-preserved men of your age. Not one man in a thousand will score "excellent" in every test.

You may even find that you are much better in some physical activity than a champion you admire. One man who took the Army tests could do only 14 push-ups, rated Very Poor. He could do only 38 squat jumps, rated as Fair. But he was a pretty good runner. He was Roger Bannister, who took the tests at about the time he was breaking the four-minute mile.

HOW'S YOUR CIRCULATION?

ARTERIES

Raise your hands high above your head, clench and unclench fingers rapidly for 30 seconds. Skin of palms should blanch slightly, but return to normal pinkness within 5 seconds after hands are lowered. If arterial circulation is poor, skin of palms becomes extremely pale and even waxy.

VEINS

With a mirror, look underneath your tongue tip. Are there knots and clusters of little "blood blisters" resembling buckshot? These so-called "caviar lesions" are varicose enlargements of poorly supported veins. They tend to become larger and more numerous as the body ages. If the underside of your tongue has little "buckshot," consider your veins to be relatively youthful.

RECOVERY AFTER EXERCISE

If you're in ordinary good health, you're young enough to stand any amount of strenuous exercise, regardless of your calendar age, if: There is no noticeable breathlessness or heart-pounding 10 minutes after exercise. No weakness after two hours' rest. No disturbance of a night's sleep.

HEARTBEAT

Step up and down from a chair or bench 17 inches high, at a rate of 40 steps per minute. Keep it up until you are almost totally tuckered out. Immediately after you stop, count your heartbeats for 15 seconds. If you can keep stepping for nearly 5 minutes, and if your heart beats no more than 30 times during the immediate 15-second rest, you have the circulatory stamina of a champion miler.

HOW'S YOUR WIND?

Decreased efficiency of oxygen use, poor circulation, less resilient arteries, are marks of aging associated with decreased "lung power."

ONE-MILE RUN

Any man who can run 100 yards in 12 seconds has a lot of youth left in him. You should be able to run one mile at these speeds:

Up to age	approximately
25	6½ minutes
35	7½
40	8
50	8¾
Over 50	9½

If you can equal those speeds, you're as physically young as good men of your age; if you exceed them, younger.

BREATH-HOLDING

This measurement of your vital capacity is accomplished by jogging at 180 steps a minute for two minutes, then taking two deep breaths, followed by a third which you hold as long as you can. You should be able to hold your breath for:

25 seconds up to age 30
23 seconds up to age 40
20 seconds up to age 50

HOW YOUNG IS YOUR SKIN?

PINCH TEST

This is one of the best general measurements of physical aging. Let one hand lie limply on a table, palm down. Pinch the skin of the back of this hand between two fingers and release it. If the skin snaps back like a rubber band, take a bow for youth. Old skin snaps back in a slow dignified way.

SPOT TEST

Acne is a sign of young skin; prize it as such while taking steps to subdue blemishes. Except for common freckles and moles, young skin is generally free of pigmented spots. A sign of physical aging which shows in the skin is gradual appearance of "liver spots," patchy discolorations, pigmented areas. These may be outward signs of mysterious "age pigments" which accumulate in internal organs, such as heart muscle, and are perhaps built-in "biological clocks" ticking off the aging process.

CREASE TEST

Parts of the face which are creased or folded by smiling and frowning tend to develop grooves. This takes time (your face at 40 is the face you have earned). The more wrinkle and groove-free your face, the younger its skin. Excessive sunbathing, tanning, exposure to wind and weather, can age skin prematurely and permanently, without affecting general health (except for somewhat greater danger of skin cancer).

HOW'S YOUR NERVOUS COORDINATION?

STICK AND BOTTLE TEST

How's your steadiness and fine nervous integration? Get a soft-drink bottle and a curtain rod or dowel about 20 inches long and not over a quarter-inch in diameter. Set the bottle at convenient height. Grasp rod at extreme top with fingers of one hand (don't touch bottle with other hand). Lower rod through neck of bottle, touch bottom, withdraw. If you can do this without the rod touching the inside of the bottle neck on the way down or up—you're not senile!

NERVE-MUSCLE COORDINATION

Put two coffee cups on saucers. Fill to a quarter-inch from top. Pick up the two filled cups by their saucers, one in each hand. You should be able to carry the cups across a long living room without spilling a drop into the saucers. Stand up, hold your two hands in front of you, unsupported, about waist high, fingers widely stretched. There should be no tremor of fingers.

Close your eyes, stretch out one arm with index finger in pointing position. Then touch the tip of your nose with index finger. Repeat with other arm. Index finger should make dead-center contact with tip of nose.

HOW YOUNG ARE YOUR EYES?

HOW FAST CAN YOU SEE?

A test of quick reflexes and rapid brain-conversion of visual information, such as oncoming left hook or speeding car: Get a phonograph record with a short title printed in moderately large type (14 point). You should be able to read the title on a turntable revolving at 33 rpm—better yet, at 45 rpm. If you can read the title at 78 rpm you may have the reflexes of a champion. Jack Dempsey was reputedly able to do this in his prime.

PERIPHERAL VISION

Normal young eyes see objects they aren't looking at approaching from the side, a great help in driving a car. You can compare your visual field with a friend's. Sit on opposite sides of a card table and look directly into each other's eyes. Close the eye not being tested. Hold a piece of paper or bright white object in your hand. Extend your arm way out at right angles to line of sight, move object slowly inward, midway between you and your partner. Who sees the object first? Repeat test from above, below, the other side.

OLD SIGHT

Unless you need glasses for refractive errors, you should be able to see things distinctly and comfortably, both at a distance and for close work such as reading. The crystalline lens of the eye slowly loses its elasticity with age, so that controlling muscles that change its shape have to work harder to focus sharply for close seeing. This condition of presbyopia, or "old sight," commonly becomes annoying in the early 40's. If you're mid-40 or older, and can still do sustained close eye work with *comfort*, your eyes are younger than their years. But if you avoid fly-tying, reading, or other close-up visual tasks, or if sustained effort leaves you fatigued, headachy, uncomfortable, don't fool yourself—overworked eye muscles are telling you that presbyopia is here.

HOW ARE YOUR HORMONES?

SKIN APPEARANCE

If your skin is relatively free of premature wrinkles, you probably have good sex hormone balance on the youthful side. Dr. Victor Korenchevsky, British authority on aging, describes men castrated after puberty "who at age 40 have

TRUE

"Please, Len, darling, break the spell."

"Is that another one of those 'wait until you grow up' questions, Dad?"

the appearance of 60, they begin to age very rapidly, become prematurely wrinkled and soon acquire the appearance of old women."

LOSING YOUR HAIR?

Good, if you're past childhood. The hairline of childhood always begins to recede at adolescence except in men who fail to mature sexually. This masculine recession of the hairline occurs in forehead and temple regions, may be quite slight, and does not necessarily advance to obvious baldness, but should be there if male hormone balance is good. Common male-pattern baldness often begins in the 20's but is only indirectly associated with age. In addition to being old enough (past adolescence) you have to have a hereditary tendency and adequate production of male hormones.

WHEN DID YOU MATURE?

That is, when did you "become a man," measured by change of voice, ejaculation, appearance of pubic hair? Adolescence at 11 years is very early, 15 years, very late. If you matured early, your years of potency are likely to last longer into old age than if you matured late. The earlier, the longer. The general (not necessarily individual) association of early sexual maturity with a longer span of reproductive vitality can be measured more objectively in women. In general, women whose menstrual cycles started at an early age have a later menopause, or change of life, than those whose monthly periods began later in life.

SEXUALITY

Kinsey's studies give the following average frequencies of intercourse among married males:

20 years old	4½ times a week
30	3
40	2¼
50	1¾

(Fractions don't count in a self-estimate—that's just the way averages come out.) The same studies estimate that 50 percent of men are relatively impotent by age 65.

MISCELLANEOUS CLUES OF YOUTH AND AGE

YOUR GAIT

Walk on beach sand or moist level ground which leaves your footprints visible. Do they toe straight ahead, both feet close to an imaginary straight line between them? If so, credit yourself with a youthful trait. A spreading toed-out stance suggests poor posture and muscle tone and a wide base to support an aging or overweight body. The wider the waddle, the less the youth.

DO YOU ENJOY ACTIVE EXERCISE?

One of the most striking differences between average middle-aged and young men is that physical activity has much greater appeal to the latter. Credit yourself with a youth-preserving trait if you enjoy the exercise of sports, games, walking, gardening, lawn-mowing or whatever. A law of nature is that unused organs atrophy—get rusty—from disuse. Performance maintains your capabilities.

ARE YOU A HYBRID?

Were your parents of different racial strains, such as German and Irish, Swedish and Italian? Barring incest, all human beings are hybrids, but some are more hybrid than others. Crossing of different strains produces something called heterosis, or hybrid vigor (you've heard how tough mules are?).

HOW OLD WAS YOUR MOTHER WHEN YOU WERE BORN?

A very broad generality: the younger the mother, the greater her child's life expectancy. Papa's age doesn't matter.

WHAT'S YOUR WEIGHT?

Excess fat is a sure sign that the body is older than its years. Physically older bodies have a greater proportion of fat to lean muscle mass. Increased fat-to-lean ratios proved to be one of the most reliable indicators of aging in one study of hundreds of average men, which showed that proportion of body fat increased constantly from about age 20 until the sixth decade. It's not absolute weight, but ratio of lean muscle to fat that is significant. The study found that many middle-aged men of "normal" weight were too fat: their muscle-mass had decreased from disuse, but excess fat hid this decrease. Lie down, tighten your belly muscles, take a big pinch of your fat apron, at about waistline level, between thumb and fingers—dig down to muscle level. If you can pinch up a roll of fat more than an inch thick, you're probably older than your years.

DO YOUR NAILS GROW FAST?

Rate of nail growth is a rough index of healing, growth potentials, and rebuilding processes of the body.

HOW'S YOUR SWEET TOOTH?

Do you get a *quick* resurge of energy after eating a candy bar when you're tired? This is characteristic of a youthful body in which blood sugar (and the feeling of energy it gives) rises *rapidly* after eating concentrated sweets. The slower metabolism of an older body delays this action, and it takes longer for blood sugar to reach a peak. Also, craving for sweets commonly lessens with age, partly because large numbers of sweet taste-buds at the tip of the tongue go out of business.

WHAT'S YOUR HEALTH HISTORY?

One over-all concept of aging, held by many authorities, is that every little illness we have, no matter how trivial, chips away at the body to some extent and erodes its vitality and youthfulness. How many colds, infections, fevers, headaches, stomach upsets, big and little ailments, have you had in your life? You'll have to make an educated guess and compare your health history with other people's as well as you can, but if you think you have had relatively few illnesses you are probably a little younger than your calendar age.

DO YOU SWEAT EASILY?

The body contains about 2 million sweat glands. Considerable numbers of these atrophy with age. Physically older people tend to sweat less profusely than they used to. Obviously, sweating is influenced by temperature, activity, and many other factors, so this test is merely suggestive, not definitive.

KIDNEY TEST

You can make a very rough test of the action of your kidneys in excreting harmful wastes from your body by eating a serving of asparagus. In about an hour and a half, when you urinate, a distinctly pungent odor should be noticeable. This is caused by a sulfur-containing substance filtered out of asparagus by your kidneys. If this odor never appears at all, don't be alarmed—you have not inherited the chemical ability to excrete this substance, but this inability does not harm your health.

HOW WELL DO YOU SLEEP?

Insomnia is not a trait of energetic youth, which tires itself out with physical activity. If you generally "sleep like a baby," and are fully refreshed by your sleep, put yourself on the youthful side.

MENTAL AGE-INDICATORS

ARE YOU EXCESSIVELY BOWEL CONSCIOUS?

Excessive concern about eliminative functions was cited in a symposium on aging as one of the most significant traits of the elderly. Older stomachs produce less acid, which may intensify a constipation tendency. Some psychiatrists theorize that as sexual prowess wanes, concern is shifted to eliminative organs.

DO YOU HAVE MANY ENTHUSIASMS?

Whether it's for rock-and-roll singers, sports cars, fishing, politics, wood-carving, or whatever, enthusiasm about something is a mark of perennial youthfulness: curiosity, keen interests, creativity, purposeful direction of energies. With maturity, one's enthusiasms tend to take socially useful directions, including work. If you could retire today with a fortune, would there still be too few hours a day to *do* all the things you really crave to?

Scientists have been trying for years to devise a reliable measurement of a man's true age in contrast to his calendar age—something that would tell a man of 40, say, that he's really only 32 years old. An electronic gadget called the Psychomet seems to be the closest thing yet to a true-age calculator. It's a device with push-keys connected to an instrument panel that registers the proficiency of a man performing various tasks. Some tasks take some thinking, others mainly measure reflex speeds. Electronic tubes time these speeds with thousandth-of-a-second accuracy.

The Psychomet is in use at the National Institute of Mental Health in Bethesda, Maryland. Thus far, the machine doesn't tell exactly how old a man is. But it has detected early signs of aging in quite young men, and shown a range of differences in older men, some of whom, if not as good as they used to be, are better than the calendar would have them think. In principle, the Psychomet measures age-factors similar to those you can measure for yourself by taking the tests described in this article.

—Donald G. Cooley

ROCKY MARCIANO
–Chin of Iron

–except when he shaves!

I kept 'taking it on the chin' from my razor–until I found new

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MENNEN *aftershave lotion that conditions...heals...protects*

Great new formula soothes...zesty new scent stimulates! New **afta**—Mennen's no-sting aftershave—conditions dry and easily irritated skin, keeps it soft, pliable for easy shaving comfort day after day.

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George Washington—Hero Without a Halo

[*Continued from page* 34]

This was the man who has been painted ever since as a person of godlike patience and calm, the man who still exists largely in the public mind as a bloodless bundle of morals with a pinch-mouthed grimace of righteousness and a powdered wig for a halo. Actually, no major figure in American history contrasts with his popularly accepted image more sharply and ironically than George Washington. For although youngsters have traditionally been lectured that he never told a lie, the truth is that if he were alive today he'd gag on what a long string of pious liars have done to him.

The real George Washington was many things: among them, a veteran fox-hunter. He knew well what it meant when the British began bugling "View, halloo!" the day after that disastrous Manhattan defeat—his troops were regarded as game to be chased, not men to be fought. The real George Washington was also a fellow with an obsession for saving face to match that of any Oriental or Indian. Humiliation was one thing he'd never been able to take. As a boy, he'd once had two girls arrested to face a public whipping for stealing his clothes while swimming. But there was no way to punish the enemy insolence in that autumn of 1776. The British nonchalantly waited a full month, then cut behind him. He backed out of the trap, tried another stand at White Plains in late October and was beaten there, too. His men were deserting in a steady stream. Civilians were proclaiming themselves loyal subjects of the King at an even faster rate. And he was still stunned by what had happened.

Falling back across the entire width of New Jersey in the November rain and mud, he felt less like a general than a shepherd struggling to keep a dwindling flock from a pursuing wolf pack. He tried to buy himself some time by writing a lying letter insisting he was merely retreating "so as to lull them into security," and letting it fall into enemy hands. But the advance redcoated units were already in sight on December 7 when he narrowly escaped to the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware River, taking all available boats with him. He'd gained nothing more than a brief breathing spell. The British had only to wait for firm ice before following.

"In a word," he wrote on December 18, "I think the game is pretty well up."

It was a time, as a recruit named Tom Paine was scribbling on a drumhead, to try men's souls. But George Washington, who had no religion beyond a vague belief in Destiny, wasn't worrying about his soul. He had a country to worry about, a six-months-old fledgling nation deserted by its own founding fathers. For instead of rallying Philadelphia behind him for a street-by-street defense, the same men who'd so defiantly signed the Declaration of Independence the summer before had turned their authority over to him and then abandoned him, packing their bags and bolting for Baltimore.

"Will the Pennsylvania mountain people support us if Philadelphia falls?" he asked his adjutant, Joseph Reed.

Reed shook his head doubtfully. "If the eastern counties are taken, the western counties will surrender, too."

Washington was silent for a long time. "Then we'll retire to Augusta County in Virginia," he finally decided, his voice very low, talking more to himself than to his listening aides. "If overpowered there, we'll have to cross the Alleghanies and do what we can to carry on a predatory fight from the wilderness."

It was as much nostalgia as strategy, this plan of waging guerrilla warfare on the Virginia frontier. Through those December days of desperation, the 44-year-old general was remembering the land of his 20's, when he'd fought on that frontier as a young colonial officer. But since he had no way of knowing he was slated for sainthood, his recollections bore as little resemblance to the youth that fiction-writing historians would later invent for him as they did to the cherry-tree-chopping, silver-dollar-tossing yarns that would be spun for skeptical school children. In fact, there was far more irony than pleasure in his memories. For there had been just two things George Washington had really wanted those years—his neighbor's wife, and a commission in the very army that was now defeating him at every turn.

He'd been raised by men, this big stormy-natured Virginian upon whose shoulders the doubtful future of the republic rested, and he'd grown up fast. He'd been just 11 when his father died, and he soon ducked out on a dominating mother to live with an adult half-brother. He always felt too old for the games of schoolboys, although he had no hesitation, a classmate remembered, about "romping with one of the larger girls." The precocious youngster was a skilled surveyor at 16, and already trimming his elders for fair stakes on card and pool tables alike. But he had more nerve than common sense. Making his first frontier survey and meeting up with a scalp-carrying Indian war party, he gave the red men liquor in order to enjoy their antics.

When surveying grew too tame for him, he decided on a military career, and at 21 he was a militia major, setting off on a long wilderness trek with an official letter ordering the French out of the disputed Ohio River country. The French ignored the order, Virginia prepared for war, and young Washington was in the thick of it. He recruited men, and he played as fast and loose with the truth as any recruiting officer; he didn't have the slightest idea where their pay and rations were coming from, but he pretended he did. He faked his air of command too, for he'd never before drilled troops or even been drilled. In recruiting redskinned allies, he offered solemn assurances that the English had no designs on their land and were merely fighting to make the Ohio Valley safe for Indians. (He himself held stock in the Ohio Company, which claimed a half-million acres in that valley.) At 22, he was a full lieutenant-colonel, but he was far from satisfied. In his opinion, a mere colonial commission held "neither rank nor emolument," meaning money. He wanted to change his blue coat for a red one. He wanted a King's commission as a British regular-army captain.

TRUE

"I'd like to bring the boss home for dinner, but good jobs are scarce."

One night some friendly braves brought word that a French patrol was camped close at hand. Mustering 40 men, the ambitious young officer set out on a forced march through heavy rain, and a soaked uniform couldn't dampen his eagerness. Morning found him deploying his men soundlessly around the enemy bivouac, then shouting for surrender. And in the vicious skirmish that followed, 10 of the French were killed and the rest captured with the loss of just one of his own men.

"I heard the bullets whistle," he wrote, "and believe me, there is something charming in the sound!" He thought he'd earned himself a King's commission, but the King's only comment was, "He hasn't heard many or he wouldn't think so." And just five weeks later, Washington's Virginians were pinned down by an enemy force that outnumbered them two to one, and the bullets didn't sound so charming. It was raining that day, too, flooding the hastily dug trenches of the crude fort they'd named Necessity. With the powder wet and the muskets fouled, the young commander held out for nine long hours and won the right to an honorable withdrawal instead of surrender. But his chances of a career as a British regular seemed as dead then as the 30 men he'd left in the mud behind him.

The body of a near-giant, the surface mannerisms of a Virginia gentleman and the instincts of a Cherokee brave—this was George Washington as he turned 23 in February 1755, and it was a month of bitter frustration for him. A large expeditionary force had landed at Alexandria, determined to drive the French from the Ohio forever. Day after day, he saw professional officers parading veteran troops down the streets. Night after night, he saw them laughing and dancing at the balls the local gentry threw, and as often as not he was escorting a beautiful brunette named Sally Fairfax, a woman who totally eclipsed every girl he'd ever romped with. The two things he craved most were so near and yet so far. For he was still an outsider, looking longingly at those redcoated ranks. And the lady belonged to his neighbor at Belvoir, the plantation next door to Mount Vernon.

Mrs. Fairfax was nearly two years older than George, and her big-sisterly flirtation had been harmless enough, as long as he was still at an age for confiding to friends he was "well convinced that was I ever to attempt anything, I should only get a denial." But she'd seen him off on his first military mission, watched him proudly as he drilled his first troops, had his shirts sewn for him, and even suggested it would be more discreet if he wrote her in care of his brother. Her playful teasing had been going on for years, and he was getting less well convinced.

He coveted a King's commission even more, though, and his hopes suddenly brightened again. Gen. Edward Braddock invited him to join the expedition as an aide—a chance, in George's own words, of "pushing my fortune in the military way" by "forming an acquaintance which may be serviceable hereafter." (There are different words for it in the Army today.) He did his best to

What does Tom Tresh, Rookie of the Year, do when he hangs up his spikes?

He puts on his Guide Step Shoes. Here's why.

"Two reasons. Like anybody else I want good-looking shoes. Shoes I can wear on campus here at Central Michigan. For dress. Everywhere.

"Second. You've heard 'em say, 'A ballplayer's legs are the first to go!' That hit home. I pay attention to my shoes. I can't wear just any shoes. Guide Steps feel different. Feel better. For example, it feels like there's something cupping my heel. Makes my foot feel more secure. Guide Steps seem firmer here in the middle, too. And up front? My toes flex more freely. There's lots more room. In general, Guide Steps feel springier. Bouncier. They feel and fit better than any shoes I've ever worn."

Guide Step lasts are measured in nineteen places. (Ordinary lasts are measured in six.) They're made for the foot in action; for men of action. For men like you . . . in all walks of life. See Guide Steps in "Living (Formula X-500)*" Leather at better shoe and department stores. *Trademark Reg. Pend.

Shown: Moc-Front Blucher.

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convince Braddock that frontier fighting was entirely different from formal warfare, and that Indian allies were indispensable. And when a number of Cherokee and Catawba braves met the march, it seemed at first that redskinned and redcoated warriors were going to get along remarkably well. For the Indians had brought their squaws to rent, and the thickets around camp soon had as few vacancies as the Saturday-night motels around a modern American city.

The braves liked the brisk trade just fine—"their squaws bringing them money in plenty," as one recruit wrote. The squaws and the soldiers liked it, too. "First the women dance whilst the men are sitting," another fascinated soldier mentioned, "and then every women takes out her man, dances with him, lays with him for a week and then returns to her proper husband." But General Braddock didn't like it at all. He sent patrols out to beat the brush, and they returned empty-handed. He ordered whippings and offered rewards to informers. The soldiers turned each other in, took their whippings like men, and spent the reward money on more squaws.

George kept a straight face in front of the fuming general, but when he rode back after supply funds, he was chuckling to himself all the way to the Potomac. He enjoyed a visit to Belvoir, and Sally gave him her best horse to replace his own spent mount. Then he returned to camp, to learn that Braddock had committed the most serious blunder possible. He'd ordered the squaws sent away. Deeply insulted, all but eight of the braves had gone with them.

Forty days later, the missing Indian allies were desperately needed. In the forest beside the Monongahela River, the 1,450-man English army ran into a force of just 250 Frenchmen and 600 French-allied warriors. Just up from a sickbed, young Washington performed prodigies in that battle that have been legendary ever since. With the redcoats caught in column on a narrow road and the unseen enemy laying down a lethal crossfire from cover on both sides, he carried Braddock's orders for hours through a thickening tangle of dead and wounded. Two horses were shot out from under him, and four bullets clipped through his coat. When all orders failed, he brought the Virginia companies up in a circling counterattack, only to find himself under fire, in the confusion, by the very men he was trying to save. With nothing left but full retreat, he organized a rear-guard action, saw the wounded Braddock to safety and then set out alone to bring help from a following detachment, finally sliding from his horse in exhaustion after a full 30 hours in the saddle. Had it been in the general's power to grant them, George could have had a dozen King's commissions for that day's work. But Braddock died just a short time later.

Washington went on waiting hopefully, struggling with the lonely job of guarding the frontier against Indian raiders. Newspapers charged that he permitted gambling and heavy drinking in his command and let the regulation limit of six female camp-followers per company be exceeded. If he did, he had good reason—he'd just seen the scalps of 600 men sacrificed as a result of saving their morals. In spite of such charges, prominent Virginians did their best for him, reminding influential English connections that "had General Braddock survived, he would have provided handsomely for him in the regulars." But a year went by and then another, and George was still wearing a blue uniform.

In his growing disappointment, Mrs. Fairfax was still his consolation, and the spreading whispers were beginning to worry the lady's relatives. Already, her sister-in-law had written George bluntly suggesting he find a wife of his own and give up "those pleasing reflections on the hours past which ought to be banished out of your thoughts." But soldiers at isolated outposts hold on to their pleasing reflections, and in the autumn of 1757, when Sally's husband sailed for England, Colonel Washington applied for leave. He was refused, but a mysterious illness was plaguing him, so he put himself on the sicklist and came home anyway, sending a plaintive note to Belvoir explaining that he was alone with no one to nurse him.

A Virginia lady could hardly be expected to let a brave soldier die without a feminine hand to cool his brow. Sally packed up her basket of medicines and trotted over. Winter closed down, and it was a memorable winter for this fellow who'd been so unlucky in war. In his own words, he would "feel the force of her amiable beauties in the recollection of a thousand tender passages" the rest of his life. But it was also a winter that would have sent gossip raging all along the Potomac, except for just one thing—with spring, George Washington finally faced up to reality.

As free-living as colonial Virginia was, divorce was unknown, and if he couldn't install the woman he wanted in Mount Vernon, there were other aspects of marriage to consider. Well before the absent husband's return, George squelched all threat of a scandal by a surprise whirlwind courtship of short, dumpy Martha Custis, the richest widow in Virginia. Even so, months after his engagement he was still writing long passionate letters to his neighbor's wife, telling her to neither doubt nor expose him, and short formal notes to his own intended. And he faced reality in another sense—faced the fact that a captaincy in the regulars just wasn't coming. So he resigned his colonial commission, hung up his blue uniform and fully expected never to wear it again.

But he was wrong. Sixteen years later, with no further military experience, this man who'd never commanded anything larger than an understrength regiment, who'd led just 40 men in his only victory, put that same uniform back on and went out to match wits with veteran generals of the very army that had rejected him.

Now, as he struggled to keep the remnants of his half-clothed Continen-

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tals together in the snow beside a fast-freezing river, there was nothing in those memories to warm the numbing hopelessness of the moment. The great love of his life was in England, still with her husband. And the smug-faced professionals he'd first tried so hard to join and then tried so hard to beat were waiting on the far shore, confident of capturing and hanging him. If nothing was left to him but a kind of fight more akin to Indian raiding than open warfare, then the Virginia wilderness that he knew so well was the logical place to make it. But it was impossible to think of that frontier without old wounds of pride throbbing painfully.

He'd changed little through his civilian years. If he'd lived the life of a wealthy planter, he'd done it at his own furious pace—rising at dawn for a quick breakfast of hotcakes, riding the rounds of his fields, returning for a second breakfast of more hotcakes with eggs and meat, saving afternoons for hunting and evenings for card-playing. And he'd been a good husband in most ways. (No one will ever know what it was like for Martha, realizing her man preferred the woman next door; after his death she burned every letter that had passed between them, and whatever diaries George kept through a six-year period bracketing his marriage also turned up missing.)

True enough, he'd been a heavy drinker, but no one had ever seen him drunk. A pint of wine was a normal part of a meal to him, and social drinking meant more wine or rum or champagne afterward, although he enjoyed beer, too. He lamented the shortage of good whisky so long that he finally set up his own distillery at Mount Vernon, for the market as well as his personal use. He'd been a devoted gambler, but never for stakes he couldn't afford. He rarely won or lost more than $50 at cards in any one evening, although he bet more heavily on horse races, particularly after he began breeding his own entries, and on every lottery he heard of, and he'd frequently made book for his friends and neighbors. His riskiest gambling had been done in real estate. He'd begun parlaying Martha's money into an eventual fortune in frontier land, sending surveyors disguised as hunters into the Indian country, where speculation was illegal, in order to get first crack at the choicest river bottoms the moment the region was opened up.

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He'd kept himself busy; and yet, in retrospect, that decade and a half had been little more than a lull in his stormy life. Because here, beside the Delaware, he was pretty much the same man he'd been beside the Monongahela. In spite of all those double breakfasts, the same uniform still fit him. Nothing about him had thickened but the veneer of gentlemanly reserve, the shell that hid the primitive interior, and the war had worn that thin in a hurry. He wasn't the young aristocrat fighting for a king's favor now; he was a hunted outlaw fighting for his life.

"My neck wasn't made for a halter," he told his adjutant, and there seemed to be just one way of saving that neck—retire to Augusta County in Virginia and wage guerrilla warfare from the wilderness. Every maxim of his limited military training, every particle of his reason and intelligence, told him it was the only thing to do.

But every instinct said otherwise. The thought grated on every nerve end in his body. The more he pondered that retreat to the scene of his earlier soldiering, with those years of frustration fresh in mind and the mocking fox-chase bugle calls still smarting in his ears, the more his very insides rebelled. He'd lost face once too often. Something within him broke loose and grew into uncontrollable rage.

Maybe it would be different this time, he told himself, tried to convince himself. *Maybe with the army cut to a fraction of its former size by mass desertions, the hard core left could be trusted. Maybe, as ragged and frostbitten as the remaining men might be, they were men who would fight.*

Whatever snapped inside him snapped all the way. He didn't retire to Augusta County. He didn't even wait for firm ice to attempt a near-impossible defense of Philadelphia. Instead, he did something far more impossible—he attacked.

One week, just one short week after deciding the game was pretty well up, this amateur general and British-army reject turned on his tormentors like a pain-crazed fox turning on the hounds, slashed back across the ice-choked river and opened a campaign that Frederick the

"What's this I hear about you helping little girls across the street up to your apartment, Rawlinson?"

Great would call "the most brilliant of any recorded in the annals of military history." Another admiring German would paint a version of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" that has decorated American schoolrooms ever since. But George didn't stand up in a skiff flying a flag that hadn't been invented yet. He sat tight in a shallow-draft, canoelike Durham ore barge about 40 feet long and eight feet wide, with mixed rain and sleet slapping his face and heavy floes thudding against the gunnel beside him. Staring astern through the darkness, he made out the great bulk of his favorite colonel of artillery—fat, jovial Harry Knox—and he saw a chance to relax the tense faces of his officers.

"Shift your ass, Knox!" he growled in mock anger. "And trim the boat!"

In sharp contrast to the famous painting, it was in full-throated cathartic laughter that Washington and his staff crossed the Delaware that historic night. But there was little else to laugh about. The wind was from the northeast and rising, the bottom was dropping out of the thermometer, and a full blizzard was shaping up. He'd planned a three-pronged assault on Trenton, and the two lower prongs had been turned back by the ice in the river. He had less than half the men he'd counted on, and it was already 4 in the morning. With nine miles of glazed, mirror-slick roads ahead, all chance of a dawn attack was lost.

"We're going to take Trenton," he insisted, the same way a man might say spring follows winter or everyone dies someday. His troops moved out, slipping and sliding, and halfway along that hurried march, where the road forked, he split them into two detachments, one under Nat Greene and the other under John Sullivan. He was with Greene when a courier came racing cross-country with word that the rain had ruined the powder.

"Tell Sullivan to use the bayonet," he ordered in that calm tone of absolute inflexibility. "We're going to take Trenton."

Everyone knows the rest. Use the bayonet and take Trenton they did, materializing like ghosts from a blinding snowstorm to surprise a Hessian garrison still groggy from too much Christmas cheer. Sentries opened fire, then turned and ran, but no effective alarm could be sounded above the wind-scream of a northeaster. Advance American units raced on past the town to cut off escape, and the 18 field pieces that the broad-beamed Colonel Knox had nursed through the winter's worst swept the streets, while determined infantrymen hurried from house to house, often trusting solely in the sharp steel at a musket's end. In ecstatic pride and satisfaction, the man who'd recently attempted suicide because of the cowardice of his command now saw his Continentals charging the mouths of enemy cannon and bayoneting the gun crews. The battle was brief, but the victory was overwhelming—106 of the enemy killed or wounded and 918 captured, against no American dead and only four men wounded.

That was only the beginning. What followed was even bolder, almost unbelievable to the stunned British. After ferrying his army and prisoners safely to the Pennsylvania shore, Washington suddenly recrossed the Delaware and reoccupied Trenton in open defiance of an aroused enemy. A vastly superior force of redcoats marched out from Princeton to punish this audacity, pinning the rebels down at the river's edge on the evening of January 2 with every certainty of wiping them out completely in the morning. But then the man who'd attacked with such savage recklessness showed savage cunning, too—pulling the old Indian trick of building his campfires bright, then muffling hoofs and wheels and sneaking his army out through the very shadows of the enemy, advancing on their base behind their backs. Morning found the British generals pushing from their tents and listening in amazement to a far-off booming.

"Must be thunder," General Cornwallis insisted.

"Thunder, hell!" General Erskine gasped, pointing to the deserted campsite they were guarding. "Those are Washington's guns at Princeton. He's outgeneraled us!"

At that moment, the big Virginian was personally leading his men in a charge on the enemy lines, waving them on when the redcoats broke and ran, then riding ahead in a long racing pursuit across open fields and laughing like a madman. "A fine fox-chase, boys!" he roared. "A fine fox-chase!" Everyone knows that story, too, and every incredible twist and turn of it is true.

But everyone knows a lot of other Washington stories that George himself never knew. For when he launched what was left of his army across the Delaware that Christmas night, he launched himself into sainthood. The ink would scarcely be dry on his obituaries before a part-time parson named Mason Weems would knock out a fictional *Life of Washington* and rush it to print. Another part-time parson named Jared Sparks would carry on by rewriting George's letters for him. Eventually, in Mrs. Fairfax's attic trunk, some letters would turn up that Sparks had missed, but his successors would merely insist, with straight faces, that the thousand tender passages a lusty soldier on leave remembered all his life were poetry readings. And when the time came to immortalize him in bronze and on postage stamps, the pose chosen would, of course, be the one he consistently refused to assume—kneeling in prayer.

If George Washington had had any way of knowing his country would allow self-appointed protectors of the public morals to turn him into a Puritan, and allow their political counterparts to outlaw his fellow lottery-players and bookmakers, and oppress his fellow liquor manufacturers with discriminatory taxes many times as heavy as the one that set off the Boston Tea Party, he'd have stayed on his own side of the Delaware.

But all that was far in the future when he took his victory-flushed army into win-

ter quarters at Morristown. He was still a fox to the British—"the Old Fox," they called him after that, and they never bugled "View, halloo!" at him again. He would know more days of despair, with never enough men and munitions, never a tenth of the support the country could have given him. Once, when the Virginia legislature voted him a gift of four geldings, he snorted that it was a fitting symbol of the way the nation was castrating its army. But never again, even at Valley Forge, did he completely lose the confidence he'd regained that winter week. He was still the amateur general, learning as he went along. But what he lacked in command experience, he made up in experience at the gaming table. He fought the entire remaining five years of the war like a veteran poker player who just doesn't have the cards—keeping his losses as small as possible and waiting for that one big hand. He was a master of deception; the lies he fed British intelligence were both ingenious and effective. His big hand came when the French fleet appeared on the Atlantic skyline off Yorktown, and he made the most of it. But in those five years he aged 20.

"General," he was asked once, "did you ever really say there was something charming in the sound of bullets?"

"If I did," he admitted, "I must have been very young."

When it was all over, he wanted nothing more than to get back to his farms and his foxhounds. But the nation needed his name, and he eventually went on to the Constitutional Convention and then the Presidency—a quiet man of action lending his hard-won prestige to the shouting men of ideas around him. He was out of his element, and he withdrew more and more into that shell of cold aristocratic aloofness. But there was one acquaintance who saw through his armor even then.

"His features were indicative of the strongest and most ungovernable passions," portrait-painter Gilbert Stuart observed. "Had he been born in the forest, he would have been the fiercest man among the savages."

When he finally returned to Mount Vernon, he didn't have much time left. But he spent one May evening in 1798 warming the heart of the now-widowed Sally, writing her that their moments together were the happiest of his life. Nineteen months later he got up at dawn, looked out his window, and saw a storm of mixed rain and sleet shaping up, as forbidding as the one he'd faced at the Delaware 23 years earlier. He'd done his job then, and he did the only job left to him now, riding the rounds of his lands as usual. A cold came on, he went to bed and never rose again. Soldier, statesman, surveyor, speculator, gambler, bookie, savior of his country and distiller of whisky, he'd led a full life, and he didn't repent a day of it. He asked for no preachers and confessed no sins. At the very end, he pushed aside a servant's hand, counted his own failing pulse, and then died.

More places in this world bear his name than that of any other man who ever lived.

—Gene Caesar

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Escape of the Rebel Raider

[*Continued from page 62*]

engines, and the *Tallahassee* began to crawl over the inky water of the harbor. She showed no running lights, a precaution Jock Fleming had insisted on.

"A mon learns to mimic the cat," he said with a wry grin. "I'll feel the way wi' ma whiskers."

And Jock Fleming was as good as his word. His educated whiskers guided the dark hulk of the Confederate cruiser through the maze of shipping in the harbor, where her huddled crew gazed squarely down the muzzles of the British cannon. To Wood's intense relief, they were not challenged. Obviously, their unwilling hosts were not expecting such a move.

But when the *Tallahassee* aimed her blunt bow down the narrow channel of the eastern passage, the tension on board became a tangible thing, a force that could almost be felt. Up on the bridge, Captain Wood gasped involuntarily as he stared ahead. What he saw was an incredibly thin ribbon of water, gleaming faintly as it wound through the lumpy dunes. The *Tallahassee* was thrusting into this canal like a cork into the neck of a bottle. It was quite evident to the captain that at any moment his ship would run aground and flop to an ignominious standstill like a fish in a shallow puddle.

But miraculously, the *Tallahassee* continued to steam ahead. Jock Fleming's enormous hands engulfed the spokes of the wheel and his eyes darted from side to side, measuring the looming silhouette of the channel's banks. Distances were deceptive in the darkness. Wood hardly dared to breathe, let alone speak, lest he disturb the pilot's concentration. Once or twice he heard ominous grating sounds as her keel scraped the bottom, and he braced himself for the jar that would mean the end of this fantastic voyage. But slowly, steadily, the *Tallahassee* bored her way through the blackness.

An hour and a half later, Captain Wood drew his first long breath. They should be in the open sea before long. Lawlor's Island loomed off the starboard side, and already he was sensing the surge of the swells and the freedom from these cursed, confining walls.

Suddenly Fleming stiffened. "Reverse engines!" he snapped.

Automatically, Wood relayed the command. As the *Tallahassee* rumbled to a stop, he turned to the pilot, his heart sinking.

"What's the matter?"

Fleming was peering ahead. "We've come tae the worst turn, sir."

"Well?"

"Knowin' the length of this hull, I canna guarantee we'll make it."

"We've got to make it!" Wood banged his first on the chart table. "Don't tell me we've come this far only to be stalled within sight of the open sea!"

"I didna dig the channel, sir," Fleming said quietly. "Nor build this ship."

Wood gestured apologetically. "I'm sorry. You've done a magnificent job, Fleming. What can we do now?"

"I'd recommend sending a dory on ahead, with a light. We'll follow him."

"It's worth a try. I'll see to it."

Minutes later, the *Tallahassee* was underway again. Ahead of her bobbed a pinpoint of light at the stern of the small boat Captain Wood had ordered over the side. As the ship inched her way around the turn, her long hull scraping the banks in places, Wood again held his breath. He was mentally picturing how it would be if morning found the proud raider hung up on a mud flat, helpless. He could fairly hear the Yankee laughter, and it made his stomach wrench into knots.

Then, beside him, Jock Fleming chuckled deep in his cavernous chest. "We're clear, sir."

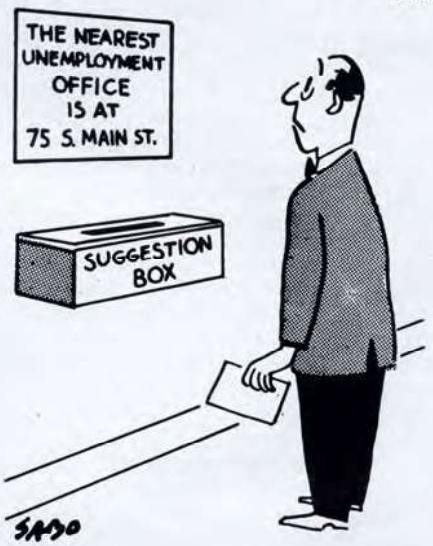
It was more than Captain Wood could take. Almost involuntarily, a wild Rebel yell burst from his throat and echoed across the rolling hills.

Shortly after midnight, the *Tallahassee* paused again—this time just off Devil's Island. Jock Fleming threw one long leg over the rail and held out a hairy paw to Wood.

"Good luck, sir. Ye'll be safe enough now."

"Thanks to you." Wood took the proffered hand and shook it warmly. "I'll not forget you, Jock. And I have a feeling I may be seeing you again—sooner than you think."

TRUE



As Fleming climbed down the ladder and rowed away into the darkness, Captain Wood strained his eyes for a last look at the Nova Scotia shore. He didn't know what had prompted his parting remark to the pilot, nor what had caused this momentary twinge of regret. Nor would he have much time to reflect on it during the next few months, for the captain was a busy man while the war lasted. But afterward, Wood returned to the Canadian port from which he had made his spectacular escape. He entered business there and became one of Halifax's best known and respected citizens. On July 19, 1904, the former Confederate raider died in his home at 67 Morris Street—a man who refused to be captured by force, but who wound up being trapped by the magnetism of a rugged and beautiful land.

—Ray Darby

man to man ANSWERS

Were there any ranches in the Old West bigger than America's two giant ranches of today—the King Ranch in Texas and the Parker Ranch in Hawaii? These 20th century spreads run big, all right, the King with over a million acres, and the Parker with a much smaller, but still huge, 265,000. Still, the answer to that question, which bears the brand of Alan Court of Indianapolis, is that, big as they are, these ranches were topped in size by the granddaddy of all U.S. ranches. That was the immense spread operated by the Capitol Syndicate—in Texas, of course—and it came into being in a peculiarly Texan manner.

It seems that back in the 80's, the state was badly in need of a new capitol building. The trouble was, the treasury was short of cash and a bond issue was viewed with disfavor. But there was one thing the state was long on—land. That fact sparked an idea in the minds of some ingenious politicians, and the state came up with an official offer: anyone who would build a suitable building could take his pay in a kingdom all his own—10 whole counties in the Panhandle.

This remarkable offer stirred much interest, both in and out of the state, and many cattlemen and financiers went up to take a look at the 10 counties. Most went away shaken by the amount of capital it would take, both to build the gigantic red granite capitol building and to develop a ranch. Eventually a group of well-heeled Chicago and British financiers took the bait, built the outsize capitol building, and claimed their land.

The ranch they thus acquired covered 3,050,000 acres, and, by the early 90's, 150,000 head of cattle sported the famed XIT (standing for Ten in Texas) brand. It took 1,500 miles of fencing to keep them on their home range, and 600 windmills to keep them from getting thirsty.

While the XIT was the biggest U.S. ranch, it has to take second place when it comes to the record for the whole North American continent. The super ranch was the immense holding of Don Luis Terazas, in Chihuahua, Mexico. Twice as big as Capitol's 10 counties, and three times as big as the King Ranch, it sprawled over 6 million acres. On this expanse ranged some 400,000 cattle, undoubtedly the largest number ever owned at one time by one man.

This huge domain, which flourished well into the 20th century, is broken up today. Its lordly ruler made the mistake of betting on the wrong politician, the dictator Diaz. When Diaz was booted out, so was Don Luis. He didn't own an acre or a cow when, in 1923, he died in the United States.

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Q: Is the African zebra ever used as a draft animal? ***James E. Garrison, Jr., Decatur, Ga.***

A: Zebra have frequently been broken to harness as a stunt or for show purposes but they do not have the stamina or the temperament of good draft animals like the horse.

Q: How many cigarettes and cups of coffee do Americans consume in a day? ***J. J. Bilansky, Washington, D. C.***

A: The average American drinks 3.12 cups of coffee and smokes 10.9 cigarettes a day. Total daily consumption of coffee is about 429 million cups. The total daily consumption of cigarettes is approximately 1.36 billion.

Q: How many people have swum the English Channel? ***Peter Worthen, Washington, D. C.***

A: The first man to swim the English Channel was Capt. Matthew Webb who did it on August 25, 1875. Since then something like 800 attempts have been made and 118 of them were successful. The most recent success was achieved by an American frogman, Fred Baldasare. On July 11, 1962, he became the first person to swim the Channel under water. He used self-contained underwater breathing apparatus.

Q: Does the owner of the land on which buried treasure is found have any right to the treasure? ***L. R. Harley, Kingman, Ariz.***

A: No. The finder of the treasure is entitled to it and the owner of the land on which it is found has no right to it. Of course, this applies only to coins and valuables buried or hidden on the land. It does not apply to ore or other natural deposits.

Q: Do any corals live in cold oceans? ***Joseph Sebold, Brooklyn, N. Y.***

A: Yes. A coral formation actually consists of thousands of skeletons produced by a small animal called a polyp. In tropical seas these animals live in colonies and produce large coral reefs. Simpler, more primitive, corals are cup-shaped and contain a single polyp. They live buried in the mud in deep cold water in all seas from Greenland to the tropics.

Q: What is the largest piece of mobile machinery ever built? ***Richard H. Slaymaker, Fresno, Calif.***

A: It is probably a giant stripping shovel now in use at a Kentucky coal mine. The machine is 220 feet tall, 90 feet higher than the Statue of Liberty. It requires 52 electric motors that consume power enough to supply a town of 15,000 people. In a single day the machine can remove more than 100,000 cubic yards of material and uncover more than 14,000 tons of coal. It was built by the Bucyrus-Erie Co.

Q: Was there ever a major league pitcher who won 60 games in one season? ***Paul D. Solenne, Ellsworth, S. D.***

A: Charles "Old Hoss" Radbourne won 60 games in 1884 pitching for the Providence club of the National League. This record has never been equalled and it earned Radbourne a plaque in the Baseball Hall of Fame. At the end of the 1884 season Radbourne appeared in 27 consecutive games, winning 26 of them and gathering 18 victories in a row.

Q: Is it true that two Italians are responsible for building the Kremlin? ***Norman Entler, Oakland, Calif.***

European

A: It's partly true. Kremlin literally means "the fortress of a city." In Russia many cities have them. Originally they were wooden stockades. The Moscow Kremlin is the largest. It is a walled-in area of about 60 acres in the heart of the city. The brick walls range from 12 to 15 feet in thickness and from 30 to 50 feet in height. There are about 40 large buildings within it. The first two of these buildings were constructed by two Italian brothers, Maron and Pietro Antonio, during the reign of Ivan III which lasted from 1462 to 1505.

Q: What is a snow flea? ***R. P. Robinson, Newcastle, Me.***

A: Any type of insect that is frequently found on the snow is likely to be called a snow flea. A good example is the springtail, a wingless insect which folds its tail under its body and uses it like a spring to make long leaps. In the very early spring these insects are often found in the snow, swarming at the bases of tree trunks and tumbling into sap buckets.

RING THE BELL on Archive.org

Q: Who was the first white child born in North America? ***Bruce Dysch, Selkirk, Manitoba.***

A: The first child born of European parents on American soil was Snorro, the son of Thorfinn Karlsefni and Gudrid, the widow of Leif Ericsson's brother. They came to America with 160 volunteers in 1007. Snorro was born that same year. Their settlement of Vinland may have been in Labrador, Nova Scotia or on the coast of Maine.

Q: How fast does a housefly fly? ***R. A. Conger, Shelbyville, Ind.***

A: A widely accepted figure for speed under controlled conditions is 4.4 mph. In nature they may go somewhat faster.

Q: Was there such a person as the Admirable Crichton? ***G. M. Stewart, Monterey Park, Calif.***

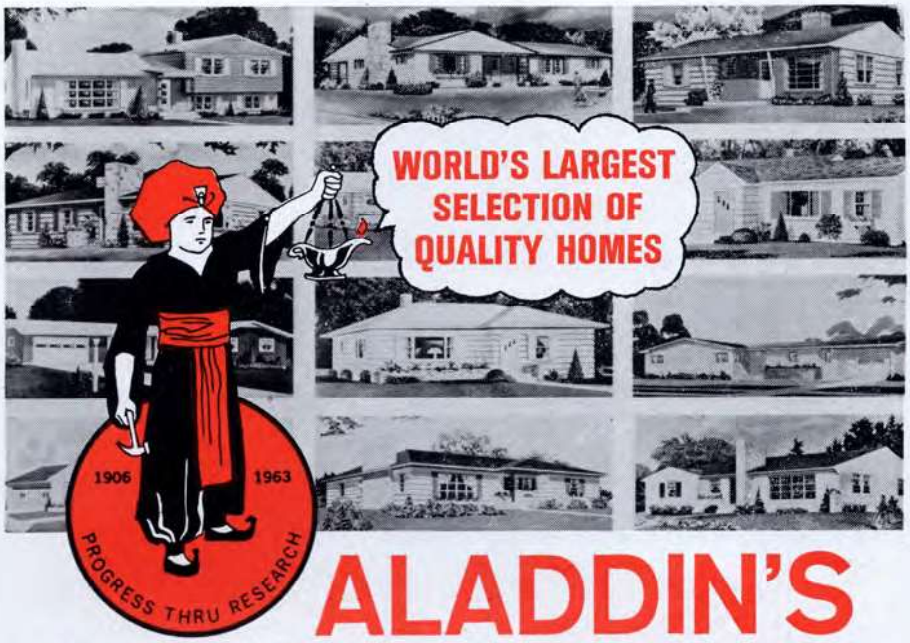
A: Yes. He was James Crichton, a Scottish intellectual who died in 1582. He traveled widely in Europe and became famous for his beauty of person, his elegance of manner, his astounding memory and his intellectual accomplishments. He distinguished himself as a swordsman and killed many of the best swordsmen in Italy. He was a child prodigy and before he was 20 he had mastered 10 or 12 languages, run through the whole circle of sciences and perfected himself in all the knightly accomplishments.

Q: What does the D in D-Day stand for? ***J. H. Retzer, Easley, S. C.***

A: It doesn't really stand for anything except day. It simply means a previously designated day for launching a specific tactical operation. Actually, so far as the famous Normandy D-Day is concerned, June 6 had not been specifically designated. Based on meteorological predictions General Eisenhower had decided it would have to be one of three days in June, the fifth, sixth or seventh. But the final decision had to be left to the last minute.

Q: What is the difference between a mile square and a square mile? ***James T. Williams, South Bend, Ind.***

A: A mile square is a square with each side a mile long. A square mile has the same area but can be any shape. Two square miles, of course, contain only half the area of a two-mile square.



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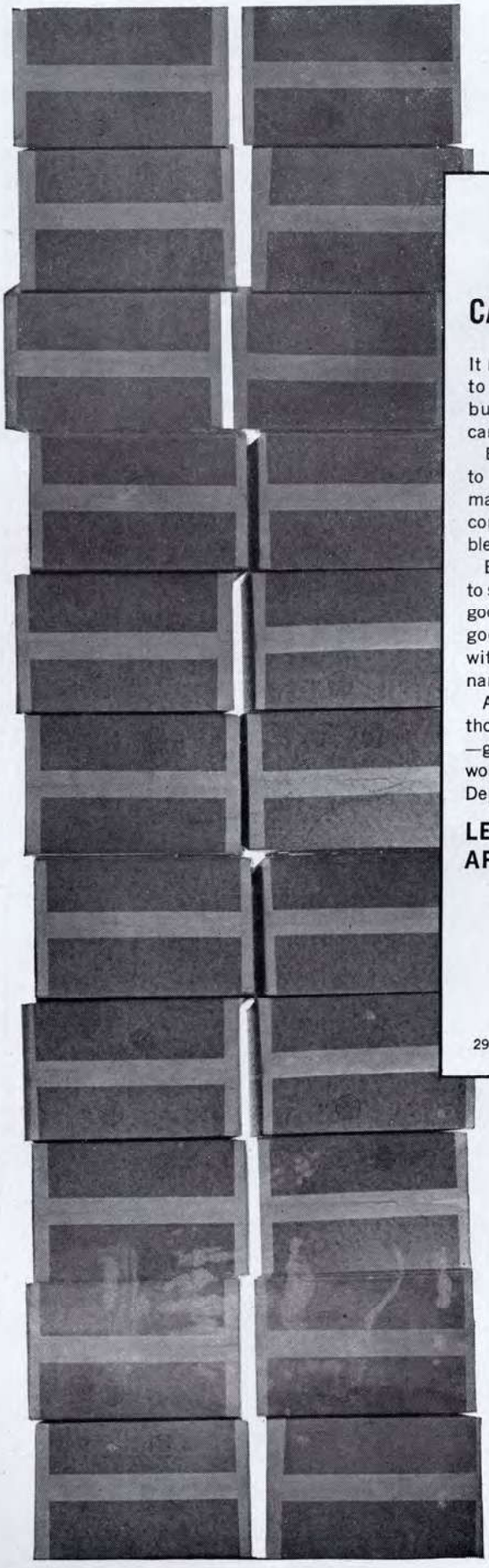

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Q: Who is the current holder of the North American Sled Dog Championship? ***Edward Davis, Columbus, Ohio***

A: This event is a 70-mile race which takes place in March at Fairbanks, Alaska. It is sponsored by the Alaska Dog Mushers Association and total prize money is $10,500. The race takes place over three days and consists of two 20-mile heats and one 30-mile heat. The current champion is Dr. Roland Lombard of Wayland, Mass., who won all three heats in 1962.

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Q: Are the Bushmen of South Africa Negroes? ***Clyde E. Vaughn, Jr., Ocala, Fla.***

A: No. Their skin is yellowish and they resemble the Mongolian races more closely than they do the true Negroes. It is thought that they originated in Asia and wandered into Africa thousands of years ago. They are slender and most of them are less than five feet tall. They are probably the earliest human inhabitants of South Africa. Today they are found mostly in and around the Kalahari Desert.

Q: There is an enormous steam engine at Iron Mountain, Mich. Is it still operating? ***Roy Kouski, Port Byron, Ill.***

A: It's enormous all right but it's no longer running. Today it is just a tourist attraction. The engine is 54 feet high and its flywheel is 40 feet in diameter. It is said to be the largest pump of its type ever built in this country. It is called a Cornish pump since it is modeled after pumps used in the tin mines of Cornwall. It was used to combat the flow of water which was flooding three mine shafts on the Menominee iron range. The steam engine was built in 1890 and was used to operate the pumps until electrically operated pumps were substituted in 1914. It was designed to pump 3,000 gallons a minute from a sump over 1,500 feet underground.

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Red Rape

[*Continued from page* 55]

good news. "Two big Junker 52 transport planes are on the way in," he told them. "They plan to evacuate as many airport staff as possible, and you girls have been given priority."

The girls cheered, and some tearfully kissed boy friends who were being left to the mercy of the Russians, while the two transport planes grew larger in the sky. The planes landed through shell fire, and the girls waited for orders to move out. And they waited, and waited. Then, before their horrified eyes, their officers, with bags and briefcases, hurried to the planes. "It will be our turn next," the girls reassured one another—but faintly. They saw the ladders removed, the doors slammed, the props revving up. They screamed and wept, and many ran after the planes as they took off. For an hour there was pandemonium. The remaining Luftwaffe men tried to calm them, and the panic was replaced by a laughing hysteria. The entire staff made for the cafeteria and bar. Someone found dance music and champagne. They began to jitterbug. The girls laughed and drank deeply. Some fell drunk on the floor. Others departed with men for the underground dormitories. Thirty beds to a dormitory, but who cared? The music jangled away to a rising volume of gunfire outside. . . .

In the Fuehrer Bunker the S.S. liaison officer, Gen. Hermann Fegelein, who was the husband of Eva Braun's sister and thus Hitler's about-to-be brother-in-law, telephoned Himmler at Hohenlychen, northwest of Berlin. The conversation was such gibberish that Himmler exclaimed to his companions, "Everybody in Berlin is mad. What am I to do?"

But everyone in Berlin was not mad. With a soldier's stoicism, Weidling took the bad news that was coming in from all directions. The second line of defense was cracking, and the Russians were at the edge of Tempelhof Field. Wearily he gave orders for the airfield to be held to the last. Desperate German soldiers ran back through machine-gun fire across the runways and dug in with their anti-tank guns inside the airfield buildings. At midnight the Russian tanks launched their main assault, followed by Cossacks on their ponies. The Germans let fly with bazookas and anti-tank guns. The Russians had to clear the buildings with flame-throwers. Survivors said that hearing the screams of the women was the most sickening experience of the whole war. Many charred figures were found coupled together.

Tempelhof is exactly three miles from the Brandenburg Gate. While Hitler in his personal Bunker still planned grandiose offensives which would liberate the city, Weidling, on a more practical level, was preparing to pull back his troops to the next line of the city's defense.

Southwest Berlin. April 23. Morning. Dahlem is one of the most fashionable quarters of all Berlin, near Grunewald and the Berlin lakes, six miles from the Brandenburg Gate. Here lived such disparate celebrities as Admiral Doenitz, Heinrich Himmler and Max Schmeling. Here Frau Wellman, an elderly lady, remains today an impressive example of the Berliner's sense of survival. "I moved into my house 30 years ago," she said to me, looking back through time. "I have stayed in it through the Hitler era, the war, the bombing, the Russian occupation, the American occupation." On that morning of April 23 she looked out the window and to her alarm saw Russian tanks clanking down the street. They

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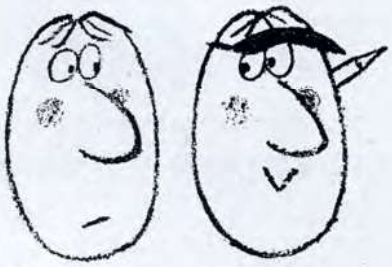

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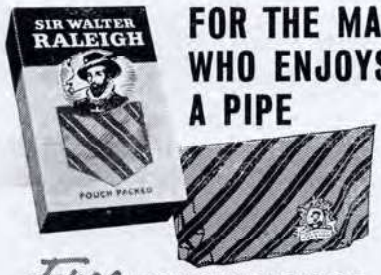

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stopped outside her house and the tank crews descended with gleeful shouts. "I had forgotten that the Russians love flowers," said Frau Wellman, "and I happened to have a beautiful garden." She watched the Russians gather armfuls of lilac and apple blossom, lace them round the cannon of their tanks, behind their ears and in their forage caps. Thus fantastically garlanded, they resumed their advance.

Everywhere the Russians arrived, the rapes began at once, though some places fared better than others. In working-class districts, where many of the inhabitants were old-time Socialists, the people formed reception committees for the men they considered liberators. Their daughters wore their best costumes, plaited their hair, and waited with bouquets. The drunken Russians arrived, smashed the bouquets from the girls' hands, threw them to the ground and raped them, beat up and pistol-whipped the men.

In the bourgeois quarter of Wilmersdorf, on the other hand, the men sent their womenfolk to the far parts of the cellars and placed themselves near the doors. The Russians looked in, and although they were the conquerors, were disconcerted by the sight of so many determined grim faces, and withdrew.

In fashionable Zehlendorf, women slit their wrists or threw themselves from upstairs windows. But even here, touches of the irrepressible Berlin humor shone through to lighten the horror. An especially beautiful woman I know, then 20, was lying in bed in her silk nightgown when a Russian broke into her room. In sign language she pointed first to her wristwatch, then to herself, indicating he could have one or the other, but not both. The Russian took the watch and left. "I was rather offended," she said.

Another young Berlin girl was invited politely by a soldier to lie down on the grass at Grunewald. Afterwards he dusted her clothes. "Call that a rape?" she demanded.

The Russian point of view on the great rape has never been, and probably never will be, expressed (except by Khrushchev, who denied it ever happened). There may be a clue in a conversation in 1960 between an American writer and a Russian colleague. The Russian was from Leningrad, a very cosmopolitan and sophisticated type. "I was a tank captain," he said. "We had slugged our way all the way from Stalingrad, and we were one of the first tanks into Berlin at Friedrichsfelde. We were delighted and stopped at the first tavern to toast our victory in German schnapps. We toasted America. We toasted King George VI and General de Gaulle. We forgot the war. I remember no more about the Battle of Berlin, but I could lead you unerringly to that tavern if I had to."

Berlin Central. April 23. Evening. Albert Speer, the German Munitions Minister, landed on the Charlottenburger Chaussee to pay his last respects to his Fuehrer. By now the Russians occupied Tegel in the north, five miles from the Brandenburg Gate, and all the north, northeast and east of the city. Although the German defense was keeping open its communications, Russian storm troops here and there would make a sudden burst to explode into the heart of a German position. Weidling's headquarters had a shock at 8 p.m. when they heard that the Russians had broken into the ruins of the Stettiner Station, just over a mile northeast of the Brandenburg Gate, and were engaged in a machine-gun battle with a company of French S.S. volunteers.

Baroness Irmengard von Varo, an extremely pretty blonde noblewoman, later told an American Intelligence officer how she escaped from her apartment on the 23rd only a few hours before the Russians arrived. She made her way to the Fuehrer Bunker, where her social position gained her admittance, and took a job as a waitress in the officers' quarters. "Everyone tried to drown his or her sorrows," she said. "They smoked in spite of Hitler's orders against it, drank, ate. We celebrated the greatest parties. We had dances. One of the officers had English records, and hot music like 'Tiger Rag.'"

All this when, further below in the Bunker, Weidling was issuing orders to his polyglot multi-aged armies; when, still lower, the trembling, haunted leader of the Third Reich was having his last conference with Speer and calling on General Wenck and General Heinrici to launch massive attacks for the relief of the capital. The snag in the scheme was that neither Wenck nor Heinrici had any intention of attacking toward Berlin, an act which could only result in their being taken prisoner by the Russians. In other words, they were coldly leaving their comrades in Berlin to their fate.

Somehow, incredibly, although the U-Bahn had been given up for shelters, the S-Bahn still worked. Lothar Loewe, then a youth in the Volkssturm, told me of the most extraordinary S-Bahn journey of his life. In the train were ordinary German office workers, neatly dressed, carrying the briefcases without which Germans feel naked. There were also German soldiers, in platoon formation, carrying their arms as they were moving up into position, while wounded troops, heading for hospital, were lying on the floor. The train carrying soldiers to war or hospital, and civilians to work, duly stopped at each station. This extraordinary situation was not due to last much longer. Weidling was preparing to fall back on the S-Bahn ring as his last line of defense.

Berliners clung to their sense of humor. "Stay alive," were parting words to friends. The commonest joke in the city was: "Enjoy the war while you can. The peace will be terrible."

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"Very funny, sir—very funny. . . ."

A group of workers watched some local soldiers chopping down trees across Frankfurter Allee as an anti-tank device.

"How long do you think that will stop them?" one asked.

The Berlin sergeant removed his pipe. "An hour," he said.

"How?" the workers asked incredulously.

"One minute to get across, and the next 59 to stop laughing."

Irma Weiss, now a woman in her 50's, and living today in Munich, told me how, between bombardments, Berlin housewives emerged from the shelters to line up for food. "The sales clerks still cut coupons out of the ration books. Every now and then Russian Stormovik fighters would streak down the thoroughfares at rooftop height, strafing the streets. We flung ourselves to the ground or into trenches by the side of the road, and then, when they were gone, reformed our line, checking with our neighbors to make sure we were in the right position."

Meanwhile, in one Government office, the civil servants looked out the broken windows and saw Russian tanks rolling down the street. Only then did they stop work. They had been estimating out the nation's paper-clip requirements for the third quarter of 1945. Such is the German bureaucratic mind.

North-central Berlin. April 23. Night. By now, units were so jumbled up as to be indistinguishable. Young Harald Thoess, a Luftwaffe telegraphist, had been given the first gun he had ever handled, thrust into a unit as green as he in the Gartenfeld quarter, four and one half miles northwest of the Brandenburg Gate, and told by the S.S., "Hold your ground to the last."

"I saw Russian tanks coming round the corner," he told me, smiling at the memory. "And I did what all the other rookies did. I ran. I found myself in the basement of a factory, and although the Russians were only a few blocks away, I slept all night."

The eventful day of the 23rd had ended, and no one seemed to notice that it had been the Feast of Saint George, patron saint of the old Imperial German Army.

Harry Thoess then told me of the weird experience which befell him next morning. He walked curiously through the deserted factory where he had slept until he came to a huge planning room, full of drawing boards, pencils, rulers, compasses, neat designs still thumbtacked to the boards. He picked up a sandwich and felt it. Yesterday's bread. The previous day's work had gone on as usual, despite the artillery, the bombing, the machine-gun fire; skilled draughtsmen with their eye-shades, planning, drawing, measuring—for what? For an excuse not to have to face the dreadful truth?

Thoess, who today works for NBC in Berlin, felt an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh in this Alice-in-Wonderland fantasy. He picked up a telephone and to his astonishment found it still working. He dialed his parents' home in southern Berlin and heard it ring at the other end. At least the house was still stand-

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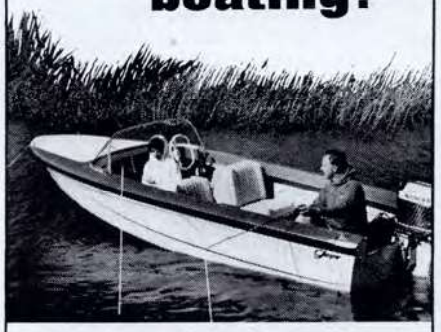

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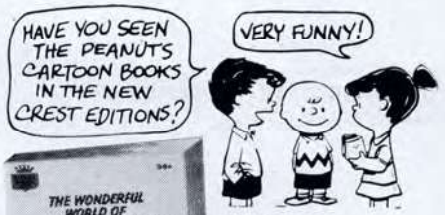

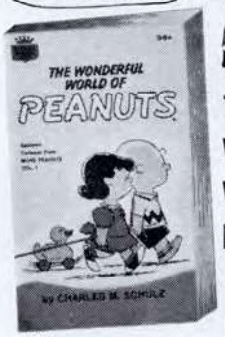

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ing. But there was no answer. Harry became worried, hung up, and made his personal peace with the Russians. He set off on foot to find his parents.

That was one of the two things most vividly remembered by Berliners who lived through this unbelievable hell . . . the telephone worked. Being underground, the lines were less subject to damage, and the telephone became, after drinking, the last luxury left. Berliners, as soon as they emerged from the cellars, telephoned. The lines ran through Russian-occupied districts and conversations crossed battle lines, running the gamut from the tragic to the wildly farcical:

"Lilli, two Russian officers have been and gone. They were polite enough. Do you realize for the first time I dare shout at the top of my voice 'To hell with Hitler.' "

"Hush. *We* aren't occupied yet . . ."

"Helga, the grocer is still open and is not punching ration cards. I have bought you some potatoes . . ."

"Konrad, I am so worried for you. You are too old to be fighting in the Volkssturm. You are only three-quarters of an hour's walk away. Come home."

"I can't. The Hitler Youth are watching all us old men in case we desert. Don't you think I am too old to be shot by children? . . ."

"Must hang up now, Richard. The Russians are banging on the door . . ."

The telephone was the first of the two vivid memories of Berlin survivors. The other was that of the bodies hanging on the trees. They were everywhere. Because desertions had become wholesale, Himmler had ordered his personal S.S. escort, Mohnke's Leibstandarte Regiment, into the city with orders to act summarily on any soldier found away from his unit without good reason. They had arrived on the 23rd, and obeyed orders ruthlessly. Most of these S.S. men were non-German. They were Danes of the Viking Division, Dutchmen, Leon Degrelle's Belgians, Pétain's Frenchmen, Vlasov's Russians. Most were ruffians and mercenaries, some honest and tragically misguided (years later, a French sergeant in the Foreign Legion at Sidi Bel-Abbès told me, "I am here because I am a Breton, a royalist and a Catholic, and I elected to fight on Hitler's side against Communism. As I sat with my tommygun in the Stettiner Station in Berlin, waiting for any *Russ* to show his head, I said to myself, 'I am about to die defending Nazism, which I hate, but I regret nothing' ").

Rogues or idealists, they had one thing in common. They had nothing to lose. They could expect no quarter whatever from the Russians. There were a few Germans among them, beardless youths with scarcely a campaign medal on their chests, the last absurd dross of Nazi fanaticism. They hanged not only soldiers but also women and children whom they accused of harboring deserters, so that civilians did not dare give aid to a wounded soldier in case they ran into these "flying commandos," as this S.S. group was called. Needless to say, these men were cordially detested by the Wehrmacht, and General Mummert gave orders to shoot any S.S. man who tried to interfere with his soldiers.

The hanging figures became almost a casual sight, as is shown by the testimony of Baroness von Varo, who is quoted here directly in the words she used to her Intelligence interrogator afterwards. Stifled by claustrophobia, she had decided to risk her life and take a walk. "I went to the wonderful Tiergarten. It was springtime and the lovely rhododendrons were in bloom. I picked some. Nobody was in the streets, and it seemed that Berlin was all mine. Of course, German soldiers were hanging to trees, and I thought this was awful."

The Fuehrer Bunker. April 24. 4 a.m. Albert Speer was awakened by an orderly who told him that a plane was ready to take off along the Charlottenburger Chaussee. Speer took a last look around the Bunker where the Third Reich, which he had served so loyally, was breathing its last. In Weidling's quarters, dog-tired staff officers and telegraphists were directing the city battle street by street. In the S.S. section, Speer saw a staggering sight, a massed orgy of wildly thrashing, naked couples. Appalled, Speer withdrew.

The Russians now occupied one third of the city. Cordoned off in ruined squares in the north, eastern and southern suburbs, 20,000 German prisoners sat morosely. The Russians within the Berlin area had captured 500 artillery pieces, 100 planes, 28 tanks. One Russian column was only eight long blocks from the Alexander Platz, one of Berlin's principal thoroughfares. If one can imagine the Fuehrer Bunker as being at Rockefeller Center, New York City, this meant that the Russians were at Union Square. Even the Adlon, still undamaged, had given up its customary service, and its ground floor and air-raid shelters had been handed to the Red Cross for the care of wounded soldiers and injured civilians. Yet flowers bloomed in the wilderness. Schiller Park was gay with lilac, apple blossom and tulips. In the zoo the keepers risked their lives every hour to stay with the animals and soothe their trembling.

Not everything went the Russian way, however. They were driven out of the Stettiner Station and chased several blocks by the French, some of whom were afterwards decorated by the Fuehrer.

By the 24th the artillery bombardment had mounted to an unceasing roar, and the remaining Berlin authorities simply gave up sounding alarms and all-clears. Berlin had been bombed, shelled, burned, churned and re-churned into an unrecognizable ghastliness. Berliners themselves were clinging to their own small lives so desperately that they hardly noticed the scene, but the few visitors still making their way to the capital were struck as if by a fist in the face. Hanna Reitsch, the fanatical Nazi woman pilot, with Ritter von Greim, the new Luftwaffe commander, managed to land a damaged plane on the Charlottenburger Chausse, and she found Berlin "a strange and wonderful sight." Not a human being to

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

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be seen, only rubble and fire against a smoke-black and flame-flecked sky, sudden explosions and balloons of red-tinted smoke rising in august dignity to the clouds, showers of red-hot meteors arcing gracefully over the broken spires and domes of the city. The Brandenburg Gate stood a wreck, with its four triumphant horses broken and lying on their sides.

Why did so many Berlin soldiers continue to dig in and fight like devils when the war was obviously over and lost? Because, according to the diary of one officer, "The Americans are advancing on Berlin. We must hold out. Imagine giving up, and then find out that had we held on another 24 hours, we would have been saved!"

With nearly 3 million Berliners underground, without newspapers or contact even with the next street, let alone the outside world, dates and times now became lost. On the 25th the Russians stormed into the Stock Exchange and fought a machine-gun battle among the ticker-tapes and stocks-and-bonds indicators against soldiers of the Muencheberg Tank Division.

On the 27th, Hanna Reitsch and Ritter von Greim took off again. Theirs was the last plane to leave Berlin. On the 28th the radio balloon connecting Berlin to the outside world was shot down. On the 29th the Russians captured Wittenberg Platz, taking thousands of Volkssturm and Hitler Youth prisoners. With Rockefeller Center again as a comparison, the enemy was now in possession of Times Square and Duffy Square.

The fighting struck uncountable notes of fantasy. Capt. Heinrich Kruger was a staff officer, "and, like many staff officers, I would go home when off duty. I managed to get to my apartment on the 29th —I think it was the 29th—and looking out of the window, saw a Russian patrol advancing. I opened up with my automatic rifle. How rarely does a soldier literally defend his own home. That apartment," he added wryly to me, "is now in the eastern zone."

The water supply broke down, and Irma Weiss did not think it in any way odd to wash herself in dry white wine.

From the fog of legend that hung over the fog of war enveloping those last hours in Berlin, another myth generated —that Hitler, in a last orgy of death-lust, ordered the subways flooded, thus condemning thousands of sheltering Berliners and wounded soldiers to a hideous death. The truth today is hopelessly lost, and accounts are still contradictory. No order was given by Hitler on the subject, but it was a fact that the Russians were trying to advance through the tunnels. On some officer's orders a stretch of the S-Bahn which ran underground between the Potsdamer and Anhalter Stations was flooded, as were stretches of the U-Bahn between Wedding and Suedstern, between Mehringdamm and Tempelhofer Damm, between Alexander Platz and Potsdamer Platz. Russian soldiers and German soldiers and civilians died in an inextricable horror of confusion, 800 of them in the S-Bahn alone, and about 1,000 in all.

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which to sup. Richard Adler, a taxi driver, told me how he saw the bodies of civilians and soldiers drifting down the River Spree. One subway shelter received a direct hit, and advancing platoons of soldiers turned their heads away, because one could see in the depths dead civilians lying three and four deep, like sardines in a half-opened can.

At 10 o'clock on the night of the 29th, General Weidling, hollow-eyed from lack of sleep, presented his last military report to his superiors. Listening in silence were Hitler, Goebbels, Bormann, General Burgdorf and others.

Standing in front of the wall map, Weidling stated quietly, "Our military position has deteriorated exactly in accordance with my expectations. The Russians have advanced along the Saarlandstrasse and the Wilhelmstrasse, and are almost at the Air Ministry. In the west of the city they have attacked from the north and are between Bismarckstrasse and Kantstrasse. In the south they have occupied Grunewald and Reichssportfeld."

One of the generals asked whether the encirclement of the city was complete.

"Not quite," said Weidling. "Hitler Youth are holding a bridgehead on the Havel Lake at Pichelsdorf."

"And elsewhere?"

"Elsewhere," Weidling admitted, "the Russian advance is universal. They will reach the Bunker on May 1, the day after tomorrow. I can do nothing more to stop it." He turned to the silent Fuehrer and asked permission to give an opinion.

The livid ghost nodded. "Now or never," said Weidling, "I must order the rest of my troops to break the ring and escape from Berlin."

Hitler was drained of emotion. The screaming, the denunciations, the demented orders belonged to the past, and the Fuehrer, quiet now, was not lacking in military *savoir-faire*. "A breakout is impossible," he said. He explained that while individual soldiers might escape, larger units, exhausted and without ammunition, would be slaughtered. The conference ended.

Yet above their heads the great tragedy was still being played out. The cadavers hanging from the lamp posts grew thicker. Harald Thoess, darting from street door to street door to avoid S.S. patrols, and thereby escape augmenting the number of dangling corpses, reached his home to find it undamaged, his parents in the shelter. Harry, who is 5 feet 3 inches tall and baby-faced, threw away his uniform and put on his old schoolboy clothes. In this disguise he joined his parents, and was one of the few servicemen to survive in Berlin without ever getting caught by the S.S. or the Russians.

Veterans recall that in those last hours every military truck which carried soldiers also carried a complement of girls. It seemed that the girls, terrified of what was going to happen to them, found security in attaching themselves to army platoons, and even followed them into action, invariably drunk.

On the morning of the 30th, Lothar Loewe (who today works for the West German Radio) was bearing a message to General Weidling's headquarters, and he recalls a fantastic view of death and desolation on the Kurfuerstendamm. Where, before the war, the great Kur'damm was brilliant with lights, hotels and gorgeous shops, there were now just ruins, burned-out tanks, crazily broken aircraft standing on their noses, and the inevitable row of soldiers hanging from the lamp posts.

He recalls a dead ocelot, which had escaped from the zoo, lying in the middle of the road. He saw a couple of Vlasov's Russians shake hands with each other and shoot themselves. All this time he was darting from road block to road block, every one manned by S.S. men who checked his papers. He was then struck by another scene (which has now become one of those vignettes in sharp focus which emerge from the blur of memory). Russian sharpshooters had climbed into the belfry of the ruined Gedächtnis Church at the top of the Kurfuersten-

TRUE

"Watch it, Mother, you know his weird sense of humor."

damm, and were firing at everything that moved, including Lothar Loewe. Dodging the bullets, he heard the last sound he ever expected—laughter and singing. Not 200 yards from the Russians was a bar, undamaged, which some S.S. men had broken into. They sat at the tables drinking schnapps, their girl friends giggling on their knees. This, said Loewe to himself, is the end. He headed west for Pichelsdorf and Spandau where, as Hitler had forecast, there was a seething panic of thousands of soldiers trying to break out, many without arms. Loewe was one of the few who did.

The last Fuehrer conference took place at noon on April 30, the Russians having overrun the Tiergarten and broken into the Potsdamer Platz, one block from the Chancellery. At 3:30 that afternoon Hitler shot himself, and at the moment he died a weird, symbolic thing happened. As though the sound of the shot were an order, every one of Hitler's senior officers put his hand in his pocket, took out a pack of Fuehrer-forbidden cigarettes, broke it, put one in his mouth and lit up. Then they all drew deeply, and talked.

Confused schemes for a formal ceasefire jangled through the oppressive corridors of the Bunker. General Krebs, who spoke Russian, took a white flag and managed to make his way after some terrifying hours to the Russian lines and to the Russian commandant, General Chuikov, who had made his headquarters in a palace on the Immelmannstrasse. Chuikov was drawn from the unending strain, but jubilant. Krebs said heavily: "Today is May the first, a great holiday for our two nations."

Chuikov, grinning, offered him a cigarette. "It's a great day for us," he agreed. "I don't know about you." And he demanded unconditional surrender. By the time Krebs got back, he found the ruins of the Chancellery in flames and most of his colleagues gone in wild escape attempts. Krebs shot himself.

Hans Fritszche, head of the Reich Broadcasting Service, left the Bunker and struggled to the ruins of the Propaganda Ministry, where he announced to the sheltering staff, "Steeg, the Mayor of Berlin, is behind Russian lines, so I plan to surrender the city."

"Oh, no, you won't!" shouted a drunken voice behind him. General Burgdorf had followed Fritszche from the Bunker with a gun in one hand and a bottle in the other. "Oh, no, you won't," he repeated, then turned and lurched off, weeping. Outside he blew his brains out.

The last pitched battles were taking place. At Pichelsdorf, Artur Axmann, the Hitler Youth leader, deserted his boys,

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and the courageous bridgehead caved in. Out of 5,000 kids who had manned it, the Russians took only 500 alive. In the Tiergarten, the Danish and French S.S. put up a furious battle on the morning of May 2. Trying to eject Russian snipers from the second floor of the aquarium, a German officer stormed up—to find German soldiers and women making love on the stairs, all rolling drunk.

By the evening of May 2 it was all over. Thirty thousand German soldiers lay dead in the ruins, and the Russians had lost slightly more. The civilian dead were countless, and hundreds of thousands of prisoners were taken. In spite of the abortive last-minute plans there was no formal surrender. The Propaganda Ministry was overrun and Fritzsche captured. Hitler's remaining marshals and generals came out of the Bunker with hands up.

First to show their heads when silence fell were the zookeepers, desperate to know the fate of the animals in that last battle in the Tiergarten. Knautschke, the hippo was all right (and still is) . So was (and is) the Japanese stork, one of the rarest birds in the world. Most of the crocodiles were dead. But the keepers came upon a sight which still brought tears to the eyes of one of the zoologists when he described it to me 16 years later. Pongo lay on his back dead; the gentle gorilla who would not hurt a hamster had been killed by a bayonet thrust through his heart. Whether this sorry murder had been committed by a German or a Russian the zookeepers were too distracted to investigate, and the mystery was never solved.

The 12-day battle was over. In the center of Berlin, stretching from the Brandenburg Gate and Potsdamer Platz, including Unter Den Linden, Leipzigerstrasse and Friedrichstrasse, such buildings as the former imperial palaces, Saint Hedwig's Catholic Cathedral, the Protestant Cathedral, the French Cathedral, the University (once one of Europe's proudest, with the influence of Kant, Goethe and Leibnitz behind it), the Prussian State Library, the Chancellery, the ministries, the museums, embassies, theaters, department stores, railroad stations, banks, all had been destroyed so utterly that one could not even locate one's direction in familiar localities, or identify what had once been there. Every bridge in Berlin had been destroyed, not by the Russians but by the Nazis.

The city was without water, gas, electricity, transport or any form of communication but some of the phones. German banknotes lay in bundles in the streets, worthless and ignored.

For the first few days after the great silence had fallen, the Russians stood by and let the civilians loot and plunder all they wished, and Berliners were staggered at the quantity and quality of goods in the city, such as fine silks from France and Italy, pre-war woolens from England. Sometimes the Russians helped the Berliners with the looting, breaking into liquor stores and distributing the contents to the population. Occasionally they did this with rather too much zeal. In at least two instances I heard of, the Russians helped themselves as liberally as they helped the local population, got stoned, and fell crashing among the bottles. Flames then attacked the alcoholic fumes, and the liquor stores went up with a *vroom,* incinerating the Reds.

All at once the Russians, for some reason, reversed their policy. They smashed the still-functioning telephones and destroyed supplies of food and drink, so that along the Kurfuerstendamm crowds walked ankle-deep in French vintage wines that Berliners had not realized existed in the capital at all.

And still there stood, almost unscathed in the carnage, the indestructible Hotel Adlon. A few windows were out, many bullets had pocked the walls, but in the context of Berlin that was nothing. Louis Adlon, confident of his own anti-Nazi record, lined up his staff to greet the Russian generals. Many of the staff had been in the employ of the hotel since it was built, in 1907. Adlon wore his best morning clothes.

The Russian conquerors, Marshals Zhukov and Konev, came, held a celebration victory dinner, and went sightseeing. They were followed by other officers who stole the silver. These were followed by yet others who discovered the cellars, containing more than a million bottles of wines, liqueurs and pre-war Scotch whiskies. It was a cellar that had served the Kaiser, King Edward VII, the crowned heads of Europe, the movie stars of the world. On the 7th of May, five days after the fighting stopped, a convoy of Russian trucks lined up on the Friedrichstrasse outside the hotel, and the cellar was systematically and utterly stripped. Not a bottle was left, just empty cases and mounds of straw that had once covered magnums of Dom Perignon and Bollinger. One of the last Russian soldiers to leave lit a cigarete and carelessly flipped the match into the straw. Immediately the hotel caught fire. Flames raced from floor to floor engulfing the staircases of Carrara marble, consuming the Aubusson tapestries, the antique Chippendale furniture, the Sèvres china, the royal suites.

The pathetic, half-starved remains of the Berlin fire brigade drove up through the ruined streets. Also on the spot were Russian movie cameramen who filmed the scene for posterity. In 1946 the Russians brought out a long documentary film called *The Battle of Berlin.* It concluded with the burning down of the Adlon. With its end the last faint heartbeat of old Berlin was stilled forever. And the birthpains of the new Berlin of today gave their first faint twinge.

—Geoffrey Bocca

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

No More Champs for Charley

[*Continued from page* 59]

across the street in the auditorium in a few hours.

"I was supposed to help train McNeeley or something," Charley said. "But I'm not even going to work in the corner. They only brought me around as a publicity stunt, being that I trained Marciano."

"Did you do anything with him at all?"

"Well, in Boston I had to take him in the hotel and try to show him how to put his feet. He don't know how to balance himself. But I couldn't get it done in a hotel."

"Isn't it a little late for him to be learning a thing like that?"

"It's too much for me to understand," Charley said. "I mean, I ain't the smartest guy in the world, but I know that if you're going to fight for the heavyweight championship of the world the least you could do is learn how to fight first. This fellow don't even know how to stand on his own two feet."

Then Charley went back to biting on his cigar and watching the people walk around the lobby and talk about McNeeley fighting Patterson for the biggest title in sports. Charley didn't understand any of it. This wasn't his game at all.

"I just hope he don't get hurt bad," Charley said. McNeeley didn't. He was down eight times, but he was still alive at the end. It was hard to tell during the fight when McNeeley looked worse—when he was off the floor and tangling his feet together while trying to throw a punch, or when he was flat on his back after being hit. You had to think that this was one of the worst nights boxing ever had.

And there was another bad day. It came a year before that when Mrs. Charles Friedman of New York City came into the gray-carpeted gymnasium of the Sea Spa Health Club and asked Mr. Charley Goldman, the famous trainer of five world champions, if he could do anything for her posture.

"I want to stand up straighter," Mrs. Friedman, a gray-haired woman, said.

"It's very important to stand up straight," Charley said. "There's lots of ways to get yourself in the habit, too."

He took Mrs. Friedman to a set of hand pulleys which were anchored to the floor. You had to bend over to reach the pulleys. And it grabbed you real good in the middle when you began to bring them up to shoulder level. Which was fine, because as Charley saw, Mrs. Friedman's posture trouble did not begin with her shoulders. The best thing in the world for her was plenty of work on the middle.

"They're not easy, but the weights are adjusted so you won't hurt yourself doing it," Charley said. "It's just right."

Then he went over to a file and took out a big card that had her name on it.

"See?" Charley was saying. "The card gives you the results of the medical exam they got when they come in here and it tells what they need and what they're in shape to do and everything. We don't do nothing half way. I'll have her work on the pulleys for a couple of minutes, then she can take a rest and pick it up again. Never give 'em too much right off."

"You mean to tell me," we said, "that you're actually interested in all this?"

"Of course I am," Charley said. "Listen, this is a very nice place. Downstairs at 3 o'clock they got a fruit juice bar that opens and everybody goes there and has some kind of juice drinks. Then it opens again at night. Everything here is for the health. They take good care of people. What's the matter with it?"

"The place is fine," we said. "Only it's terrible that you're here."

"Terrible?" Charley said. "What do you want me to do, go out and take care of fighters so I can live on the Bowery?"

Once, Charley Goldman stood on the second floor of Stillman's Gym and had Lew Ambers bring right hands from underneath against the heavy bag. Ambers was going to box Henry Armstrong for the lightweight championship and everybody said Armstrong would kill him. Charley had a notion about what a right hand coming up could do to Armstrong and he kept Ambers working on the punch. It took 37 stitches to stop the bleeding inside Armstrong's mouth after the fight.

And once, Charley Goldman climbed through the ropes after Arturo Godoy finished the first round against Joe Louis and he said to the fighter, "Could you get any lower in that crouch?"

Godoy said he could.

"Then put your nose down like you was smellin' the floor and punch up at the fella," Charley said. "You could make it easier on yourself."

It was 5-1 that Godoy wouldn't go five with Louis, but he came out and got so low that he had Louis crazy. He not only went the distance, but he made Louis look so bad one of the judges called it a draw.

Now it is all different. There is a fighter down in Louisville named Cassius Clay who says he is going to be the next heavyweight champion and yet he is around using right-hand leads, which have gotten more people hurt than Bull Run. And in Los Angeles awhile back they put a kid named Ricky Fernandez into the ring to fight Joe Brown for the lightweight title and they let Ricky go right out after him. One of the oldest rules in boxing is never lead to the puncher, but Fernandez didn't know anything about it. Joe knocked him dead in two minutes and change.

The saddest thing about boxing today is that the kid coming into whatever is left of the game probably never will get a chance to learn how to be a real fighter. Nearly all the great teachers are gone. Jack Hurley is out on the West Coast paying the rent by getting stories into the papers about the Harlem Globetrotters. Art Winch is around Chicago and he hasn't touched a fighter in years. Ray Arcel gets up at 6 o'clock every morning to go to work in a steel plant in New

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Jersey. Mannie Seamon punches out mutuel tickets at Belmont Park. And Charley Goldman, who taught five world champions, calls people up to see if he can get a job selling shirts.

One night Marciano was standing in front of a little movie machine in a television studio in New York City, watching a film of a welterweight champion fight between Tony DeMarco and Carmen Basilio.

"Run that part over," Marciano was saying. "I want to show you something."

The guy working the machine ran it backwards for a few feet, then started it going again.

On the screen, DeMarco was coming in at Basilio. He threw a left hook, then without moving his feet he fired a big right that missed by a foot.

"There you go," Marciano said. "I don't know what they ever taught this kid. See how bad he missed that punch? He didn't step in. The first thing Charley Goldman ever taught me was to always figure a guy to be going away from you when you punch. So you throw the first punch and then step in to throw the second punch. It's the only way to keep your distance. I'll show you."

Marciano stuck a left hand at the wall, then he took a full step forward with his left foot and threw a right.

"I was only a four-round fighter and I knew that. And this kid here is a champion of the world at the time they took this. He doesn't know the first thing about how to use his feet. It's a crime he never had Charley to teach him."

There was one late afternoon this year, just before they started to rip down Lou Stillman's Gymnasium and turn it into a motel, when you could see, maybe for the last time, just what Charley Goldman can do with a fighter.

Charley was standing at the bar of a little restaurant on 50th Street and the owner, a guy named Joe Rex, was telling him that he didn't look like any big shot. Charley had on a green sports shirt that was open half-way down and the hair on his chest was showing. The owner said, "You supposed to be Charley, the great man who make-a the champs. So why you come around with no undershirt on?"

"I want to show all the girls that I'm a man," Charley said.

"How come you never got married?" the owner's wife, Vivian, said.

"When I was fightin' I had a waitress in every Beefsteak John's in the country," Charley said. "I'd take out one girl, then I'd see another and go for her and forget about the last one. I kept changin' around like that until finally one day I'm at camp with a girl and Jennie Grossinger says to me, 'Who's that, Charley, your granddaughter?' I says no, it's my niece. Then I began to figure that I'd been so busy runnin' around that I lost track of the time and all of a sudden I was too old to take out girls no more. So I started to introduce them as my nieces. Now I run out of *them*."

"You ought to get a nice rich widow," Vivian said.

"Anybody I get, she'd be so old I'd have to spend my time nursin' her instead of doing the things you're supposed to," Charley said. He went on . . . "I got Alongi up here with me. His manager, this fella from Fort Lauderdale, sent him up to stay with me. We're living in a hotel. Might as well try to help him. He's a nice kid. And I like to keep my hand in the boxing. But I can't make any money with him. It's like a hobby now. Can you imagine that? After all them years it's got to be a hobby."

It was a quarter to 5 and Charley had to be at Stillman's to meet his fighter, so he left the bar and started walking the six blocks to the gym. He went up to Ninth Avenue, which is a part of New York that progress has not touched. All over the city plate glass and aluminum are cutting into old neighborhoods, but on Ninth Avenue the five-story tenements stand as statues for the poor people. The dark hallways have writing on the walls and the cockroaches move quickly on kitchen tables. The saloons and fruit stores on the street floor have grime on them which will disappear only when the wreckers get to work. Ninth Avenue in the 50's used to be a neighborhood where fighters came from, but all you had to do was look around to see all that is gone.

Two kids in black peg-topped slacks were sitting in a doorway of one of the tenements. They were smoking cigarettes and passing a quart bottle of beer to each other.

"You couldn't do nothing with them in a thousand years," Charley said. "It's like that all over. One kid from the neighborhood goes to the gym to be a fighter. He's in there a couple of weeks and then the manager gets a chance to put him in and he isn't even ready to be a sparring partner, you know, but they figure, gee, I got to get even the gym dues out of this kid or I can't last. So in the kid goes and he don't know nothing and he catches every punch. He has three fights and his eyes get all cut up and his nose is gone. The other kids see that and they don't want no part of it."

Over on Eighth Avenue, in front of Stillman's, the sidewalk was empty. This sidewalk always used to be mobbed with fighters and trainers waiting to go to work. Upstairs there were a handful of fighters walking around the gym. Both rings were empty and nobody was sitting over by the automatic bell and microphone, where Lou Stillman spent his years being nasty to people. Stillman had sold the place to a real estate outfit and Madison Square Garden was paying the rent to keep the place open on a month-to-month basis.

Charley went into the locker room and came out with black sparring gloves, a headgear and a shaving kit. A big kid with close-cropped hair walked behind him. "This is Alongi," Charley said. "He's gonna box with this fella Daniels. They both haven't lost."

"Hello," Alongi said.

"Don't make no speeches," Charley said. "They call him dummy around here on account of he talks your ear off."

Alongi had on tattle-tale gray hand bandages and he began to wave the hands in the air as he danced up and down the length of the ring. He had on a T-shirt and he looked fine around the shoulders. But then there was something wrong.

For a minute you couldn't figure it out. Then he bent back and you could see the way the shirt lay that he did not have a good trunk.

"He needs to get stronger," Charley said, "but he don't punch too bad."

Freddy Brown walked up with Daniels, a big colored heavyweight. Charley called Alongi over and started to lace his gloves on.

"Remember the left-hand uppercut on the guy," Charley said. Alongi nodded. "You get him thinking about the jab and then go with the uppercut." Alongi nodded again. Then he stepped into the ring. The dark kid followed him in and they started boxing.

Alongi stood up straight and snapped left jabs at Daniels. He outreached Daniels and caught him good a couple of times. Alongi stepped in again behind the left hand. Daniels bent to his right to get under it. But Alongi dropped the left and brought it up and caught Daniels with a real good shot on the chin.

Charley grunted. "See?" he said. "He's tall and he can outreach them all. The natural thing for a guy to do is duck on him. So I got him coming up with the left hand. It took him a long time to catch on. Now he knocks guys out like that."

Daniels bent again and the left came up once more and caught him good again. Charley smiled. He loved it.

Then the two were tugging. Charley, looking up at his fighter, kept telling him, "Turn."

Alongi turned his head to the right and Charley grunted. "That's it," he said.

"He got Daniels' left arm tied up with his right. See? So he should keep his head turned to the right. He can't get hit that way. But he keeps forgettin' and turns to the left. That's the side him and the other got their hands free hittin' each other. He gets hit in the face if he turns that way. Turn the head to the right, he don't get touched."

He was standing at the bottom of the steps the fighters use to get into the ring. The wood there gave in under your foot. It was nearly rotten through. For 40 years, fighters at Stillman's had leaned through the ropes over that spot to get the water bottle between rounds. After gargling, they spit out the water and it always hit this part of the floor. Now, at the end, the floor of Stillman's, just like the game that built it, was about to fall through.

But just for a few minutes, as Daniels ducked into the left uppercut and Alongi worked on learning how to turn his head, you were seeing something special. Here was Charley Goldman teaching a kid how to fight and as he kept talking to Alongi all the moves and the tangles of arms made sense and now it didn't matter that maybe Alongi doesn't have a strong enough body or that Stillman's was empty and about to be sold and that it is only a hobby to Charley unless Alongi makes it big. You were seeing one of the great ones in sports working his trade.

Since he was 7 years old, the only reason Charley ever got dressed was to go to the gym. He was born in Warsaw in 1888 and came to Brooklyn when he was 2. His first name was Israel, but in those days Brooklyn had no anti-defamation committees and the Irish and Polocks in the neighborhood used to sharpen their right hands on the nearest Jewish head. So they changed his name to Charley.

"It didn't help much," Charley says. "Little kids, they got it from the parents, you know. They called you a Jew bastard. So you punched them in the nose. I got to love it. Everytime somebody called me a name it meant I could have a fight without going to the trouble of picking one."

By the time Charley was 7 he was in a gym as Terrible Terry McGovern's mascot and traveling around to smokers where he'd box against another kid his size, then work the crowd with a cigar box, put the change in his hat and go home to bed.

He came through an era when fights were illegal and were held in saloon halls before crowds that averaged two guns to every three men. A big pot-bellied stove in the middle of the hall was standard equipment. Whenever the cops raided a fight, the customers would throw their guns into the stove, go out and stand a frisk, then return to pick up the hardware later. There was no such thing as a woman attending a fight, but they must have been around someplace because, as Charley says, anybody who didn't have the clap felt lost.

It was a girl, in fact, who was responsible for starting Charley and a guy named George Kitson off to a series of 60 straight matches. Charley was in Ottawa in 1910 when the promoter brought Kitson up from Brooklyn to box him. Kitson told everybody he was going to murder Goldman. Among those receiving this information was a blonde named Carol, who was the waitress at the hotel where both were staying. Carol had a very good figure. She also was loyal as hell to her friends. Charley happened to be her best friend at the moment.

On the day of the fight Carol served Kitson his late afternoon meal. By ring time Kitson could hardly stand up. Charley had to carry him for 10 rounds and his big worry was that Kitson would get sick and pass out on him.

Later that night, Carol had her head on Charley's shoulder and she smiled.

"Honey, I wouldn't let anybody hurt you," she said.

"Did you do something to Kitson's food?" Charley asked.

"Honey, I still can't believe that jerk is still alive," she said.

Charley felt so badly about it he went and made a deal with Kitson to go on tour. They boxed 59 more times around the East before they got tired of each other. It was all no-decision bouts in those days. By 1912, Charley was around New York again, boxing such as George (KO) Chaney, Knockout Brown and Kid Williams. He earned $900, the biggest purse of his life, when he boxed Johnny Coulon, the great champion, at the Clermont A.C. in Brooklyn. Charley got the newspaper decision but not the title, and he never got Coulon back into the ring.

But all the moves Charley Goldman can show a fighter—the left hand downstairs off to a side-to-side move, then a

[*Continued on page* 114]

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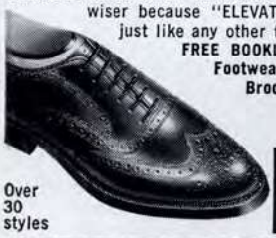

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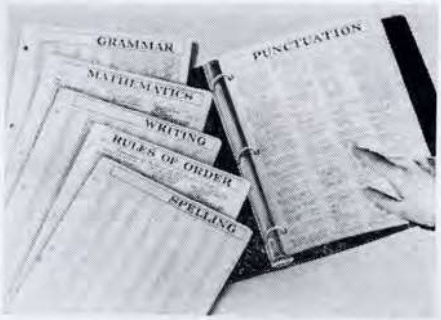

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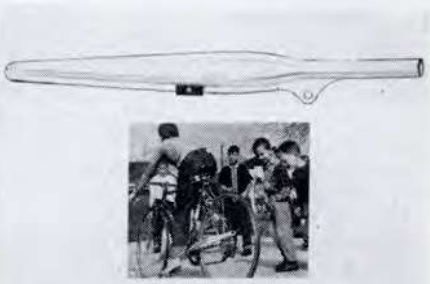

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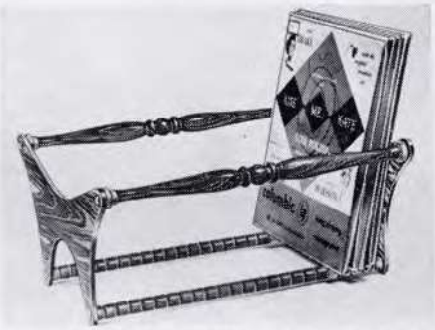

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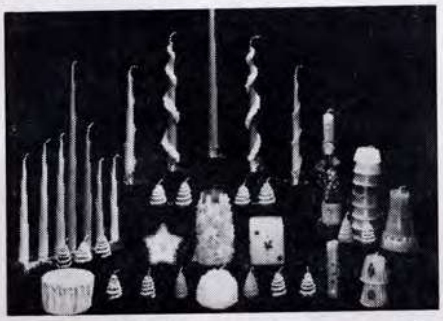

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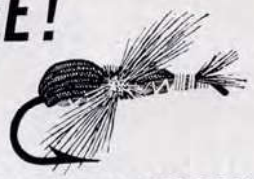

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[*Continued from page* 111]
step to the right and a right after it; the placing of the feet; the way to swivel your shoulders and punch inside the other guy as you come in; all the moves that were to make champions out of Lew Ambers and Joey Archibald and Rocky Marciano —he was learning them all in these years.

He quit with bad hands in 1914 and took over a middleweight from Brownsville named Al Rudolph, who had been boxing up in Boston. Charley changed his name to Al McCoy. He saw that McCoy was a good puncher, but wasn't much else. But a puncher is the short cut to the bank. When Charley was offered $750 for McCoy to take on George Chip, the middleweight champion, at the Broadway Arena in Brooklyn, he jumped at the match.

It figured to be an easy night for Chip. But before the fight, Charley told McCoy, "He'll come out and try to take it easy. You're a new kid and he'll want to look you over. You go out there and hit him with all your might right off. It could make him lay off you for a lot of rounds."

In the ring, just before the bell, Charley touched McCoy's glove and he said, "Remember, all your might." Then the bell rang and Charley started down the steps. When he got to the bottom he looked up. Chip was flat on his face and people were throwing coats and hats into the ring. McCoy had knocked him dead with a right hand and Charley had his first champ.

The trouble was that he was so interested in getting the job done professionally that he forgot all about the maneuverings that always are found in boxing. So while Charley was worrying about getting a hitch out of McCoy's right, Dumb Dan Morgan came around, found McCoy had no contract, and was kind enough to get one for him. The contract said Morgan was the manager. Charley was out of his champ in a hurry.

Charley hustled a few fighters after that and then bought a string of six game concessions at an amusement park in Canarsie. Next door to one of Charley's stands, a dart game, was a ring-the-bell-win-a-cigar affair. The night hustler for the game was a grubby, deep-voiced guy named Al Weill.

"He was just as smart then as he was later on when he was ruining big people," Charley says. "All you had to do was watch how he took over anybody who come around. You could see he was smart, so I put in with him."

Charley and Weill dug up 19 fighters. Charley trained them and Weill flim-flammed the promoters. They split down the middle. When the depression started and boxing slowed up, Charley went to a place called O'Malley's roadhouse in Orange Lake, New York. It was Prohibition now, but O'Malley's had a good bar which Charley managed. And it was a natural training spot for fighters. For the next 10 years Charley ran O'Malley's and also handled fighters out of there.

He did a big job with heavyweight Johnny Risko. Risko was matched with unbeaten Paulino Uzcudun and Charley had it all figured out. Uzcudun loved to stand off and box. If he was crowded and had to go back he would have trouble, Charley thought, so he trained Risko to billy-goat Paulino. Risko did it all night and won in a big upset. Then Charley handled Risko against Jack Sharkey. He knew Sharkey was right-hand crazy. He had Risko make the whole fight off Sharkey's left hand. Risko won this one, too, and all over town people were talking about how much Charley Goldman knew about fighters.

This brought Charley back together with Weill. Al had Lew Ambers, who had just been licked by Tony Canzoneri. He sent Ambers up to Goldman when the return match with Canzoneri for the lightweight title was made.

"You win this fight on breathing," Charley told Ambers.

"Pugilistically speaking, he's washed up. But you got to make him work early. Keep him on one breath all the time. When he takes a breath, go right in on him and keep him holdin' that breath while you punch. He'll fall apart. Don't let him start takin' big, deep breaths or you'll be in trouble. No breaths at all or little short ones. That's how to fight him."

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Ambers stayed on Canzoneri and kept watching the breathing and Tony was easy after the first few rounds. It gave Charley his second champion.

Weill then matched Ambers with Henry Armstrong. Henry had won the featherweight title, then had stepped up to murder Barney Ross for the welterweight title. Now he was dropping weight so he could take on Ambers and become the only triple champion in history. The price was 10-1 he'd do it. He was a boring-in, perpetual-motion fighter. Ambers was ordinary by comparison.

"Ambers is going to fight just the way Armstrong wants him to," Charley said. "But I think he can fight inside good. A righthand uppercut inside. That's the big chance."

Ambers pounded Armstrong with the uppercut and barely lost a split decision. In the return, he had Armstrong's number and won the title back. Nobody could believe you could beat Armstrong inside. Weill took all the credit. Charley was too busy to take bows.

Joey Archibald, who didn't like to fight and needed conning, was the next project. Charley had just the right lies to tell him, and Joey won the featherweight title. Then there was Marty Servo, who gave Ray Robinson all sorts of trouble with a crouch and went on to win the welterweight title.

There were dozens of fighters after this, but no big ones until a kid wrote Charley a letter in 1948. It said that Eddie Boland from Boston had suggested that he write Charley about this fighter he had.

Goldman was getting letters like this from all over the country, and few of the fighters had anything at all. But Al Weill had a habit of answering all letters like this, so Charley told him about it. "I'll write him," Weill said. "What's his name?"

"Columbo," Charley said. "Allie Columbo. He got a fighter with a long Eyetalian name. They come from Brockton, Massachusetts. I got the address here someplace."

It is now one of the best-known stories in sports. The fighter Allie Columbo brought down was originally named Rocky Marchegiano and he looked terrible. But he didn't cost any money, so Charley told Weill he'd keep working with him. Marciano didn't know how to hold his hands. His stance was so awkward everybody said he'd never get anywhere. But Charley Goldman turned him into the greatest heavyweight champion we've ever had, as far as the record goes: 49 fights; 42 knockouts, seven decisions. Retired the only undefeated champion in history.

Charley didn't just work with Marciano; for five years he lived with him. "You've got to know everything about his personal life when you get a fighter like this," Charley always said. "You got to have every little thing about him stuck right in your head so you can always know what's bothering him or what he wants."

So while Charley wrapped himself up completely with the fighter, he left himself open, as he always did, for a good beating on the business end of things. Al Weill made more money with Marciano than any manager of a heavyweight champion ever did before, but only a little of it reached Goldman.

"After a fight," Charley says, "he lets me wait two, three months before he pays me. Hoping I'd drop dead or something. Then he'd pay me as little as he could. But what was I going to do? The paydays were $15,000, maybe $20,000, and where else was I going to get them?"

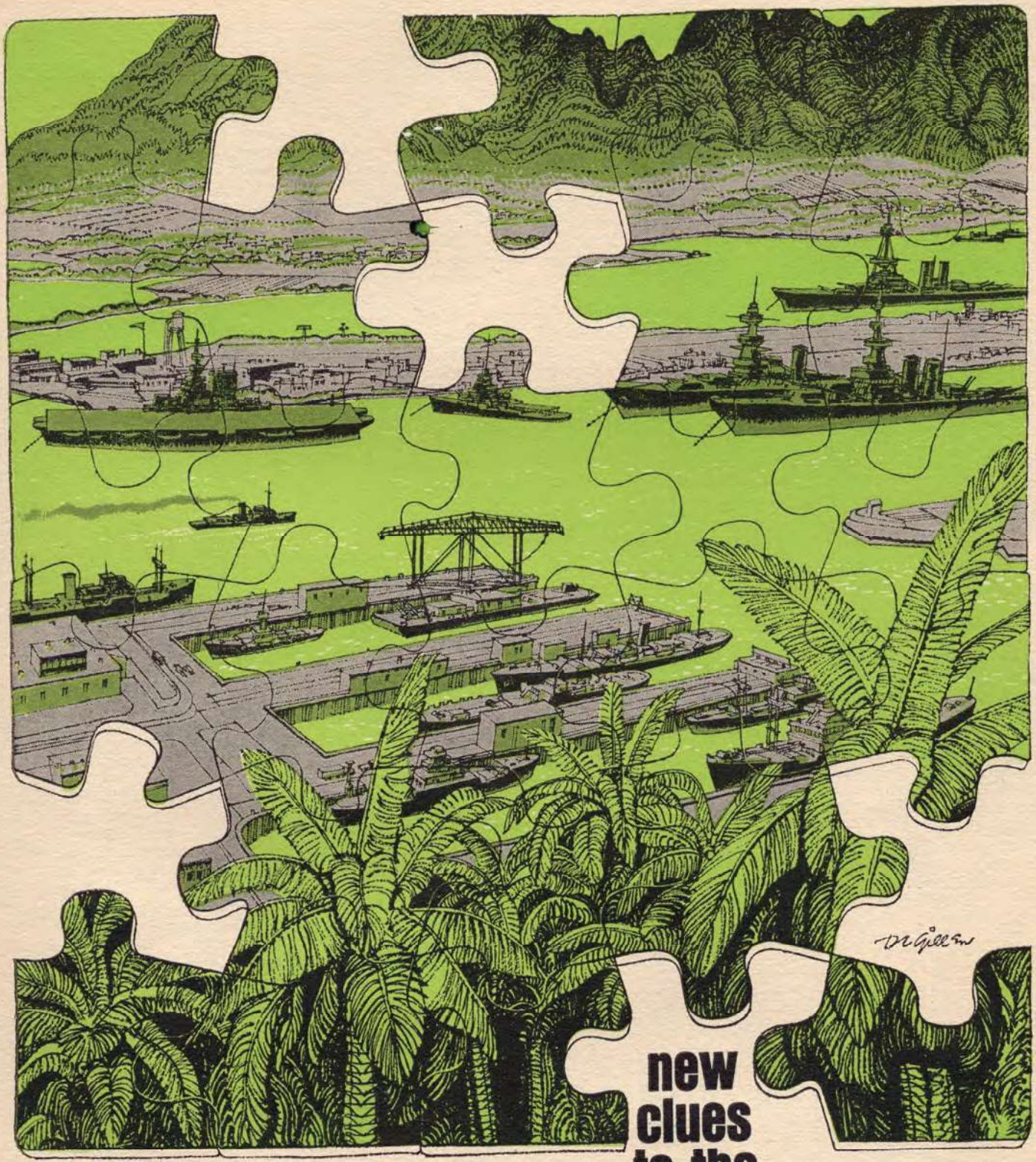
Marciano retired in 1955 and Weill went to Florida to live. He is out of boxing now. Charley tried handling other fighters, but it was no good. Sometimes, a whole career can go like that. One minute you're teaching Rocky Marciano the best way to stiffen Archie Moore. Then you turn around and find there is nothing left but a job someplace and a fighter named Tony Alongi, who doesn't look too strong. Things go like this.

But it doesn't mean it has to stay this way. Marciano isn't the last big kid with a punch this country will produce. And when one comes along and somebody asks what to do with him, one of the first names they are going to hear is Charley Goldman.

There was one night in a place in Boston called Evelyn's Keyboard and Allie Columbo, who had come in from Brockton to see a fight, was having a drink and talking about this.

"What would you do," he was asked, "if somebody brought you a big, tough bastard who wanted to be a fighter?"

"First," Allie was saying, "I take a good piece of him. Then I make a phone call to New York. I call there and I ask for Charley Goldman."—**Jimmy Breslin**



ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

new clues to the Pearl Harbor Puzzle

By A. A. HOEHLING

Why were we caught napping at Pearl Harbor? One investigation after another has sought the answer. Now, here are the facts of the fatal week before December 7, 1941

Copyright 1963 © by A. A. Hoehling. Condensed from the forthcoming book *The Week Before Pearl Harbor,* to be published by W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY TRAIN bearing Franklin D. Roosevelt north from his previously postponed and now interrupted Warm Springs vacation backed into the Presidential siding of Washington's Union Station at 11:15 a.m., Monday, December 1, 1941. A tense, preoccupied Chief Executive, possibly less self-confident than he had been a brief year previous, was assisted from his heavily-armored Pullman and into a waiting White House limousine. Under cloudy skies, the President was chauffeured to the Executive Mansion. Word of his arrival had been flashed to a number of persons, three of whom, especially desirous of seeing "the boss," were converging on the White House.

They were Secretary of State Cordell Hull, whose Saturday night telephone message had cut short Roosevelt's belated Thanksgiving vacation; Harry Hopkins, trusted confidant of the President; and Adm. Harold R. Stark, Chief of Naval Operations and friend of FDR's since the four-stack destroyer days of World War I.

Roosevelt sought most of his military guidance from 61-year-old "Betty" Stark, soft-spoken but firm, a thorough administrator, who conned an immaculate ship, afloat or ashore. In fact, it was not at all uncommon for the admiral to receive a call at midnight on the White House line which ran to his official quarters at Observatory Circle, off the sylvan, stately upper reaches of the city's Massachusetts Avenue section.

Before Stark, a disciple of physical fitness, had set out to stride the few blocks to the White House, there had been a short conference in the expanse of his second-floor "midships" suite, with three of his assistants.

Most aggressively powerful of the group was 56-year-old Rear Adm. Richmond Kelly Turner, graying, hardboiled Chief of War Plans, or "Op 12," able, dominating, intolerant of divergent opinion, whose hot temper had earned him the sobriquet "Terrible Turner." The slender, sharply-featured Oregonian had in the year since he came to OP-12 become haunted by the notion that Japan would attack Russia. In fact, in February, on the same day Naval Intelligence was sending out a warning that Japan could be expected to move south, Turner, on his own, was alerting the same Navy to watch for Tokyo to slash northward into Russia.

The second most important caller this morning was Rear Adm. Leigh Noyes, undersized, witty, mild-mannered Vermonter, in many respects Turner's opposite. Noyes, as Chief of Naval Communications, was, through the caprice of military orders, in a position most likely to run afoul of War Plans. And run afoul of Kelly Turner he did, regularly.

"That Noyes," Turner would rage, "and his God-damn secrecy!"

There was some justification for Kelly Turner's wrath. Zealous in guarding classified material, Leigh Noyes in his two-year reign had possibly lost sight of the definition of a communicator. He tended to hoard his accumulation of naval messages as though they were the gold bars in Fort Knox—partly, indeed, because his office was understaffed. The resulting backlog mounted daily, and some messages aged an entire month in the decoding room.

The third caller was a man whose personality was somewhere between that of the two opposing admirals. Cmdr. Arthur Howard McCollum, short, bespectacled, 43-year-old chief of the Far Eastern Section, Naval Intelligence, was, next to Zacharias, the U.S. Naval officer the Japanese would most like to see eliminated. Through years of experience the Nagasaki-born "Mac" not only understood the difficult language of Nippon but the still more devious mind of the Japanese.

This Monday, during the brief conference with the Chief of Naval Operations, the Far Eastern Section commander was customarily terse and assured.

"In my opinion," he told Admiral Stark, "war or rupture of diplomatic relations is imminent."

Then he asked if the commanders in the Pacific, Adm. Thomas C. Hart, peppery mid-westerner, leading the Asiatic Fleet, as well as Admiral Kimmel, had been "adequately alerted."

Stark and Turner both gave McCollum assurances which he interpreted as "categorical." McCollum pressed his superior on this point, for it was clear to him that Stark had already "made up his mind" that war was coming. And to double check his own judgment he had sought and obtained confirmation from the Assistant Chief of Naval Operations, Rear Adm. Royal E. Ingersoll.

This "rupture" had been "imminent" all year. In September, 1940, Japan entered into the Tri-Partite Pact with Germany and Italy. With that pact in mind, on January 6, 1941, President Roosevelt went before Congress to warn that "the future of all American republics is today in serious danger . . . At no previous time has American security been as seriously threatened from without as it is today."

In February better relations with Japan appeared in prospect with the appointment of tall, pumpkin-faced 63-year-old Kichisaburo Nomura as ambassador to Washington. The suave, poker-playing, whisky-drinking Nomura had long ago acquired a reputation for possessing "the western outlook."

The President listened to his avowals of friendship, but nonetheless asked Congress for additional funds to fortify Pacific bases such as Guam, Samoa and Hawaii.

At this critical period, the United States dispatched two new commanders to the Pacific. One was Adm. Husband E. Kimmel, 59-year-old, tall, blond Kentuckian, "aggressive, alert, a constant student of military tactics." His record one of accomplishments, "Hubby" Kimmel, though "tough," was extremely popular with fellow officers.

Kimmel, in addition to being a top-drawer commander, was a good friend of Stark's. Both of these ranking naval officers had prior service in the Pacific, knew its reefs and shoals as well as the greater concerns of strategy and politics. Kimmel had every reason to expect that Betty Stark would keep him advised as Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet, of a changing international atmosphere and—surely—support him when the going got too turbulent.

The other new commander, and more or less Kimmel's Army opposite, was Lt. Gen. Walter Campbell Short, 61 years old. Not a West Pointer, the smooth-faced mid-westerner was nonetheless a disciple of "spit-and-polish." Short realized he was assuming a command which was not adequately prepared to defend itself. Soon after reaching Hawaii, he queried his chief, 61-year-old George Catlett Marshall, about the situation.

Marshall assured his new Hawaiian lieutenant that he could not help the "deficiencies" of the Army about which Short complained.

"My impression of the Hawaiian problem," added Marshall, "has been that if no serious harm is done us during the first six hours of known hostilities, thereafter the existing defense will discourage an enemy against the hazard of an attack. The risk of sabotage and the risk involved in a surprise raid by air and by submarine constitute the real perils of the situation."

Ostensibly, the prospects for happier East-West relations were brighter. Increasingly sanguine assurances by Nomura were finally culminated on May 12 with a definite "peace proposal" from Premier Prince Fumimaro Konoye. The United States should demand that Chiang Kai-Shek negotiate with Japan and that the two powers, America and Japan, should work together for the admitted purpose of exploiting such natural resources as rubber, oil, tin and nickel in the Southwest Pacific.

Hardly more than a month later, on June 22, Hitler, heady from his successes, attacked the Soviet Union. For Japan, the Nazis' deliberate preoccupation on two fronts was a bonus beyond compare. Ambassador Joseph Grew had already told the Department of State: "The army and other elements in the country see in the present world situation a golden opportunity to carry into effect their dreams of expansion."

On July 2, it appeared that Japan was preparing for something of a major character. Nearly 2 million reservists and conscripts were ordered to the colors. Merchant vessels operating in the Atlantic were recalled, while restrictions were imposed upon travel in Japan.

In October the Konoye regime fell. In itself, a cabinet change of an Oriental power was of no unusual significance. This time, however, the replacement *was*. Lt. Gen. Hideki Tojo, most recently war minister, supreme commander before that of the Kwantung Army in China, and once chieftain of the gestapo-like Japanese gendarmerie, pushed his way into the premiership.

"Kamisori," or "Razor Blade," as he was called, Tojo did not disguise his own martial intent. "Japan," he asserted, "must

be able to fight China and Russia at the same time."

Admiral Stark, taking Tojo at his word, cabled his friend Hubby Kimmel in Hawaii.

The Chief of Naval Operations observed the possibilities that Japan might attack Russia, or even Great Britain and the United States, then warned that Kimmel should "take due precautions including such preparatory deployments as will not disclose strategic intention nor constitute provocative actions against Japan."

However, Betty Stark followed up this formal communication with a note to his Pacific Fleet commander: "Personally I do not believe the Japs are going to sail into us and the message I sent you merely stated the 'possibility.' "

In response, Kimmel now stationed submarines off Wake and Midway islands, reinforced Wake and Johnston with additional Marines, ammunition and stores, and sent more Marines to Palmyra Island. He directed an alert status in the outlying islands, placed on 12 hours' notice certain vessels of the fleet which were in West Coast ports, held six submarines in readiness to depart for Japan and delayed the sailing of one battleship which was scheduled to visit the Mare Island Navy Yard, San Francisco.

Another winter was approaching, and indications of Japan's intentions grew daily more ominous. These included a continuing movement of her military and naval forces in the East and withdrawal of all flag merchant vessels from Western Hemisphere waters.

"Things seem to be moving steadily towards a crisis in the Pacific," Stark wrote Kimmel on November 7. "Just when it will break, no one can tell. The principal reaction I have to it all is what I have written you before; it continually gets 'worser and worser!' "

Nor did it look much better in mid-November when a tougher, more devious diplomat, Saburo Kurusu, signer of the Tri-Partite Pact as ambassador to Berlin, hastened to Washington to team up with his exhausted countryman.

On November 24, Stark became sufficiently concerned to cable Kimmel:

> Chances of favorable outcome of negotiations with Japan very doubtful. This situation coupled with statements of Japanese government and movements their naval and military forces indicates in our opinion that a surprise aggressive movement in any direction including attack on Philippines or Guam is a possibility. Chief of Staff has seen this dispatch concurs and requests action. Addressees to inform senior Army officers their areas.

Now, if ever, it appeared to Hull time to call a truce. *If* only he could convince the Japanese to agree to a three-months' "cooling off," the entire Pacific problem might re-emerge in different perspective. On November 25, he held his Tuesday morning meeting with Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and his jovial neighbor from the Navy Department, Frank Knox, with their chief aides.

"These fellows," he told his colleagues, waggling a finger across the walnut conference table, "mean to fight!" Then facing Stark and Marshall, the Tennessean added, "You will have to be prepared."

Nonetheless, he regarded with certain optimism his detailed proposal for a three-months' truce, during which period all military forces of Japan would be withdrawn from China and Indo-China, and Chiang Kai-Shek's Nationalists at Chungking would be the recognized government.

At noon the same day the "war council," comprised of the President, Hull, Stimson, Knox, the Chief of Staff and Chief of Naval Operations, met at the White House. Stimson, in the diary he kept, noted that the President:

". . . brought up the event that we were likely to be attacked (perhaps as soon as next Monday) for the Japanese are notorious for making an attack without warning, and the question was what we should do. The question was how we should maneuver them into the position of firing the first shot without allowing too much danger to ourselves."

On November 27 Stark messaged Kimmel:

> This dispatch is to be considered a war warning. Negotiations with Japan looking toward stabilization of conditions in the Pacific have ceased and an aggressive move by Japan is expected within the next few days. The number and equipment of Japanese troops and the organization of naval task forces indicates an amphibious expedition against either the Philippines, Thai or Kra Peninsula or possibly Borneo.

Marshall added his own summation in his dispatch to Short:

> Negotiations with Japan appear to be terminated . . . Japanese future action unpredictable but hostile action possible at any moment . . . Prior to hostile Japanese action you are directed to undertake such reconnaissance and other measures as you deem necessary but these measures should be carried out so as not to repeat not to alarm civil population or disclose intent.

The commanding general in Hawaii immediately responded, "Department alerted to prevent sabotage. Liaison with Navy."

This "Number One" was the lowest state of alert, and its declaration was scarcely noticeable by Hawaiians, either in movements of soldiers or guns. Alerts "Two" and "Three" specified danger of enemy attack.

With not quite 43,000 troops under his command—a token force even in the limited expanse of the Hawaiian Island—General Short could not hope to repel a determined attack.

Kimmel's situation was slightly more favorable, although the United States' naval strength in the Pacific, including Admiral Tommy Hart's Asiatic Fleet, of 102 effective vessels, was outnumbered by the Japanese almost two-to-one. And for air patrol off the Hawaiian group, the Pacific Fleet commander possessed but 57 lumbering, super-annuated twin-engined flying boats. Eight other PBY's were out of commission. In consequence Kimmel believed he was compelled to refuse the repeated requests of Rear Adm. Claude C. Bloch, Commandant of the 14th Naval District, at Pearl Harbor, for effective offshore patrol.

When he received the war warning, Kimmel summoned Bloch to his flagship, the USS *Pennsylvania,* anchored in battleship row off Ford Island along with seven other heavies of the fleet. The war plans officer, Capt. Charles H. McMorris, was himself certain that this was "just another warning," while the three agreed that if war *were* imminent, any initial attack would be directed against the Philippines, not Pearl.

Intelligence just arrived from the Far East tended to support such a rationalization: 30,000 Japanese troops aboard 70 transports were butting southward toward the Gulf of Siam and Malaya.

Already, Kimmel had placed his submarines on "war patrol" in areas of the Pacific which included Wake and Midway islands. He had also reinforced the Marine garrisons of Wake, Palmyra and Johnston islands, while increasing the "readiness" of other fleet units.

He went further. He would send immediately Task Force Eight, commanded by tough Adm. William F. "Bull" Halsey, both to conduct reconnaissance and to deliver 25 Army pursuit planes to Wake, an aerial stepping stone half way between Hawaii and the Philippines.

November was ending.

In the Navy Department this Monday, December 1, Mac McCollum, the nervous, efficient little terrier of the Far Eastern Section, was dissatisfied with the results of his "flap" —conference—with Admiral Stark and other superiors earlier in the day. Among his duties was the preparation of a daily digest of the most top-secret intelligence for a necessarily meager readership, already run and rerun through the wringer of security clearance.

This digest had made him certain that "war or rupture of diplomatic relations" was imminent. But he couldn't convince either the Chief of Naval Operations or Kelly Turner, the irascible bull moose of war plans, that another advisory of some kind should be sent to the Navy's Pacific and Caribbean commanders. Before him was an accumulating mass of intelligence that appeared to have a devastatingly clear meaning:

Admiral Hart's scout planes were tailing a definite convoy of Japanese ships moving generally southward from Japan.

The commander-in-chief of the Japanese Second Fleet was directing units into a task force of two sections; one to operate in the South China area, the other off Japan's mandated islands, the Marshalls, south of Wake, to mother several air groups and be in turn supported by perhaps as much as one-third of Japan's submarine force, or at least 25 submarines.

The entire Jap air-carrier fleet, 10 ships, was on the prowl, either near Sasebo on the southwest coast of Japan, or in the Korean Straits . . . or *somewhere.*

Of all the vexatious splinters in this mosaic of naval intelligence, however, the most shattering to McCollum was the revelation that radio call signs of Japanese warships had been changed as of this date—December 1. This was not especially unusual, except that the procedure had been gone through just a month before. It *was* unheard of for any navy to change these signals so frequently—unless major operations were contemplated.

This enigma to counter-intelligence which had whispered through the ether was further seasoning to what had become normal existence for officers such as McCollum. Code words including "ultra" and "super," "magic" and "purple" were their salt and pepper.

For more than a year the best kept secret had been "purple." Its ramifications were incalculable. It was applied to one of the Japanese diplomatic code and cipher systems of the highest security classification and therefore of the greatest difficulty in solution. However, 98 percent of Japanese naval messages were in Morse code or a variation, Imperial Japanese Kani. And as a second gift to counter-intelligence, the Japanese preferred cipher to code. The former consisted of substituting one letter for another, instead of the code system involving groups of letters or numbers to stand for a whole sentence, or whole thoughts.

Naval intelligence officers wanted to be as conversant with purple messages from Tokyo as though they were attachés at the Japanese Embassy on Massachusetts Avenue. The answer was a purple machine, a wondrous electrical device replete with relays and interconnecting circuits that could be fed the endless garbles of encryption, and after a reasonable amount of whirring come forth with a straight Japanese language version. Any translator could then quickly reduce into plain English what minutes before had been cipher hash.

"Magic" itself was a general term applied to the breaking of any code. "Purple magic," therefore, was of the highest priority, and had been made possible by a traitor in the Japanese Consulate in New York, who had sold its code books.

The machine itself was spawned by naval cryptology, and of all those who had midwifed its delivery the most devoted and assiduous was Cmdr. Laurence F. Safford, 48, head of the Security Intelligence Section of Navy Communications.

His superior was the close-lipped Admiral Noyes, which at once differentiated him from officers in straight intelligence work. By the very nature of his job Safford had to perform his duties in a limbo between naval intelligence and naval communications. He also was automatically placed in another category, one quite unofficial but extremely real: the non-language club.

With extremely few exceptions—and the objective McCollum was a preeminent exception—the handful of Japanese language officers in both Army and Navy tended to clique together for mutual advantage. To many of them it seemed their uniquely specialized ability should project them into the highest aeiries of intelligence. But to the older career officers, their own long schooling in military intelligence appeared all the prerequisite needed to Sherlock an enemy.

Thus there were two camps within the intelligence-communications warrens of each of the armed services. Jealousy, avarice and headlong ambition flourished.

"Magic," however, that flowed from the wonderful purple machines was aptly named. It dealt the President and his Cabinet a constant straight flush in their game-for-keeps. In July, for example, purple unraveled this message from Tokyo:

> The immediate purpose of our occupation of French Indo-China will be to achieve our purposes there. Secondly, its purpose is, when the international situation is suitable, to launch therefrom a rapid attack . . . After the occupation of French Indo-China, next on our schedule is the sending of an ultimatum to the Netherlands Indies. In the seizing of Singapore the Navy will play the principal part. As for the Army, in seizing Singapore it will need only one division and in seizing the Netherlands Indies, only two.

The meaning was not obtuse.

On September 24, Tokyo transmitted a request to its Consul General in Honolulu, Nagao Kita, which gave counter-intelligence a great deal to ponder.

Strictly Secret

Henceforth, we would like to have you make reports concerning vessels along the following lines insofar as possible:

1. The waters (of Pearl Harbor) are to be divided roughly into five subareas.

Area A. Waters between Ford Island and the Arsenal.

Area B. Waters adjacent to the Island south and west at Ford Island.

Area C. East Loch.

Area D. Middle Loch.

Area E. West Loch and the communication water routes.

2. With regard to warships and aircraft carriers, we would like to have you report on those at anchor (these are not so important), tied up at wharves, buoys, and in docks. (Designate types and classes briefly. If possible we would like to have you make mention of the fact that when there are two or more vessels alongside the same wharf.)

The fact that this message sat in its top-secret pigeonhole in naval communications for more than two weeks before it was broken, revealed a critical weakness in that department and in intelligence: the lack of personnel. In Washington, Army and Navy could conjure up between them no more than 12 Japanese language translators and about two dozen cryptanalysts. All of the latter were civil-service employees, and thus did not work nights, Saturday afternoons or Sundays because there were no overtime provisions.

On November 19, an even more meaningful intercepted message from Tokyo to its Washington embassy came out of the "purple" machine:

Circular 2353

In case of emergency . . . and the cutting off of international communications, the following warnings will be added in the middle of the daily Japanese-language short-wave news broadcast:

1. In case of Japan-U.S. relations in danger: *Higashi no kazeame* (East wind rain).

2. Japan-USSR relations: *Kitanokaze kumori* (North wind cloudy).

3. Japan-British relations: *Nishi no kaze hare* (West wind cloudy).

This signal will be given in the middle and at the end as a weather forecast and each sentence will be repeated twice. When this is heard please destroy all code papers, etc.

Others than the Navy were also listening: the Army's G-2 and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Just this first Monday in December, Robert L. Shivers, FBI agent in charge of the Honolulu office, had received a whispered phone call from Capt. Irving H. Mayfield, the 14th Naval District's intelligence officer.

"Bob," Mayfield told the 21-year veteran with the FBI, "if I suddenly call you and say I am moving to the east side of the island (Oahu) or north, south or west sides, it will mean that Japan is moving against the countries which lie in those directions from Japan."

Shivers, a professionally dead-pan operative, immediately passed this note of naval concern on to the two able G-2 officers on General Short's staff, Lt. Col. Kendall J. Fielder and his assistant, Lt. Col. George W. Bicknell. While these two intelligence officers worked effectively as a team, Fielder was more conservative in his approach to the cloak-and-dagger profession. To Bicknell, on the other hand, it seemed that the top echelon of the Army, including Walter Short, should be "a little bit more intelligence conscious."

As a matter of fact, no American operative in Honolulu could possibly be 100 percent intelligence conscious. Since 1938, when the Japanese Navy changed its existing code, no electrical decrypting machine was available to fleet intelligence at this great sea fortress of the Pacific. The instrument which had been built for cracking the former code was now useless.

In other words, Pearl Harbor was "purple-less." The Pacific Fleet was dependent for its latest magic concerning American-Japanese negotiations on the Navy Department itself. And one message which was not relayed to Admiral Kimmel, even after it was finally decoded, was the explosive and suspicious Tokyo request for fleet anchorages.

One reason that its existence was not made known to Honolulu lay in Noyes' obsession for secrecy in general and his determination that not a hint should trickle back to Tokyo over the compromising of the diplomatic code. There was also another reason. Admiral Turner, mastiff of War Plans, was convinced that Pearl Harbor, whatever else it might lack in

armament, did possess one of those marvelous purple machines.

In Pearl Harbor, on Tuesday, the second day of December, Lt. Cmdr. Edwin T. Layton, Pacific Fleet intelligence officer, had made a thoroughly disturbing discovery: he had lost two entire Japanese carrier divisions.

The language officer had just finished a new location sheet of estimated positions of potentially opposing naval units. It showed Carrier Division 4, composed of two carriers and four destroyers, and Carrier Division 3, of two carriers and three destroyers as well as the converted carrier, *Kasuga Maru,* in the Bako-Takao area, Formosa; and the 10,000-ton *Koryu,* guarded by four destroyers, in the Marshalls.

Layton had concluded that both carrier divisions were leaving this area, headed into the South China Sea, menacing Singapore and all of Malaya. The trouble was, the fleet intelligence officer was unable even to speculate on the whereabouts of the other two divisions, which embraced four aircraft carriers.

"What!" exclaimed Admiral Kimmel. "You don't know where Carrier Division 1 and Carrier Division 2 are?"

"No, sir, I do not," Eddie Layton replied frankly.

Also in Honolulu this Tuesday, the Navy voluntarily closed off one channel of communications: a wire tap to the busy Japanese consulate on Nuuanu Avenue. The stop action, ordered by Captain Mayfield, had come about curiously enough.

A linesman for the Mutual Telephone Company of Hawaii had discovered a surprising coincidence: two separate wire taps running to the Japanese consulate. One was traced to naval intelligence, the other to the FBI. Discreetly, the linesmen went to the Navy and the FBI, but not to Consul General Kita. Mayfield's reaction was to discontinue the naval tap of 21 months' standing, although Bob Shivers went right on with the FBI snooping. His tap, as a matter of fact, led to the cook's quarters. Reasoning that no Japanese cook received enough pay to afford his own phone, the shrewd agent concluded that this set must be for the purpose of communication between intelligence operatives.

Colonel Bicknell, assistant G-2, his superior, Fielder, Bob Shivers and Captain Mayfield all knew that the intensive espionage activity and surveillance by Japanese in Hawaii must be prelude to something. Another officer, in the area by chance, not only believed that a crescendo was approaching but told Admiral Kimmel so. Capt. Ellis Zacharias, with 25 years of intelligence experience and duty in the Orient, and perhaps the most conversant in Japanese of any American in governmental service, had nonetheless been as subject to brass-hattism and "routine change of duty" as any ensign in the Navy. In fact, it was well known in the service's higher councils that there was a definite, continuing campaign to "keep Zach out" of the top intelligence job.

Zacharias happened to be in San Francisco, since his cruiser was at adjacent Mare Island Navy Yard, when Nomura paused there in February en route to Washington. Having known the tall Japanese admiral when he himself was a young attaché in Tokyo, Zach considered it protocol to drop by Nomura's suite at the Fairmount Hotel, smoke a cigarette, sip a glass of Scotch with him—and ascertain what he could.

The next month, Zacharias arrived with his cruiser in Pearl Harbor. He paid a call upon Admiral Kimmel, who was just raising CINCPAC's flag at the submarine base. In spite of Nomura's placating words in the Fairmount, Zach had become convinced that, *if* Japan decided to attack, she would do so from "the vacant sea," northwest of the Hawaiian Islands, far to the north of the Pacific sealanes. In these trackless wastes, the U.S. fleet formerly conducted maneuvers on the supposition that a vast Japanese armada was sweeping in from this direction.

Currently, the captain told his superior, there need be no fear, tactically, from an armada itself. However, he assured Kimmel, hostilities would begin with "an air attack on our fleet on a weekend and probably a Sunday morning . . . downwind from the northward." It seemed to Zacharias that the immediate object of such an assault would be the elimination of exactly four battleships from the Pacific fleet. This would so weaken the U.S. Navy that Japan would be able to continue her southern movement without fear of intervention.

The captain concluded his warning with the suggestion that air patrols be extended "at least 500 miles" from Oahu.

"We have neither the personnel nor the materiel to carry out this patrol," he was told.

"Well, Admiral," countered Zacharias, "you better get them because that is what is coming!"

Nor was the experienced Far East intelligence officer the only frustrated individual. Purple, officially, was unknown among those assigned to ONI and G-2, and to Shivers of the FBI, in Honolulu.

F. D. R.

However, there *were* tidbits given some while denied others. There were classifications of "ultra," "super" and "khaki," for example, indicating decryptions and analyses of enemy communications. While officers such as Mayfield and Layton could handle these highly secret gems, their contents could not be discussed with Fielder or Bicknell in G-2.

The State Department was especially obstructive to the interchange of intelligence, causing impotent rage both within G-2 and ONI. Certain of their dispatches were of "such a highly secret nature" that State officials simply would not give them to anyone in other government agencies.

Whatever the reasons—absurd or logical—whatever an ultimate justification, secrecy had become a way of Federal life by late 1941, as well as an obsession.

Tall, granite-faced, inflexible Adm. Ernest J. King, Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, battling the German U-boats in a kind of private war, added the postscript: "Don't tell anybody anything he doesn't need to know!"

The lid was on.

Wednesday morning, December 3, arrived in this week, characterized increasingly by "a brooding atmosphere of tension."

The old, infirm soldier who had marched into Cuba with the 4th Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, Cordell Hull, was himself tense with foreboding. Early in the day he telephoned Capt. Roscoe E. Schuirmann, assigned to State Department liaison.

"I know you Navy fellows are always ahead of me," he informed the gregarious "Pinkie" Schuirmann, who was a classmate of Zacharias, "but I want you to know that I don't seem to be able to do anything more with these Japanese and they are liable to run loose like a mad dog and bite anyone."

Certainly, there was new reason for alarm. Purple, since the dawn hours, had been pouring forth telling Japanese messages addressed to consular posts. The first was detailed:

> Please discontinue the use of your code machine and dispose of it immediately.
>
> As soon as you have received this telegram wire the one word SETUJU in plain language and as soon as you have carried out the instructions, wire the one word HASSO in plain language.

This message was followed shortly by another:

> Urgent instructions were sent yesterday to Japanese diplomats and consular posts at Hong Kong, Singapore, Batavia, Manila, Washington and London to destroy most of their codes and ciphers at once and to burn all other important and confidential secret documents.

This called for action from Washington. Admiral Stark, who considered the Japanese directive "a most telling thing," dispatched a priority bulletin to Kimmel:

> Highly reliable information has been received that categoric and urgent instructions were sent yesterday to Japanese diplomatic and consular posts at Hong Kong, Singapore, Batavia, Manila, Washington and London to destroy most of their codes and ciphers at once and to burn all other important confidential and secret documents.

Handsome Capt. John R. Beardall, White House naval aide, briefed the Chief Executive on the summary of the latest Japanese messages, with his own interpretation.

"Mr. President, this is a very significant dispatch."

The latter read, then asked, "When do you think it will happen?"

"Most any time," replied Beardall, who had suddenly become so concerned over the outbreak of war that he was establishing this very evening a 24-hour officer-watch in the White House mail room, to handle magic.

In Pearl Harbor, Kimmel had in hand a letter Stark had written December 1, containing this prefatory assessment.

"From many angles an attack on the Philippines would be the most embarrassing thing that could happen to us. There are some here who think it likely to occur. I do not give it the weight others do, but I include it because of the strong feeling among some people. You know I have generally held that it was not time for the Japanese to proceed against Russia. I still do. Also, I still rather look for an advance into Thailand, Indo-China, Burma Road areas as most likely . . ."

The perplexity on the part of Kimmel as well as his subordinate was but part of the unfortunate harvest reaped from an almost incredible conflict of purpose on the "second deck" of the Navy Department. The very fact that there had been three directors of naval intelligence in the ephemeral span of one year was indicative of the instability of both administration and purpose.

Only in mid-October did 53-year-old Rear Adm. Theodore Stark Wilkinson assume this politically "hot" and unenviable command. "Ping" Wilkinson had won the Medal of Honor for his heroism during the Vera Cruz occupation in Mexico. Now, his manner, reminiscent of a country doctor, masked the brilliance of the man.

The fact, however, that Ping Wilkinson had been chief of intelligence for such short days considerably impaired his usefulness this crucial first week in December. This in itself tended to keep him an outsider during the tedious birth of high-level decisions. He had not, for example, learned of the "war warning" message until four days after it had been sent.

Turner had immediately resented Wilkinson, perhaps even more intensely than he did the communications chief, Noyes. Turner had been fifth in his class at Annapolis, one year ahead of Wilkinson's. In his inherent, violent sense of personal competition, he hated Ping for making the grade all the way to the indisputed top cadet of 1909. He could also hate the polished, soft-spoken, scholarly Wilkinson for being in so many ways his opposite.

However, in spite of earlier irresolution as to whether the Tokyo warlords would move north or south, Turner had slowly become convinced that aggression in the East, including "striking us in the Philippines," would be accompanied by "amphibious operations against Hawaii simultaneously."

Secty. Knox

He sought to ring the islands with radar picket boats, although his desires were frustrated from the start because of the early state of radar evolution and meager production of the precious equipment. The Army, by Thanksgiving, had succeeded in operating only six radar outposts on Oahu's headlands, and these only between 4 and 7 a.m., "the most dangerous hours of the day for an air attack," in General Short's estimation.

Yet Turner was still disinclined to rate Japanese naval potentiality very highly when faced by the United States fleet. And his concern for Hawaii was somewhat assuaged by the comforting "realization" that, whatever else it might lack, the Pacific Fleet and the 14th Naval District possessed the wonderful "purple" machine.

Or so he thought.

Although Wilkinson, perhaps from unfamiliarity with his new position, was unable to believe that Japan would attack the United States, the third member of Admiral Stark's top triumvirate, the intelligent but secretive Noyes, did. In May, 1941, Noyes considered that naval communications were sailing ahead on a full "war status," from well-staffed 24-hour watches to an increasingly stringent premium upon utter secrecy. The next month he was resigned to America's going to war. By the end of November, he was certain "the last chance . . . of a peaceful settlement" had passed, since Japan would "not accept those terms" as outlined by Hull.

In Pearl Harbor this Wednesday Captain Mayfield, Admiral Bloch's counterpart of Layton, the Pacific Fleet's intelligence officer, telephoned Bob Shivers in the afternoon and asked him if he could "verify" a report that the Japanese consul general was burning his codes and papers.

As a matter of fact, the FBI agent replied, he had intercepted a conversation that very noon between the cook at the Japanese consulate and someone in Honolulu in which the cook did mention that Consul Kita *was* destroying his important papers. Shivers observed that he had passed on this important bit to Bicknell. The Army assistant G-2 chief had, in turn, promised to mention the matter at the Saturday staff meeting with General Short. There seemed plenty of time in Honolulu.

However, straws still drifted in the sultry Pacific winds. A cable stamped "Urgent," received via British Army intelligence officers in Honolulu from Manila, was forwarded to Mayfield, Bicknell and Shivers:

We have received considerable intelligence confirming following developments in Indochina:

A-1. Accelerated Japanese preparations of air fields and railways.

2. Arrival since November 10 of additional 100,000 troops and considerable quantities fighters, medium bombers, tanks and guns (75mm.)

B. Estimate of specific quantities have already been telegraphed Washington November 21 by American military intelligence here.

C. Our considered opinion concludes that Japan envisages early hostilities with Britain and United States. Japan does not intend to attack Russia at present but will act in South.

Outnumbered and outgunned in the Pacific, the United States had only one crutch: the "Rainbow" plan, or WPL-46. And it wasn't very formidable.

The plan assumed a major lash back could be made against the Marshalls and Gilberts within six months after the outbreak of hostilities. An American victory was assumed—since the nation never lost wars. This triumph would be consolidated by a sea battle reminiscent of Jutland in Japan's home waters. Nippon's fleet would, of course, be sunk to the last gig.

However, even when Naval Operations realized that a war would involve two oceans, there was a premise which presupposed the entire complex strategy: the Pacific Fleet must start out fresh, intact and full of fight.

General Short's responsibilities and his challenge were somewhat different. He must repel invasion, in the event an amphibious force battered its way past the U.S. Navy. He did, Colonel Fielder thought, "more to prepare Hawaii for defense in a year than his predecessors did in ten." Every beach where landing was possible was studied and emplacements, dugouts, obstacles and other works positioned. In the drenching sun of afternoon, the 25th Division troops, carrying the same Enfield and Springfield rifles their fathers used in World War I, prepared for the kind of war General Pershing had long ago fought.

In the Hawaiian Department's preoccupation with training and against the possibility of sabotage, however, there were unfortunate by-products. For example, telephones and switchboards, linking antiaircraft gun positions with command headquarters at Schofield were locked up at night to prevent theft—and harm. And alerts of any degree in Hawaii had been contemplated with solicitude for the nerves of the residents. A full-dress invasion alert presupposed the removal of live ammunition from magazines and placing it at gun locations. As Bicknell later observed, "Any ammunition that was taken out of storage and put out on the field had to be cleaned before it was put back again." This militated against the ammunition being removed from its neat bins, boxes and racks at all.

With his devotion to the military principle of "train, train, train," General Short was deficient in his understanding of what was going on down at Pacific Fleet and 14th Naval District headquarters. Although he had discussed the war-warning messages with Admiral Kimmel, he had not ascertained that the Navy was not instituting long-range reconnaissance. On his score, Kimmel labored under the delusion that the Army had swung into an all-out state of readiness, rather than one limited to ferreting out of sabotage.

Kimmel had already made it clear that his small covey of PBY's was inadequate for the demands of sustained patrol. Short's Air Corps was possibly worse. Of 227 planes based at Hickam, Wheeler and Bellows fields, nearly one-half were

officially categorized as "obsolescent"; only 12 B-17's could merit the flattery, "long-range patrol." And six of these had been cannibalized of parts for the maintenance of Philippines-bound bombers.

The two air chiefs—Vice Adm. Patrick N. L. Bellinger, Jr., senior aviator both of the Pacific Fleet and the district, and Maj. Gen. Frederick L. Martin, commanding the Hawaiian Air Force—were well aware of these shortcomings. Both endorsed what Admiral Kimmel had written months ago—"A surprise attack on Pearl Harbor is a possibility." The two aviators wanted continual, long-range reconnaissance. But with priority being accorded the Philippines and the Atlantic Fleet, what could be done about it?

If Hubby Kimmel's and Walter Short's interchange of defense information was cursory, they nonetheless remained on first-name accord. Short invited the admiral to play golf every other Sunday, at which time they "talked of all kinds of things around the course."

On this first Wednesday in December, Walter Short and Hubby Kimmel conferred. The general obtained the impression that the Navy "either knew the location of the Japanese carriers or had enough information so that they were not uneasy." In any case, the Hawaiian Department commander felt the nautical service could "handle the situation." There was nothing more to say except to arrange the next meeting: Sunday morning, December 7, at the first tee.

On Kimmel's desk, or possibly in his safe, was Eddie Layton's latest intelligence summary: "No information on submarines or carriers."

In Washington this Thursday, December 4, Captain Safford remained as concerned as McCollum. Late the past evening the cryptographist had called McCollum to ask, "Are you people in Naval Intelligence doing anything to get a warning out to the Pacific Fleet?"

"We are doing everything we can to get the news out to the Fleet," the Far Eastern expert replied.

Since the middle of November Safford had been a haunted man, as he strained to intercept the telltale "east wind rain" message when and if it crackled out from Tokyo. Safford, however, could not understand Japanese. He depended heavily on a fluent student of the language, Lt. Cmdr. Alwin D. Kramer, tall, pencil-moustached Naval Academy graduate.

This morning, at 8 o'clock, the powerful Navy monitoring towers nearby pulled a Tokyo news broadcast out of the air, about 200 words long. Routinely, it was tapped onto the teletype to Kramer's office in the Navy Department for translation.

When Safford saw it in English, he gasped. Three phrases, in this order, were the heart of the message:

War with England (including the Netherlands, East Indies, etc.)
War with the U.S.
Peace with Russia.

Safford snatched the message from Kramer and gave it to an officer-messenger, ordering him to deliver it to Admiral Noyes.

Noyes was located. The communications chief called Turner at once.

"The weather message," he told the War Plans Admiral, "the first weather message has come in."

"What did it say?" Turner asked.

"North wind clear."

"Well, there is something wrong about that," observed Turner.

"I think so, too," concluded Noyes.

Safford's enthusiasm was premature, since there seemingly *was* "something wrong." Kramer himself was certain neither of the length of the intercept nor that he could have decoded anything to mean "War with the United States."

McCollum, who saw the message about this hour of Thursday, concluded the code words "just weren't there." Nonetheless, he could not rid himself of the feeling that the Pacific had been meted warnings inadequate to enable their commanders to ready their ships and stations for war. In a phrase, McCollum was almost certain that the Japanese "were going to jump on us."

Wholly from this unusual prescience, he sat down and drafted "a rather brief dispatch" pointing "to an imminent outbreak of hostilities between Japan and the United States."

He walked into Admiral Wilkinson's office with it, and was directed to Turner, the War Plans chief.

Adjusting his eyeglasses and passing a hand slowly over his towering brow as he read, Turner then showed McCollum the "war warning" message of the 27th.

"Good gosh," declared McCollum, abashed, "you put in the words 'war warning.' I do not know what could be plainer than that, but nevertheless I would like to see mine go, too."

"Well," barked Turner, "if you want to send it, you either send it the way I corrected it, or take it back to Wilkinson and we will argue about it.

Denuded of everything except some basic facts, the heavily deleted dispatch was returned to the Intelligence chieftain's desk. There it died. Noyes, happening by, sniffed the requiem: "I think it is an insult to the intelligence of the Commander-in-Chief (of the Pacific Fleet)."

However, Noyes, Turner and Wilkinson *were* galvanized into some action.

"We had," announced Noyes, "better destroy our own codes and ciphers in our most outlying positions." He was relieved when Turner and Wilkinson readily concurred.

While an information copy of the crucial dispatch was sent to Admiral Kimmel in Hawaii, no copies were received this day at the War Department, two blocks distant along Constitution Avenue. The interchange of "hot" information between Army and Navy remained a curious anomaly.

Although General Marshall ran a one-man show, his most important officer with respect to the Orient was 50-year-old Col. Rufus S. Bratton, chief of the Far Eastern Section of G-2, combining roughly the duties of both McCollum and Kramer in the Navy.

"Rufe" had been at this Army business since 1914, when he graduated from West Point. In the early 20's and in the 30's, duty in Tokyo imbued Rufe with a rare military skill—knowledge of this Oriental language.

By this December, Bratton had been on duty more than five years with the General Staff of the War Department, and four years as top man in the Far Eastern Section. This continuing assignment was partly product of the wisdom of G-2's chieftain, tall, distinguished Brig. Gen. Sherman Miles. It was also in measure through necessity: the lack of Japanese language students. The FBI itself depended heavily for translation in Washington on Bratton's daughter, Leslie, whose knowledge of the language had been gleaned while attending high school in Tokyo.

Bratton now "felt that the Japanese were showing unusual interest in the port of Honolulu." He also knew something that Admiral Turner did not: that the Hawaiian commanders, capable only of "breaking . . . certain low-grade diplomatic messages," possessed no purple machine.

The colonel had been carrying on a one-man counter-intelligence war against the Japanese from the shaky citadel of the Munitions Building. His contacts and pipelines were good. On November 5, for example, he had been able to advise Fielder in Honolulu that Hirota, head of the drum-beating Black Dragon Society, was predicting:

"War with the United States would best begin December or in February . . . the new cabinet would likely start war within 60 days."

This Thursday Bratton heard that the Japanese had ordered their consulates to burn code books, although he had no way of knowing that the U.S. Navy was commencing to follow suit. Well aware of the enormous implications, Bratton became profoundly alarmed. He stormed into the office of the Army's War Plans chief, Brig. Gen. Leonard T. Gerow, 53-year-old Virginian.

Counterpart of Admiral Turner in title, the Army's War Plans chief was dynamic and able, but tended to lose much of his battlefield aggressiveness when placed behind a desk.

Now, Bratton asked him if he did not think he should send more warnings overseas, to commanders such as Short and Gen. Douglas MacArthur, heading United States Army Forces in the Far East. Gerow meditated upon Bratton's suggestion, then decided that for the moment "sufficient" reminders had been transmitted.

The President himself had spent a busy day. At 4 o'clock, donning his battered felt hat, he was wheeled out a side door for a favorite diversion: driving in the Capital's extensive park system. This afternoon his limousine, trailed by a companion sedan bearing Secret Service guards, rolled out of the White House grounds headed for Potomac Park.

As Roosevelt drove, fog rolled up the river, blanketing the airport, paralyzing all flights to and from its runways—hazardous even under clear blue skies—and slowing rail and other surface transportation. Soon the fog turned into a heavy drizzle.

Considering his sinus troubles, the President had reason to be thankful when his driver brought the limousine back to the Executive Mansion. Now he could look forward to a leisurely dinner with Harry Hopkins and his friend, Mrs. Dorothy Brady.

Frank Knox this Thursday evening was also host. To his guest, Donald Nelson, the Navy Secretary blurted out, "Don, we may be at war with the Japs before the month is over."

Outside, the rain streaked the buildings of Government and splashed across window panes through which the glow of electric lights attested to the nocturnal habits of those within.

It was a kind of official somnambulism common to the Munitions Building, Navy Department, State Department, as well as the White House, where destinies had come to be dominated by the very noun "rain," especially if it were preceded by an "east wind."

Down the narrow channel leading from Pearl Harbor into the Pacific, in the dazzling sunshine of Friday morning, December 5, thumped two fast fleet units. Task Force Two, commanded by 60-year-old Rear Adm. John Henry Newton, was built around the veteran carrier USS *Lexington,* with a guard of three heavy cruisers and five destroyers. At her destination, Midway, 25 aircraft piloted by Marines would be flown off for reinforcement of the island.

Vice Adm. Wilson Brown, 59, was leading amphibious Task Force Three to Johnston Island, 700 miles southwest of Oahu, for bombardment practice, then landing exercises. Afterward the two naval assault groups would rendezvous and steam for home base.

Unlike the departure of Admiral Halsey the previous week with Task Force Eight, Newton's and Brown's groups left without any special briefings on the worsening international crisis, the known movements of Japanese naval units off of southeast Asia, or the missing carriers.

Kimmel had been thorough-going in his briefing to Bull Halsey because he considered that Task Force Eight, bound for Wake, was headed for much more dangerous waters than was the case either with Newton's or Brown's relatively close-to-home cruise.

Now, there were no carriers in Pearl. The *Enterprise* and the *Lex* were at sea, the *Saratoga* was just clearing Puget Sound, en route to Hawaii. Motionless as derelicts at their moorings, however, were 94 assorted U.S. Navy vessels in the great Oahu anchorage, ranging from harbor tugs to eight battleships: USS *Pennsylvania, Arizona, California, Maryland, Nevada, Oklahoma, Tennessee* and *West Virginia.*

Some 200 of the "heavies' " personnel—musicians—were practicing for the "Battle of the Bands" at the Receiving Station Saturday night. Every battleship rated a band of 23 members. Admiral Bloch would surely attend the brassy competition since it was a Naval District affair. But Kimmel these days did not have a great deal of heart for punctuations in a peacetime's monotony. He was a worried admiral. Several times this week, for example, he had pondered aloud in the hearing of his intelligence chief, Eddie Layton, "I wish I knew what we were going to do!"

The latter was certain that his chief was vexed by his own mental harangue over naval policy in the Pacific after a likely attack on Southeast Asia but one not directly involving the United States.

Japan, on the other hand, was worried neither about moral scruples nor legality. Even now, Consul Kita was tapping out his latest keyhole gleanings to Tokyo:

> The LEXINGTON and five heavy cruisers left port. . . The following ships were in port on the afternoon of the 5th: 8 battleships, 3 light cruisers, 16 destroyers.

As with other recent intercepts, however, this one sat on an American decrypter's desk, its secrecy guarded by the lack of enough specialized personnel to translate the mass of messages.

The uneasy peace which hung over the Pacific had also spanned a continent to brood, like a great vulture, upon the flat gravel roof of the Navy and Munitions buildings. Admiral Noyes, still not satisfied in his own mind whether Safford was right or wrong about that "winds" message, at 9 a.m. called up Col. Otis K. Sadtler, a senior intelligence officer with the Signal Corps, to advise him that the code word which implied a break between Japan and Great Britain had been monitored.

Sadtler hurried into General Miles' office, who in turn summoned Bratton. The Far Eastern specialist rummaged in his coat pocket until he drew out a crumpled slip of paper. Reading a series of words from it, he asked Sadtler which it was. The latter, who did not understand Japanese, said he would call Noyes back on his secret telephone.

The naval communications chief, after listening to the phrase Bratton had written down—*Nishi no kaze hare,* "west wind cloudy"—admitted he, too, understood no Japanese and could not verify if this were the phrase intercepted or not.

Miles, in spite of Noyes' inexact information, decided he had better let Hawaii know what was going on. He dictated a dispatch for Fielder, at G-2:

> Contact Commander Rochefort immediately through Commandant 14th Naval District regarding broadcasts from Tokyo regarding weather.

Sadtler, coming to the conclusion that the "wind implement" was the most important message he had ever received, next went into the office of General Gerow, who seemed to think, as he had previously, that enough people had already been properly alerted.

The Signal Corps officer next determined to talk to dour, tough Col. Walter Bedell Smith, 46-year-old secretary of the General Staff, an important man who was known to have Marshall's ear. Bedell Smith asked Sadtler what he had done. The onetime Hoosier reservist listened, then snapped that he did not "wish to discuss it further."

Sadtler's concern mounted as he made the latest count of the messages acknowledging to Tokyo that Japanese consulates around the world were burning their secret files. He was convinced these acknowledgement codes meant one and only one thing: "War was coming and coming very quickly." But what could a Signal Corps colonel do, after the Secretary of the General Staff had told him he did not "wish to discuss it further"?

Troubled as well this 5th of December was Cordell Hull, who, following an almost sleepless night, met with Nomura and Kurusu.

Nomura said that Japan was "very anxious to reach an agreement" with the United States, while his short colleague chimed in that he thought the nation "ought to be willing to agree to discontinue aid to China" as soon as negotiations between China and Japan commenced.

Hull retorted that this problem could not be considered an Eastern one alone, that aid to Hitler had to be taken into consideration in the broad picture. As long as other powers had to station large numbers of troops in the Pacific and the East to counter "unexpected moves" of Japan, thus diverting them from Europe, the Nazis were being helped immeasurably.

Now, Nomura, usually patient and graven during official conferences, uttered under his breath a Japanese expression equivalent to: "This isn't getting us anywhere!"

For the next 10 minutes, Hull, Nomura and Kurusu reviewed the worsening relations since the embargo of oil in the summer. Obviously in full accord himself that the deliberations were getting nowhere, Hull finally pointed out that they could jointly "solve matters without delay if only the Japanese government would renounce courses of force and aggression." He concluded, with the old fire in his voice:

"We are not looking for trouble, but at the same time we are not running away from menaces!"

Once again a tête-à-tête between the trio had served no purpose. The two envoys bowed stiffly out of the mahogany office, after first apologizing for "taking so much of the Secretary's time" when he was busy.

They had barely cleared the high doorway when Mr. Hull became even busier. He cabled instructions to his diplomats in Tokyo and other Eastern outposts concerning the destruction of "codes, secret archives, passports and the like, the closing of offices and the severance of local employees in the event of a sudden emergency cutting off communications with the Department."

If mingled uneasiness, uncertainty and vacillation as to the future had become the broad brush strokes on the canvas which was the White House and the State Department, the same

colors slashed broadly a few blocks southward to the Navy Department and the Munitions Building. In the former, Kelly Turner had come to the inward conclusion that the chances of a heavy raid on Hawaii were 50-50.

During the afternoon, the impatient War Plans chief had been seized with misgivings as to his own judgment. He commenced to solicit opinions from his subordinates as to "what more the Navy Department could do to warn the forces in the field, the fleets.

To Turner the decision appeared unanimous that Kimmel's instructions as to a defensive deployment were fully "sufficient."

It appeared that the time Marshall and Stark so desperately needed was still in supply.

Intercepted by the Navy, however, was a positive communication from Japanese-occupied Peking to Tokyo:

> Concurrent with opening war on Britain and America we have considered Holland as a semi-belligerent and have exercised strict surveillance over her consulates and prohibited all communications between them and the enemy countries.

In the log jam of wireless traffic, however, this dispatch was tossed in a bin which assured against its translation for six days.

At the White House, upstairs, in the Oval Room this December 5, the President ate his evening meal, alone, from a tray upon his desk. Long after the good-bys from the last guests at his wife's party had rung from the marble majesty of the portico, White House ushers had noted lights still glowed from the doorsill leading to the Chief Executive's bedroom.

But whether the man possessed unusual prescience or unusual lack of the same quality, Franklin Roosevelt alone could say. And alone the leader of the nation and rallying figure of the free world was in these incipient moments of December 6. Among all the 132 million Americans, FDR's date with destiny was by far the heaviest.

Long before dawn had highlighted the dark mists above Puget Sound, the Navy's wireless towers on Bainbridge Island overheard new secrets whispered electronically between Tokyo and its ambassador in Washington. Radiomen at this important Pacific coast eavesdropping station wrote down the gibberish which, when translated in the next six hours, would only announce another communication to come:

> This separate message is a very long one. I will send it in 14 parts and I imagine you will receive it tomorrow . . .
> Concerning the time of presenting this memorandum to the United States, I will wire you in a separate message. However, I want you in the meantime to put it in nicely drafted form and make every preparation to present it to the Americans just as soon as you receive instructions.

And as December 6 commenced in Washington, G-2 was flashing its own messages in the opposite direction to Honolulu:

> Word has just been received from ONI by telephone to the effect that the Japanese Embassy in Washington, D.C., was reliably reported to have burned a code book and ciphers last night.

In the Navy building, Captain Safford was manifesting increasing awareness that something was going to happen. He drafted this message for CINCPAC, information Wake garrison:

> In view of the imminence of war destroy all registered publications on Wake except this system and current editions of aircraft code and direction-finding code.

Then he hurried it into Admiral Noyes' office. The latter replied, in effect, "What do you mean by using such language as that?"

"Admiral," retorted his subordinate, "war is just a matter of days if not hours!"

"You may think there is going to be a war," the communications chief rejoined, "but I think they are bluffing."

Finally the dispatch was reworked and sent for deferred handling, which meant it would loiter a day or two in transmission.

About this time Saturday morning, the machinery of a more unusual drama was already in motion. Ferdinand L. Mayer, 54-year-old retired career diplomat, had just finished breakfast at the Georgetown estate Evermay, of Ferdinand Lammot Belin, former Ambassador to Poland and multimillionaire industrialist. With them was James Dunn, one of Cordell Hull's immediate assistants.

Mayer, who had served in Japan, China, Germany, and South America, had been coaxed to Washington from his retirement vineyard in Bennington, Vermont, through the efforts of his host, "Mott" Belin and an even more well-known American, Col. William J. "Wild Bill" Donovan. The New York lawyer and hell-for-leather soldier and his friend Belin had speculated earlier in the week that the special envoy Kurusu probably had something on his mind which had by no means been extracted by the State Department, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, or anyone else.

Belin then had advised Donovan that Mayer had known Kurusu 11 years ago when both men were representing their individual countries in Peru. The friendship had been cemented the more since Kurusu's wife was an American, and a Peruvian revolution had caused the American and Japanese diplomats to work night and day, side by side, to protect their nationals. It was natural, therefore, that Donovan should reason that if Kurusu would confide in *anyone*, Fred Mayer would be the most logical—and a meeting was arranged.

In the tapestried hush of the Japanese Embassy, where he arrived shortly before 11 a.m., the veteran diplomat was greeted by a most cordial Saburo Kurusu. After polite reminiscing of the old days in Peru, Kurusu indicated that he was extremely anxious to discuss his abortive mission to Washington. However, it appeared obvious to the Bennington resident that the Japanese envoy was "apprehensive" of being overheard by members of the Embassy staff.

"Fred, we are in an awful mess," Kurusu finally declared with surprising bluntness. "We must find a way out, and we believe that President Roosevelt as arbiter between ourselves and the Chinese is the best move from our point of view, as well as everyone else's."

As the two diplomats continued to talk, Kurusu's tone became more somber. It appeared increasingly certain that Kurusu wanted to tell something of the most shocking import, but feared that he had already been forthright "to the very extreme limits of a patriotic Japanese." He proceeded to emphasize, as Mayer was to report, that "the situation was one of extreme danger of war . . . of attack by the Japanese government, then dominated by the army group to which Kurusu and his friends were violently opposed, since, as Kurusu said, war with the United States was suicide for Japan."

The sentiments were expressed with what seemed to Mayer to be "such extraordinary honesty and courage" that he "begged" Kurusu to dine with Mott Belin that night.

Past noon, Mayer walked out of the Massachusetts Avenue embassy and into the bright December sunlight, convinced that Kurusu was trying to warn him of an impending attack.

At the State Department, Hull had been in frequent contact all morning with Knox and Stimson, discussing the "most urgent" cable he had received at 10:40 from Ambassador John G. Winant in London:

> British Admiralty reports that at 3 a.m. London time this morning two parties seen off Cambodia Point, sailing slowly westward toward Kra 14 hours distant in time. First party, 25 transports, 6 cruisers, 10 destroyers. Second party, 10 transports, 2 cruisers, 10 destroyers.

To the old, sick Secretary it was manifest that "the long-threatened Japanese movement of expansion by force to the south was under way. We and our friends were in imminent danger."

At the White House, the President, concluding a conference with Budget Director Harold Smith, commented about the same Japanese convoys, then added, according to Smith's diary:

"We might be at war with Japan, although no one knew."

In the Navy and Munitions buildings it was just another

working day. Only a very few in either department had any reason to manifest concern. Stark, for example, continuing to ponder his own grave responsibilities, asked Budge Ingersoll to send a fresh dispatch to Kimmel:

In view of the international situation and the exposed position of our outlying Pacific islands, you may authorize the destruction by them of secret and confidential documents now or under later conditions of greater emergency. Means of communication to support our current operations and special intelligence should, of course, be maintained until the last moment.

Only to a very few in these same military establishments was the existence known of the message that Bainbridge Island had picked up hours earlier. Bratton was the first officer to handle it. After discussing its implications with General Miles, of G-2, and General Gerow, of War Plans, he made distribution to the offices of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of State and to Chief of Staff General Marshall through his secretary, Bedell Smith.

It was obvious from this pilot message that too much communication material would be avalanching into the Signal Intelligence Service this afternoon for the Army, which had no 24-hour watch, to handle. Accordingly, Bratton called on Captain Safford for Navy help.

The message started coming in during mid-afternoon. Although encoded, the text was in English, thereby vastly speeding up the processing. In itself this one part of 13 more to come was lengthy, assertive and oblique. It commenced:

Of the various principles put forward by the American government as a basis of the Japanese-American agreement, there are some which the Japanese Government is ready to accept in principle, but in view of the world's actual conditions, it seems only a Utopian ideal, on the part of the American Government, to attempt to force their immediate adoption . . .

In Honolulu, December 6, it was but half a working day. That afternoon Willamette University, of Salem, Oregon, would meet the University of Hawaii in the Shriners' 11th annual football classic. And at this moment Consul Kita was advising Tokyo:

At the present time there are no signs of barrage balloon equipment. In addition, it is difficult to imagine that they actually have any. However, even though they have actually made preparations, because they must control the air over the water and land runways of the airports in the vicinity of Pearl Harbor, Hickam, Ford and Ewa, there are limits to the balloon defense of Pearl Harbor. I imagine in all probability there is considerable opportunity left to take advantage for a surprise attack against these places.

In my opinion the battleships do not have torpedo nets.

Slightly later, the Japanese emissary postscripted: "It appears that no air reconnaissance is being conducted by the fleet air arm."

Although the intercept of this message promptly arrived at the military's decoding offices, the accumulation of traffic and the lack of personnel over the weekend deferred its translation at least until Monday morning.

In the afternoon George Bicknell, Colonel Fielder's G-2 assistant, was relaxing at his residence in Aiea Heights. The phone rang. It was his friend Bob Shivers, of the FBI.

"You better come right down here, George," Shivers said. "I want you to see something which I think is a great matter of importance."

Bicknell drove quickly down to the Dillingham Building at Merchant and Bishop Streets, where he found an unusually excited agent.

"This thing," said Shivers, "looks very significant to me. I think something is going to happen."

The "thing" was the transcript of a lengthy telephone call between Mrs. Motokazu Mori, wife of a local dentist, and the Tokyo newspaper *Yomiuri Shimbun*. Both Dr. Mori, with offices but three blocks from the Japanese consulate, and his wife had merited the "suspicious" lists of G-2 and the FBI for some months, with the result that telephone lines to both the office and the dentist's home had been tapped.

Although Mrs. Mori listed herself as a bona-fide correspondent for the Japanese newspaper, Shivers was struck by the non-reportorial nature of the conversation. Mrs. Mori ranged over a variety of seemingly unrelated topics: planes, a war building boom, whether there were many sailors about, the weather, searchlights, flowers, the number of first-generation Japanese, the fleet, and so on.

The taped conversation seemed to Bicknell "of special interest." He telephoned his superior, Kendall Fielder, at Fort Shafter.

"I have a matter of great importance," he said, "that should be taken up with the general right away."

It was now about 5:30 in the afternoon.

"It *cannot* wait until morning," Bicknell asserted.

Fielder said he would talk it over with Short and phone Bicknell back.

In a few minutes Fielder called.

"If you can get out to Shafter in 10 minutes," the G-2 officer stipulated, "General Short says he will wait that long."

At 4:30 p.m. of December 6, the remaining personnel of the Navy and Munitions buildings pushed out onto the sidewalks rimming Constitution Avenue like cattle from a corral suddenly flung open. On the second deck of Navy, Captain Safford was reaching for his hat.

"There is nothing I can do but get in your way and make you nervous," he quipped to his colleagues. "I am going home."

Thirteen parts of the long message from Tokyo were now on the decoders' desks. They were still encrypted and could mean nothing to Safford yet.

Desk lamps in other offices of the two elongated, stuccoed warrens of the nation's land and sea might were winking off as their occupants prepared to move out into the gathering dusk. Before he left, Kelly Turner looked up to see Ping Wilkinson confronting him.

"Kelly," asserted the soft-spoken intelligence chief, "you are mistaken."

"Mistaken in what?" Turner snapped, bristling.

"Mistaken that Japan would attack the United States," pursued Wilkinson. His tone was flat, without emotion, normal.

Then the two high-ranking aides to Stark walked down the endlessly long corridor, the subject presumably at an end.

There was one of their colleagues, however, Capt. Joseph R. Redman, Admiral Noyes' assistant, who, as he was returning the past weekend from the Army-Navy game in Philadelphia, had categorically asserted, "If the Japs don't strike us this weekend, I'll eat my shirt!"

So far, the captain had not started chewing on his shirt, nor had the Japanese yet struck. Nonetheless, there was increasing inspiration for such auguries. At 4:20 p.m., for example, further substantiation for Winant's morning advisory was stringing into the War Department's Communications Center from an observer in Singapore, Brig. Gen. Francis G. Brink:

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon, following a course due west, were seen a battleship, five cruisers, seven destroyers and 25 merchant ships; these were seen at 106° 8′ E 8° N; this was the first report.

Ten merchant ships, two cruisers and 10 destroyers were seen following the same course at 106° 20′ E 7° 35′ N.

In other words, the first convoy, 40 miles south of Soctrang, on the south coast of Indo-China, in the South China Sea, was about 365 miles distant from the nearest landfall on the Malay Peninsula, across the Gulf of Siam. The second was approximately 50 miles south of the first.

Both forces could be expected, if they maintained the same course and speed, to raise the Malaya coast the following afternoon—Sunday, in the United States time zone; Monday, across the international dateline.

At the White House, Roosevelt had hurled himself into an afternoon's appointments and problems which would have taxed the physical and nervous energies of a well man. No report was made of the 20-minute conference with Lord Halifax. However, it was a reasonable assumption that the call had been sparked by the "Naval Person," Churchill himself.

Roosevelt had determined to send the trump card to the Japanese Emperor that Cordell Hull had been saving. Written a week or more earlier, it had been reposing in a drawer of the Secretary of State's desk. As with so many of his pronouncements, however, the President wanted to inject a swatch of his own thoughts and personality into Hull's diplomatic tapestry.

He rapidly dictated a few changes to his secretary, Grace Tully, and attached a memorandum to the appeal before speeding it back to Hull: "Shoot this to Grew. I think can go in gray code—saves time—I don't mind if it gets picked up."

When he was wheeled back to his Oval Room, FDR was pleased to find awaiting him his neighbor from Rhinebeck, New York, Vincent Astor. It was now cocktail time, and there remained nearly an hour in which Roosevelt could make small talk with his multimillionaire friend, before dressing for Eleanor's formal dinner.

It being Saturday, there were other dinner parties.

One of the smaller was that at the home of Ping Wilkinson and his atractive wife Catherine in nearby Arlington, Virginia. His guest list, while primarily Navy, nonetheless crossed the interservice no-man's-land to include his Army opposite, Sherman Miles. The other two couples were Capt. and Mrs. John Beardall and Capt. R. E. "Pinkie" Schuirmann, the State Department liaison, and Mrs. Schuirmann.

Beardall, the presidential aide, had left the White House at 5:30, after telling Lieutenant Lester Schulz, who had the confidential mail watch, that he could expect an important pouch during the evening.

At the Wardman Park Hotel, Secretary and Mrs. Knox, plain as they were wealthy, would set only one extra place: for one of his Chicago *Daily News* executives.

The Otis K. Sadtlers were already engaged in preliminaries to a supper for Army acquaintances. The talk, turning to the incineration of Japanese codes, had swung in a familiar, troubled direction: war. All present agreed it was coming, while Mrs. Sadtler was certain that her husband indicated it would be "probably the next day."

In the hushed red-brick amplitude of Quarters No. 1, Fort Myer, the George Catlett Marshalls were facing another monastic evening. Mrs. Marshall had fallen in October, breaking four ribs, causing cancellation of the social engagements which normally would have been accepted. The general told his chauffeur, burly Sgt. John Semanko, that he would not be needing him, although the sergeant should stand by late the next morning possibly to drive him to the office for a routine look around. This would, of course, follow the general's Sunday horseback ride, in company only with his Dalmatian dog.

In the sylvan fastness of his estate Woodley, on Cathedral Avenue, Secretary of War Stimson was being bothered by something, although the subject was not strictly a concern of his department. Nonetheless, he *had* to know. He contacted his aide, Maj. E. L. Harrison, and requested that he obtain these statistics from the Navy:

"Compilation of men-of-war in Far East: British, American, Japanese, Dutch, Russian. Also compilation of American men-of-war in Pacific Fleet, with locations, and a list of American men-of-war in the Atlantic without locations."

A time limit was set for obtaining the statistics: 9 a.m. Sunday for the Pacific figures, 10 a.m. for the Atlantic.

Certainly the President understood these international naval measurements, as well as that the United States Navy, committed to battle in the North Atlantic, was outnumbered two to one in the Pacific by Japan, and that the carrier disadvantage in that same disputed ocean was at least five to one.

Yet, if Stimson felt ignorant of the locations of the United States Pacific Fleet and even if Roosevelt himself were, in lesser degree, it was not surprising. Apparently the Navy Department itself was not certain.

For example, the gravely worried Col. Rufus Bratton, now struggling with the incoming 14-part message from Tokyo, had been asking his naval opposite, McCollum:

"Are you sure these people are properly alerted? Are they on the job? Have they been properly warned?"

McCollum answered, "Yes," naturally, since he had no way of knowing that his own urgent warning of Thursday was still gathering dust after bouncing back and forth between the three warring admirals: Turner, Wilkinson and Noyes.

"The fleet has gone or is going to sea," McCollum had added, although likely thinking of the three task forces which had put out from Pearl.

Thus, as Bratton frantically decoded, he felt a certain relief: no "major element of the fleet" this late Saturday, December 6, was in Pearl Harbor. He was convinced that this knowledge—or was it illusion?—was shared by all in ONI as well as in G-2.

George Bicknell somehow threaded the compounded evening traffic of Honolulu to arrive at General Short's home at Fort Shafter in approximately 10 minutes. There he found the general and Kendall Fielder.

Short, a methodical man, "read the message over very carefully," as his G-2 chief peered across his shoulder. Then the general and Fielder discussed it between them.

Fielder arrived at quite an opposite deduction from that of his subordinate. Although the phone conversation between Mrs. Mori and the *Yomiuri Shimbun* sounded "silly from our western mind's point of view," he nonetheless considered it "a more or less typical reporter's approach to a story that would sell a paper."

Short, finally deciding that "no one of us could figure out what it possibly meant," suggested to George Bicknell that perhaps he was "a little too intelligence conscious."

Frustrated, his concern intensified rather than diminished, George Bicknell set out again for Aiea Heights.

Others continued to embark upon their Saturday evenings. Among them were Hubby Kimmel and Mrs. Kimmel, steering course for the popular dining rendezvous, The House Without a Key, where their host would be Vice Adm. Herbert Fairfax Leary.

Like his Army counterpart, Walter Short, Kimmel was abstemious and a man of conservative retiring habits. Both officers would leave their respective functions two hours or more before midnight.

The evening in Honolulu continued. Fort Street was ablaze with Christmas lights. Post-football game dances were legion, with every likelihood that they would continue till dawn. From the Receiving Station the Battle of the Bands was hurling its metallic notes far into the night, out across the broad harbor waters.

On those otherwise darkened waters shone the anchor lights of a number of fleet units, led by the capital ships, the heavies, neatly in line off the east shore of Ford Island, half of their number moored side-by-side.

In Manila General Douglas MacArthur advised the Chief of Staff this weekend:

> All Air Corps stations here on alert. Airplanes dispersed and each under guard.

The Army's Far East commanding general had been characteristically unequivocal when, earlier in the year, Stark's aide, McCrea, had asked him about the chances of an accord.

"War is inevitable," was MacArthur's flat reply.

He had been receiving of late "ample and complete information" from War Department advisories "for the purpose of alerting the Army Command of the Philippines on a war basis." But the shelves of his military hardware store, nonetheless, were not heavy with armament. In 1941 the Army and Navy had to argue impassionedly before Congress for every gun, as well as every gunboat.

The 130,000 troops which served under MacArthur were misleading by their numbers. All but 30,000 of the soldiers were poorly equipped and partially trained Filipinos—brave, sturdy native fighters, but far from ready to come up against an army which was hard, professional and field-proven, such as Japan's. His air force, commanded by 51-year-old energetic Maj. Gen. Lewis H. Brereton, was proportionately slim and shaky.

While the balance sheet proclaimed 277 airplanes, only about half of that total were modern and trimmed for combat. These included 35 Flying Fortresses and approximately 100 P-40 fighters. Brereton had just checked on Army Air Corps totals. There were only 64 fully qualified 4-engine pilots and 171 pursuit or fighter pilots available in the Combat Command.

Sunday night, which was Saturday across the dateline in the United States, MacArthur's No. 1 aviator was guest of honor at a party at the Manila Hotel. In the course of the evening he was talking with Rear Adm. William R. "Speck" Purnell, on liaison duty with the ABCD powers.

Purnell mentioned that Admiral Hart had received messages from the Navy Department which could be interpreted as further war warnings. It was a question of days, speculated

Purnell, "perhaps hours," before the shooting would likely start.

The Far East aerial commander ordered a combat alert commencing at daylight. At Clark, Nichols, Nielson and the incompleted Del Monte Fields, crews would be briefed and ready, their aircraft warmed up, fueled and armed, as if an enemy were actually en route to attack the islands.

Crusty Admiral Hart, with a fleet comprised of two cruisers, 13 World War I four-stack destroyers, and 29 submarines generally ready for action, had scarcely greater reason for complacency than Brereton. Recently, his PBY flying boats, slow and tempting targets, had become valuable assets: they had accounted for the shadowing of Tokyo's Malaya-bound convoys.

As MacArthur, Hart and Brereton awaited "something" in the Philippines, nearby Singapore braced for what its commanders believed an imminent blow. The recall whistles still piped along the waterfront, echoing the length of Collier Key and Raffles Key and up Connaught Drive and Clyde Street, while the last sailors tumbled out of bars and brothels to reel toward their ships.

It would not be like old times in Singapore for a long while. . .

In Washington, at Evermay, Kurusu was continuing to speak with Mott Belin, whom he had never previously met, but who was "astonished beyond measure" at the Japanese envoy's frankness. He repeated, in substance, what he had already confided in the morning and indicated once more, by Mayer's assessment, that he was "trying in the most desperate fashion to warn us of a momentary attack somewhere."

His hosts were still bending their every effort, short of direct question, "to try to find out whether Kurusu knew where this impending attack might most likely take place" when the telephone rang, about 8:30. It turned out to be Kurusu's embassy informing him that Roosevelt had transmitted a personal appeal to Hirohito. This, Kurusu observed, was bound to cause headaches in Tokyo and more thinking.

Headaches were in fashion this first Saturday of December. Bratton and Kramer both had reason for such affliction. The Army and Navy decrypting staffs between them had converted shortly before 8:30 p.m. the first 13 parts of the 14-part message to the Japanese ambassador.

"The Government of Japan," it commenced, "prompted by a genuine desire to come to an amicable understanding with the Government of the United States in order that the two countries by their joint efforts may secure the peace of the Pacific area and thereby contribute toward the realization of world peace, has continued negotiations with the utmost sincerity since April last. . . ."

Insisting it had been "the immutable policy" of Japan to "insure the stability of East Asia," the message lashed out at alleged interference by America and Great Britain in Japan's efforts toward "a general peace" with China as well as with Japan's "joint defense," along with France, of French Indo-China; it reviewed Japanese-United States negotiations and restated the former's "equitable solution" to mutual differences, reducible largely to the premise that America keep wholly out of the Far East, restore commercial relations with Japan, supply her oil, and also aid her in "the acquisition in the Netherlands East Indies of those goods and commodities of which the two countries are in need"; then it went on to Nippon's "spirit of conciliation."

Part 10 was exceptionally blunt. Denouncing Anglo-American "collusion" in the East, the section warned that "the Japanese Government cannot tolerate the perpetuation of such a situation. . . ."

Part 13 came closest to new information when, with reference to the American suggestions of November 26, it noted, "therefore, viewed in its entirety, the Japanese Government regrets that it cannot accept the proposal as a basis of negotiations."

In these parts, although Tojo's war cabinet rejected the American note, nothing so radical as a diplomatic rupture was implied. The verbose truculence, however, clearly indicated that the author was working up to some climax which would presumably be reached with the final Part 14.

With a sigh, Rufe Bratton read the 13th part. Then he telephoned the SIS to see if the 14th would be coming through.

"No," replied the signal intelligence duty officer, "there is very little likelihood of that part coming in this evening. We think we have gotten all of that message that we are going to get tonight."

Bratton, realizing this was a diplomatic message, gathered up Cordell Hull's folder, put it in the pouch, locked the pouch, and personally delivered it to the night duty officer in the State Department. He explained it was a highly important message and he wished that it be sent to Hull's quarters, the Carlton Hotel on nearby 16th Street. Bratton, weary, decided to call it a night.

Kramer, ticking off his own list, was frustrated at the outset by his inability to reach either Stark or Turner. Word had been left at Stark's Observatory Circle quarters that the Chief of Naval Operations was at the National Theater. At Turner's home on Western Avenue in the Chevy Chase section, there was, Kramer thought, no answer.

However, he was able to talk with both Wilkinson and McCollum, whom he told in cryptic terms of the general sense of the 13 parts. It was agreed that Kramer should take copies to the White House and to Secretary Knox, and finally to Wilkinson's residence.

Shortly before 9:30, with Mrs. Kramer driving, he arrived at the White House where he told Lt. Lester Schulz there was something in the folder "that the President should see as quickly as possible." In company with an usher, Schulz went directly to the Oval Room, where he found Roosevelt seated at his desk. Harry Hopkins was the only other occupant.

For perhaps 10 minutes Roosevelt read and reread the 13 parts while Hopkins was "pacing back and forth slowly, not more than 10 feet away," like a caged creature. The young naval officer was impressed by the President's calm manner, although he was not fully prepared for the latter's subsequent remark to Hopkins after his friend had himself glanced over the intercept.

"This means war," Roosevelt said, in substance, if not in those actual words. It was now 10 p.m. or slightly later. Schulz had been in the Oval Room for half an hour. FDR noted that he would talk to Stark. He put in a telephone call, only to be informed that the admiral was at the National Theater. Roosevelt said he did not want him paged, fearing undue alarm might be caused. Instead, he left word at Stark's quarters for him to call the White House upon his return.

In the meanwhile, about 9:45 p.m., Kramer was making his second stop—at the Wardman Park Hotel. Knox, not so facile a reader as the President, consumed about 20 minutes in going over the Tokyo note.

The Secretary of the Navy, impressed both with the 13 parts and the portent of the 14th to come, got on the telephone to Stimson and Hull to arrange a special conference of the three at 10 a.m. Sunday at the State Department. He asked Kramer to be there at that time, bringing back the Japanese message, together with the 14th part, if it had arrived.

Mrs. Kramer then drove her busy husband through the Saturday night streets of Washington and over the bridge facing the Lincoln Memorial to Arlington. He rang the bell at 2301 North Uhle Street, to be greeted by Admiral Wilkinson. Not only were Beardall, Miles and Schuirmann present, but also two officers from the French Embassy.

It was now 11 p.m.

Wilkinson took the message and, after glancing over it, commenced to discuss it with the G-2 general and the White House aide. Wilkinson could not "consider it a military paper," rather "a diplomatic paper . . . a justification of the position of Japan." Soon he excused himself and rang Admiral Stark's number, only to be advised, as the President had before him, that the Chief of Naval Operations was at the theater.

Then Ping Wilkinson reached Kelly Turner, who volunteered that he had been home all evening. Although the ONI chief expressed profound doubt that "diplomatic relations would be broken," the War Plans admiral suggested he would like to look at the 13 parts himself.

Sherman Miles, seconding his host's reaction, observed there was "little military significance" to the transmission from Tokyo, filled as it was with "falsehoods and lies." On other considerations, the G-2 chieftain said he saw "no reason for alerting or waking up the Chief of Staff . . . or certainly Secretary Hull."

At 11:30 the headlights of the official limousine bearing Admiral Stark, his wife and their guests shone up the winding gravel driveway toward Quarters "A" Observatory Circle. As soon as he entered his comfortable old brick mansion, the Chief of Naval Operations was advised of the White House call. The admiral excused himself and walked up the carpeted

stairs to the second floor where the direct telephone to the Executive Mansion was located.

In five or 10 minutes he returned, his manner apparently not disturbed. Significant was the fact that Stark emerged from his White House conversation with the impression that the Japanese note was a "rehash," an opinion that was to be strengthened in the admiral's mind when he was to read the communication itself. The assumption was that Roosevelt had initially created the feeling in Stark's mind that the 13 parts constituted old material.

This, then, would become the night's greatest enigma: how could the very man, who about an hour and a half earlier had declared, "This means war," so shortly afterward have indicated or even implied that the same message was now a "rehash"?

Midnight was at hand when a weary Kramer attained Admiral Turner's doorstep, in Chevy Chase, halfway across the District of Columbia from Wilkinson's home in Arlington. The War Plans chief adjusted his eyeglasses and scrutinized the 13 parts, which he privately assessed to be "very important."

He questioned the communications officer sharply as to exactly who had read the long message. When his earlier understanding, gleaned presumably from a telephone conversation with Wilkinson, was confirmed that the intelligence chief and Ingersoll, as well as the Secretary of the Navy himself had received it, he concluded he did not "believe it was my function to take any action."

He removed his eyeglasses, returned the sheaf to Kramer and bade him goodnight. At last Commander and Mrs. Kramer could go home.

Washington—and a nation—slept.

Sunday, December 7, dawned clear and beautiful in Washington. The air was mildly crisp. The day would begin in various ways for different people. Captain Schuirmann, for example, although he had no set duties on Sunday, arose at a far earlier hour than normal, breakfasted, and hastened to the Navy Department.

Bratton and Kramer had slept badly. Both officers were up early in order to arrive at the Navy Department before their superiors. Specialists, they had forgotten what days off were.

Stimson leisurely partook of breakfast as the sun slanted through the long windows of his dining room at Woodley. But even as his request last night for fleet statistics hinted, he had something on his mind. He noted, in fact, in his diary that there was "something hanging in the air."

Not far from Woodley, on Observatory Circle, Stark, contrary to habit, ordered his chauffeur to drive him down Massachusetts Avenue in order to be at his desk at 9 a.m.

Bratton, McCollum and Kramer arrived at their offices at about the same time, 7:30. On his desk Bratton found the awaited 14th part, concluding just as Bratton had expected it would:

> The Japanese Government regrets to have to notify hereby the American Government that in view of the attitude of the American Government it cannot but consider that it is impossible to reach an agreement through further negotiations.

Bratton handed copies of the complete message to his assistant, Colonel Dusenbury, to be distributed to the Chief of Staff, to War Plans, G-2 and the State Department. Copies were also forwarded to the Navy.

Bratton logged in two more dispatches before 9 o'clock:

> Will the ambassador please submit to the United States Government (if possible to the Secretary of State) our reply to the United States at 1 p.m. on the 7th, your time.
>
> After deciphering part 14 of my 902 and also 907, 908 and 909 please destroy at once the remaining cipher machine and all machine codes. Dispose in like manner also secret documents.

Bratton, expert on the Japanese language as well as the character and behavior of the race which spoke it, reacted to the "1 o'clock" message like a man struck over the head. Stunned, he nonetheless seemed to understand what was all too likely to happen. As he shortly confided to Colonel Betts:

"I tried to figure *where it would be dawn* when it was 1 o'clock in Washington. Then, without looking at a time-date chart of the Pacific, I guessed it would be about 2 a.m. the next day—Monday—in Manila, 3 a.m. in Tokyo, but it would be *just about sunrise*, or 7:30 a.m. in Hawaii!"

He was not far off. Sunrise at Oahu was at 6:26 o'clock Sunday.

Bratton rubbed at his gray-flecked moustache, then raced off toward the Chief of Staff's office.

When Bratton could not find Marshall in his office, he telephoned—a few minutes after 9 a.m.—his quarters at Fort Myer. There an orderly answered the phone to explain that the general was out cantering, accompanied only by his Dalmatian.

"Get assistance," said Bratton. "Find General Marshall, tell him who I am and tell him to go to the nearest telephone, that it is vitally important that I communicate with him at the earliest possible moment!"

The day's even tenor had not, thus far, been ruffled in the Navy's center of all decisions. Stark continued at his desk, working on redistribution, wishing that Turner were aboard.

However, decision and action would have to await Marshall's return from his ride. It was still but a few minutes past 10 o'clock on a quiet December Sunday morning.

In the Navy Department, neither the 1 o'clock message, nor word about it or of the frenzy into which it had catapulted Colonel Bratton and General Miles, had arrived.

At 10 a.m., Captain Beardall delivered the 14th part to the President, who was still abed.

The latter studied the part briefly, then observed, "It looks like the Japanese are going to break off negotiations."

Since Beardall was alone on the White House military watch this morning, he locked the confidential pouch and started back to the Navy Department to return it in person.

Admiral McIntire arrived upon Beardall's departure. He would be closeted with the President for the next two hours to treat his sinus condition.

The prolonged ordeal Sunday morning, December 7, coming atop a week of intense strain and pressure, conceivably had a bearing on a generation's "rendezvous with destiny." The enigma of the past evening—"This means war" and "rehash"—could not be shrugged off.

At Fort Myer, the Chief of Staff was back from his ride. At Quarters A he was taking a shower by 10:15. Ten minutes later, apparently refreshed from the brisk exercise, he returned the calls left by Bratton.

While Bratton did not mention his fears regarding an attack on Pearl Harbor—and was not to do so—there manifestly was something about his tone which penetrated the understanding of the Chief of Staff, conveying the sense of acute urgency which had in no degree been assimilated by the orderly. Marshall was thereupon galvanized into unusual activity.

First, he ordered his official car to start over for him. At this time it was presumably in the lot behind the Munitions Building in Washington.

However, as Marshall finished dressing, he must have decided that the car wouldn't arrive at officers' row in Fort Myer soon enough. He then instructed Sergeant Semanko to fetch the red roadster of his stepson and drive him to meet his other car.

The two raced through the Sunday morning peace of Arlington National Cemetery. They tore past the Amphitheater, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, down the winding hill road of the eastern slope and through the main gates, facing Memorial Bridge over the Potomac. Just before driving onto the approaches of the bridge itself, they encountered the official car.

Marshall jumped out of the roadster and into his khaki-painted sedan. The general's chauffeur then sped his high-ranking passenger across the broad stone bridge and toward the marble grandeur of the Lincoln Memorial.

At slightly after 10:30, while Marshall was hastening toward his office, a curiously significant drama was unfolding in Admiral Stark's blue-green suite. First, Kramer, back from the White House and the Department of State, had found the 1 o'clock message, sent over from G-2. On his own, he came to much the conclusion of Bratton, having worked out the comparative time zones on a navigator's plotting circle.

He hurried down the hall to Stark's office, where he was met

at the door by McCollum. Kramer showed him the 1 o'clock message and pointed out the "probable tie-up of the time."

After the newest dispatch had been shown to the officers, McCollum had the impression that Admiral Stark reacted, "so what?"—in a sense if not those actual words—to the 1 p.m. time.

However, Wilkinson (as McCollum told the author) had a concrete suggestion.

"Why don't you pick up the telephone and call Kimmel?"

Stark lifted the telephone and gave every indication that he *was* actually going to put through a long-distance call to Admiral Kimmel.

This moment, somewhere between 10:30 and 11 a.m., was possibly the most portentous of all, that Sunday morning. Destiny hung on Admiral Stark's elbow as he lifted the instrument.

Then, with a slight shake of his head, he replaced the phone and said, in effect, "No, I think I will call the President."

Stark reached the White House switchboard, to be informed that the President was busy.

A flickering of history had come—and gone. . . .

At 11:25 a.m., Miles and Bratton arrived at Marshall's office to find him reading aloud the 14 parts. They attempted several times to interrupt the Chief of Staff so that Bratton could show him the 1 o'clock message. Miles knew Marshall was manifesting deep concentration.

After perhaps 15 minutes, Marshall finished the long document, then summoned Gerow on the intercom. Now he looked at the last note. He admitted there could be "some definite significance" to this message, "something was going to happen at 1 o'clock."

Seety. Hull

Miles and Bratton then said they were "convinced it meant Japanese hostile action against some American installation in the Pacific at or shortly after 1 o'clock."

The G-2 chief reiterated what he had told Gerow earlier in the morning as to new warnings being sent to all area commanders, from Panama to the Philippines.

"It was at this point," Bratton was to testify, "after we had all concurred in urging that our outlying possessions be given an additional alert at once by the fastest possible means, General Marshall drew a piece of scratch paper toward him and picked up a pencil and wrote out in longhand a message to be sent to our overseas commanders. When he reached the bottom of the page he picked up the telephone and called the Chief of Naval Operations . . .

"After some conversation with the Chief of Naval Operations he put down the phone and said, 'Admiral Stark doesn't think that any additional warning is necessary.' "

Marshall then showed his officers what he had written:

> The Japanese are presenting at 1 p.m. Eastern Standard Time today what amounts to an ultimatum. Also they are under orders to destroy their code machine immediately.
>
> Just what significance the hour set may have we do not know, but be on alert accordingly.

In a moment, the telephone rang again. Stark, experiencing doubt, had requested a line be added, "Inform the Navy." He was fearful that a further warning "might create the story of 'wolf!' " since already he had sent "so much."

Marshall handed the dispatch to Bratton to take to the Signal Corps for transmission. As the colonel hurried out of the office, Gerow called, "Tell them to give first priority to the Philippines." The time was 11:50 a.m.

"The Chief of Staff," said Bratton to Col. Edward T. French, on duty at the message center, "wants this sent at once by the fastest safe means."

Bratton then returned to Marshall's office.

French had his problems. For the past hour and a half the War Department radio had been out of contact with Honolulu. However, the colonel maintained a teletype direct to the Western Union office in Washington. He knew from past experience that Western Union would get the message going very rapidly.

At the State Department all this while, Hull, Knox and Stimson were meeting, as planned. The Secretary of State noted that "the faces of my visitors were grim." From reports at hand, it seemed to Hull that "zero hour was a matter of hours, perhaps minutes."

Hull, once more, had alluded to the "fire-eaters" in Tokyo. The 14 parts had not impressed him beyond evoking the comment that they were "little more than an insult."

Before adjourning, Hull and Knox roughed out a note which they planned to send to Roosevelt for comment. It would warn Japan that the United States, Britain and the Netherlands would "be ready jointly to act together."

And so Sunday morning passed.

Yet there was to be still one last warning.

In the predawn hours of that fateful Sunday, a wet, easterly wind was moistening the Hawaiian Islands, presaging worse weather to come.

During these early hours, the old four-stack destroyer *Ward*, 1,000 tons and capable of 35 knots, had been knifing back and forth in a two-mile expanse of ocean beyond Buoy 1, at the channel entrance to Pearl Harbor. Lt. William W. Outerbridge, her commanding officer, had been advised at 10 minutes of 4, by the *Condor*, a minesweeper, that a periscope had been sighted.

A search of more than two hours and a half, however, had failed to confirm the *Condor's* report. Outerbridge lay down for a nap. At exactly 6:37 a.m., 11 minutes after sunrise, he was awakened by his executive officer, Lt. (j.g.) Oscar Goepner, a newly-commissioned reservist, shouting:

"Come on the bridge, Captain! Come on the bridge!"

What Outerbridge saw was the small conning tower of a moving, half-submerged submarine, 75 yards distant.

"Go to general quarters! Go to general quarters!" the *Ward's* captain ordered.

Point-blank, too close for effective use of the rangefinders, the World War 1 vessel opened fire. The second salvo scored a direct hit on the conning tower, the submarine at once vanishing in an eruption of smoke and spray. Over the swirling waters where her target had been seconds before, the *Ward* criss-crossed to and fro, dropping depth charges.

At 6:54 a.m., Outerbridge, breaking off the action, notified the commandant, 14th Naval District, by voice transmission on his ship-to-shore radio:

> We have attacked, fired upon, and dropped depth charges upon submarine operating in defensive area.

The naval radio station at Bishop's Point acknowledged. In a few minutes, the report was conveyed from the district to the Pacific Fleet communications watch. However, the spoken message from the *Ward* was heard by most of the battleships at anchor off Ford Island and by other fleet vessels, maintaining their routine radio guard in port as well as at sea.

Exactly eight minutes later, at 7:02 a.m. blips were observed on the Opana radar at Kahuku Point, 28 miles north of Honolulu, one of the Signal Corps' five such experimental detection stations, recently placed in operation. The two young privates manning this radar, George Elliott and Joseph L. Lockard, had kept their screen in reception after the normal 7 a.m. shut-down largely because the breakfast truck was late and there was nothing else to do.

Now, two minutes after the time when the set should have been switched off, the screen became alive with a telltale shower of electronic shadows indicating to Lockard that a large "flight of some sort" must be approaching, from a direction which was only 3 degrees east of true north.

Since the maximum range of this set was 132 miles, and the images had just traced onto the cathode tube, it could be assumed that the aircraft were winging toward Oahu from that distance. Lockard telephoned the radar information center at Fort Shafter. The watch officer, Lt. Kermit A. Tyler of the Hawaiian Air Force, thought about the report, then advised, "It's all right," adding, "Don't worry about it."

Nonetheless, it was the largest group Lockard had ever seen. He continued, fascinated, to watch it growing more distinct, until 30 minutes later when he heard the breakfast truck grinding up through the sugar cane fields. He turned off the instrument.

About 7:15, Admiral Bloch was informed of the *Ward's* action. His reaction was identical with that of all other officers on the anchored ships whose radiomen had advised them of the

submarine depth-charging. There had been so many similar sightings and depth-chargings of what had turned out to be nothing at all that Bloch leaned to the belief the *Ward* had been mistaken.

Kimmel was also up. He was told of the action a few minutes after 7:30. Somewhat more concerned than the 14th Naval District's commander, he said he would finish dressing and come down to his offices on the Submarine Base. However, he, too, desired "verification . . . in view of the number of such contacts which had not been verified in the past."

And nobody . . . nobody informed General Short, or any of his staff.

No one, of judgment, could use the phrase "without warning" in connection with this December 7.

A few minutes after 1 p.m., at the State Department, Nomura called to say he and Kurusu could not make their appointment until 1:45. Hull patiently agreed. He had already canceled a luncheon engagement. On the other hand, half-sick and nervous, he had no appetite.

Across West Executive Avenue, Roosevelt and Hopkins were partaking of a tray lunch, while Fala, as was customary, sat up to beg tidbits. The President's shirt sleeves were rolled, he was about to start on his stamp album.

At the Navy Department, Admiral Noyes had finally found an opportunity to study the 14th part. Then, at a time somewhere between 1:25 and 1:40, the interoffice phone rang. From communications watch, a radioman was reporting that Mare Island in San Francisco Bay had picked up this strictly local transmission between the Navy Yard in Honolulu and the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, Pacific Fleet:

Enemy air raid—not drill.

From now on, indecision, restraint, apathy and, for the most part, personal and administrative conflicts vanished with the rapidity and suddenness of this stunning news itself. Noyes knew what to do. He raced down the corridor to the Chief of Naval Operations' suite. Not finding him in, he started into the next office—the Secretary of the Navy's—to encounter Knox, Stark and Turner on their way out.

Noyes gave them the message. Knox, obviously shocked and incredulous, adjusted his pince-nez glasses and blurted, "My God, this can't be true! This must mean the Philippines!"

"No, sir," Stark replied unhesitatingly, suddenly ready to accept Pearl Harbor as an obvious target. "This is Pearl."

Knox moved back to his desk as rapidly as his rather ponderous frame would take him and picked up the direct telephone to the White House.

In rapid succession, the President telephoned a number of persons, apparently Stimson first.

At approximately 2:05 Roosevelt telephoned Hull, just as Nomura and Kurusu were being ushered into the diplomatic waiting room. In a voice "steady but clipped" he informed his ailing Secretary of State:

"There's a report that the Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor." Hull asked at once if it had been confirmed, to which the Chief Executive replied flatly, "No." Then the President and the Secretary of State agreed the report "probably" was true.

Hull said he was "rather inclined not to see" the waiting envoys. However, he conceded there was only one chance out of a hundred that the news might *not* be true. Therefore, he would go ahead and let the two deliver their message.

Among the next to be called by the President was his son, James, a Marine Corps captain, recuperating at his home in the suburbs from a stomach operation.

"Hello, Jimmy, it's happened," Roosevelt said. His eldest son was impressed with his father's "extreme calmness—almost a sad, fatalistic but courageous acceptance."

When the President returned to his tray lunch, there was implied relief, judging from the tone and substance of his subsequent conversation. He seemed thankful that the matter was now "entirely out of his own hands."

Circuits to Honolulu were good—far better obviously than commercial cable or telegraph, since General Marshall's warning was still hours away from delivery. While the White House operator was working on a call for Gov. Joseph B. Poindexter of Hawaii, other long-distance calls to the territory were already going through.

Stark had confirmed, via the telephone he had reportedly been loath to use only that morning, the truth of the first intercepted radio message. He had reached Admiral Bloch himself. The latter, "calm," told him that the planes even now were swooping overhead, black smoke was boiling upward from the fleet anchorage, there were many explosions.

Thus, while the alert was now spreading through the government, Nomura and Kurusu continued to wait. Not until 2:20 did Hull ask that the envoys be shown into his office. This time he did not invite them to be seated, which meant that they had to stand, stiff and at a disadvantage, in front of his broad mahogany desk.

First, the Secretary of State asked Nomura why he had been instructed to deliver the note at 1 o'clock. Explaining "diffidently" that decoding the message had delayed his departure, the Japanese Ambassador was interrupted by Hull, the hill boy from Tennessee, the old campaigner in the Spanish-American War, who could no longer throttle back his fury.

"I must say," he raged at the pair, "that in all my conversations with you during the last nine months I have never uttered one word of untruth. This is borne out absolutely by the record. In all my 50 years of public service I have never seen a document that was more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions—infamous falsehoods and distortions on a scale so huge that I never imagined until today that any government on this planet was capable of uttering them."

Then Hull put on his hat and coat and, shortly after 3, arrived in the White House, where he found the President "very solemn in demeanor and conversation."

Knox, Stimson, and Marshall arrived within minutes, while Stark stayed at the Navy Department to phone in bulletins. The circuit to Governor Poindexter was now clear, and the President conversed with him. At one time, his visitors heard Roosevelt exclaim:

"My God, there's another wave of Jap planes over Hawaii right this minute!"

McIntire and Beardall were next to join the gathering conference in the Oval Room. "Stunned and incredulous at first," McIntire observed, the President "quickly regained the poise that always marked him in moments of crisis."

In the arrival of tall, austere Admiral King, commanding the Atlantic Fleet, along with a small group of congressional leaders, there was a clear shadow of naval leadership to come.

Clusters of people began to form outside the White House gates and in Lafayette Park across Pennsylvania Avenue. Some attempted to raise their voices in *God Bless America, My Country 'Tis of Thee* and, of course, *The Star Spangled Banner.* All of these people, men and women, reflected the dazed incredulity moving across the nation far beyond the city limits of Washington. The actual expressions of anger were to come later, well after the initial shock had relaxed.

Roosevelt himself could well speculate on tomorrow. He was, in fact, already telling his Cabinet members that the struggle would be "long, hard." When Churchill was switched through to him on the trans-Atlantic telephone, the President remarked that the United States and Britain were "in the same boat" now.

After adjourning his meeting with the Cabinet and his military advisers—shortly before 5 p.m.—the Chief Executive called Grace Tully into his study. She found him wearing a gray sack jacket and smoking deeply. He started dictating, his tone "a little different" than normal, the message he proposed to deliver to Congress in the morning:

"Yesterday comma December 7 comma 1941 dash a day which will live in infamy dash the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan period paragraph. . . ."—**A. A. Hoehling**

NEXT MONTH'S BOOK CONDENSATION

SILENT SPRING

A BEST SELLER

By Rachel Carson

this funny Life

Working for one of the larger airlines, you hear and see a lot of funny things. I think the funniest occurred one day in Operations when a new stewardess was proclaiming what a thrill it was to fly, and so forth.

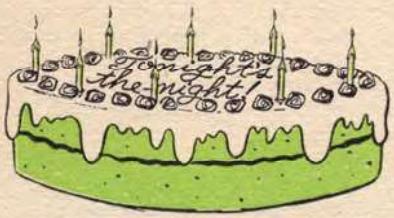
One of the old captains who was waiting for a flight asked the stewardess if she had joined the mile-high club yet.

Puzzled, she asked what the mile-high club was.

He explained that if she had ever had relations with a man a mile high in the sky then she belonged to the mile-high club.

The stewardess thought for a moment then asked, "How high are the Pocono Mountains?"

Walter Jones, Jr.
Memphis, Tenn.



As we were setting up for our weekly poker game, our host's wife was chattering about her impending wedding anniversary. When she mentioned the date, one of the players, Larry, said, "Why, that's a coincidence—our 16th anniversary is on the same day."

"Really, Larry? But your oldest girl is only eight—what took you so long to start a family?"

Larry smiled slyly. "Practicing . . . just practicing."

John Madden
Altadena, Calif.

A sign on the entrance of a Naval dispensary at Norfolk, instructing personnel how to obtain emergency treatment after normal sick-call hours, went into lengthy details about where a hospital corpsman might be found, how to contact him and what to do until he arrived. Then came this surprising line: "If you have had time to read these instructions, your case is not an emergency. Come back tomorrow."

Name withheld at writer's request
San Francisco, Calif.

Prominently displayed at the entrance to a small Kentucky town was a sign which read: "Home of 2,000 happy people and a few sore heads."

When I stopped in the town for lunch, I discussed the sign with one old native who was justifiably proud of the sign as a source of local fame. I asked him how many "sore heads" were counted among the inhabitants.

He shrugged. "I don't rightly know myself, but the mayor says they's five of 'em. That's how many votes there was agin him in the last votin'."

W. A. Bristow
San Francisco, Calif.

After completing basic training I was assigned to a base in Alaska that had the reputation of being the coldest, windiest, most miserable post in the U.S. Army.

Upon arrival I asked the grizzled old sergeant who met us if all the rumors I had heard about the camp were true.

He replied, "Well, son, I don't know if this camp is as rugged as they claim, but I do know that we have the only AWOL chaplain in the whole U.S. Army!"

Edward Swift
Bedford, N.Y.

My salesman brother-in-law does most of his traveling by air, and on a recent trip the plane ran into a violent storm. A terror-stricken lady near him was seated next to a clergyman. "Father," she implored, "I'm afraid this plane is doomed. Can't you do something to save us?"

"I'm sorry," the minister said calmly, "but there is little I can do in this situation. You see, I am in sales, not management."

B. P. Spong
Chicago 13, Ill.

At Camp Hahn, California, during the war, a Private Sharp went to his commanding officer and requested a special leave of absence to go home.

"For what reason?" the captain asked.

"My wife is expecting, sir."

The captain granted the leave and added, "If it's a boy, you'll be promoted to pfc."

When Sharp returned to camp, he reported his good news to the captain: "Pfc. Sharp reporting for duty, sir!"

A couple of months later, Pfc. Sharp again asked the C.O. for a special leave to go home.

"What's the reason this time, Sharp?" asked the captain.

Sharp grinned. "I'd like to make corporal, sir."

Leave was granted.

Wayne Brouse
Leo, Ind.

My brother is a veterinarian, and part of his work involves an artificial insemination service. Not long ago he made a service call to a farm where a 12-year-old girl had been promised the resulting calf to raise herself.

This girl met him when he arrived and walked with him toward the barn, eying him suspiciously. Then suddenly she burst into tears and ran to the house. My brother, familiar with the unpredictability of 12-year-old girls, went on to the barn, "serviced" the waiting cow, and prepared to leave.

As he headed for his car, the girl's mother came out of the house convulsed in silent laughter.

"Do you know what that was all about?" she asked. "She's in there crying her eyes out because she doesn't want her calf to look like you!"

David E. Huyler
E. Lansing, Mich.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

Even my heart turned over when I tried upside-down skiing

1. "Even for an expert it doesn't pay to show off on skis," writes Eric Haller, long time friend of Canadian Club, "but when I saw an Austrian ski instructor do a somersault in midair, my pride got the better of my judgment. I insisted on trying the same stunt. Even though my friends chose a 'safe' spot near the Kriegerhorn trail, I would need perfect balance and timing to avoid a bad tumble.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF 'CANADIAN CLUB' WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

2. "Over the brink of the cliff I flashed. As I cleared the edge, I started to somersault, just as I'd seen the expert do. I thought I'd made a perfect take-off. But as I spun around in midair, my heart stood still. My balance was off! I wasn't going to make it.

3. "I tried desperately to regain control. With every muscle straining I attempted to bring my skis back to normal position but I landed badly off balance. Fortunately the snow was soft, so in spite of my awkward spill, nothing was hurt but my ego.

4. "Safely down the slope, I joined my friends at Oberlech for a drink of our mutually favorite whisky, Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. You owe it to yourself to start enjoying Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening.

Canadian Club **6 years old. Imported in bottle from Canada**

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The 5½ hp "Fisherman" is so quiet you sometimes forget it's running.

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Not that it hurts anything. You just feel a little foolish.

On the other hand, it demonstrates to your fishing companion what a sweet running motor it is. You can go on from there to demonstrate how smooth it is. How it'll tick along at a snail's pace without a cough or a quiver.

Its smoothness is due partly to its perfect combustion. Which in turn results from its thermostat-controlled cooling-heating system. Partly from its cushioned powerhead which "floats" on rubber mounts.

Both have a lot to do with its quiet. But not everything. What noise we couldn't absorb, filter out, or bury in the wake, we bottled up in a sound-sealed cover.

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